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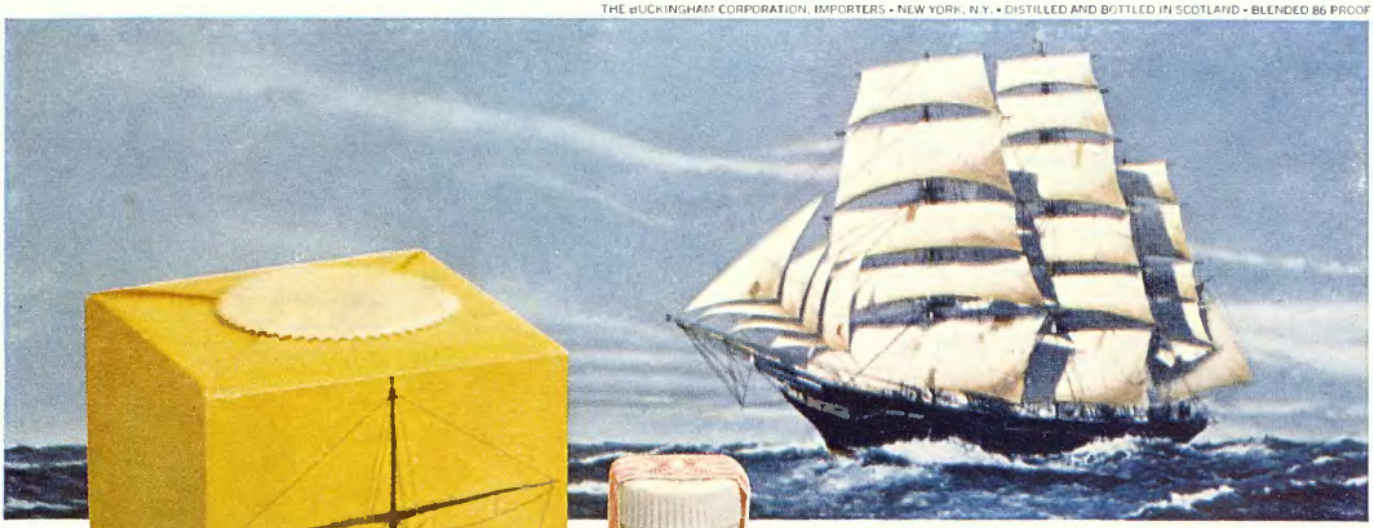

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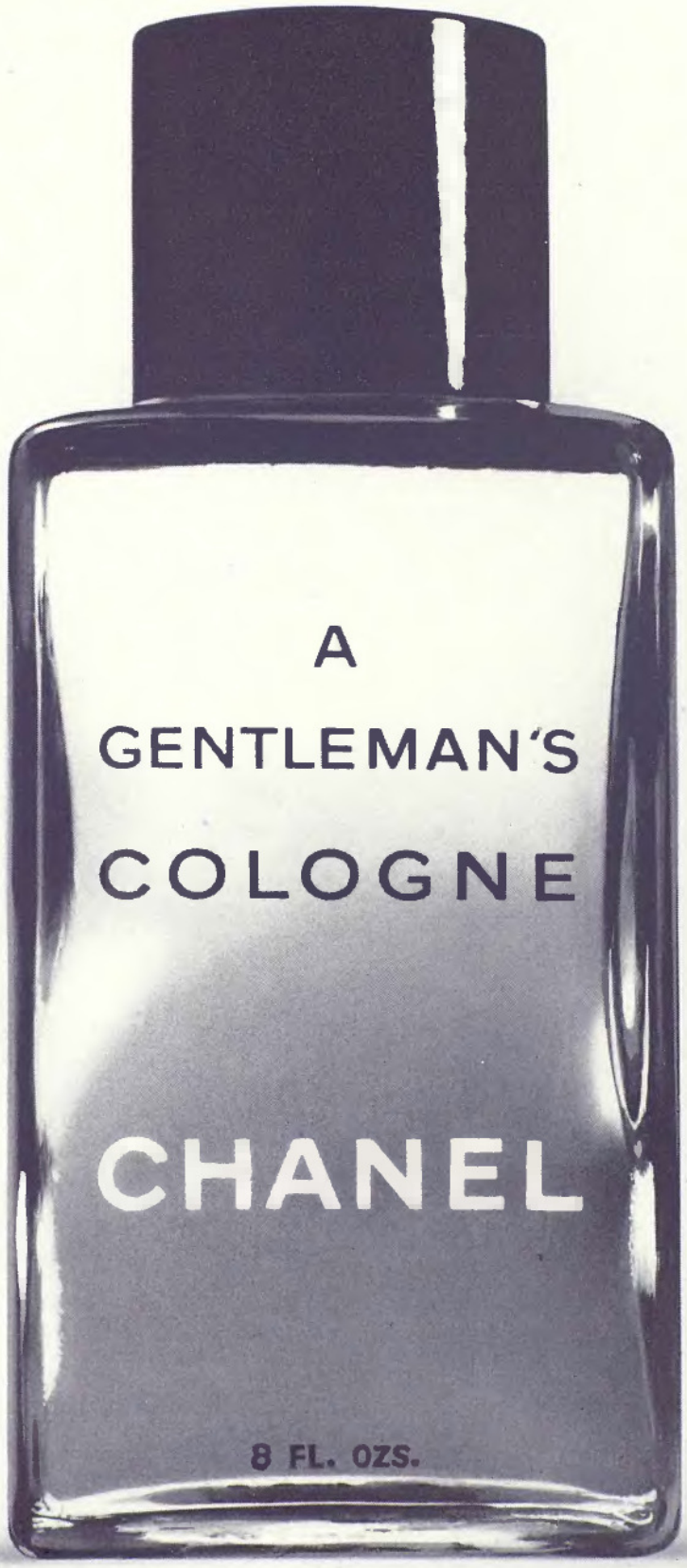

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PLAYBILL IF ANYONE HAPPENS to see our December cover girl, Jorja Beck, kissing Santa Claus beneath the mistletoe, it should come as no great surprise. She's just conveying our gratitude for the timely treasures he left with us during his Christmas drop-in. High on our fiction gift list is *Love, Dad*, an unpublished chapter from Joseph Heller's anti-war black-humor classic, *Catch-22*. This antic episode chronicles the correspondence of a snobbish, Eastern-establishment old gent with his profligate scion, Edward Nately, serving in Italy with the Army Air Corps during World War Two. As Mike Nichols puts the finishing touches on his film version of *Catch-22*, Heller is busy writing his second novel, *Something Happened*.

Despite the brilliance of *Catch-22*, poet-mythologist-classicist Robert Graves would argue that Heller, or, indeed, any artist, is less likely to earn the appellation genius today than he would have in the golden age of Pericles. In *Genius*, Graves laments the fact that our science- and logic-dominated culture has little concern for the abstract, nonlinear, multidimensional qualities that passed for true genius among the ancient Greeks. He cites the rigidity of contemporary education as a stifling influence on the prospective geniuses of our time. Having already had 30 books published, Graves is in Majorca composing a new collection of poems.

HELLER

JAVITS

LEARY

GRAVES

ROBINSON

ALLEN

FIEDLER

GETTY

A repudiation of formal education is one of the central tenets of the psychedelic revolution, perhaps best exemplified by Timothy Leary's transformation from Harvard psychologist to beatific high priest of the drug underground (and often overground). In *Episode and Postscript*, Leary recalls his arrest in 1965 for possession of a minute quantity of marijuana and the subsequent trials, appeals and legal harassment to which he and his family were subjected until the Supreme Court reversed his conviction. In describing his own experiences, Leary defines what he considers to be the germinal conflict in our culture—the opposition of puritanical institutions to the "hedonic revolution."

Pot also figures prominently in our lead fiction, *The Flashlight*—a discomforting and realistic account of adolescent life in the Crescent Heights housing project by fugitive Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver. While tracing his hero's sociopathic progression from petty thief to pothead, Cleaver hints at the social, psychological and environmental degradations that have forced perhaps millions of underprivileged youths to reject conventional legalities for the coercive sovereignty of gang law.

Fortunately, Congress may now be awakening to at least one of the grim realities of poverty—widespread malnutrition. In *Hunger in America*, New York's Republican Senator, Jacob Javits, compassionately details the conditions he discovered in Mississippi while on a Congressional fact-finding tour. As a member of the Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, Javits speaks for leaders of both parties who insist that the fattest nation in the world provide at least minimum dietary requirements for all its citizens.

Philosopher Alan Watts, whose principal avocation is cooking, articulates another dietary concern in *Murder in the Kitchen*, a protest against the dehydrated, processed, sprayed, frozen and artificially colored products increasingly prevalent in our supermarkets. This article will appear (along with his December 1968 PLAYBOY prize winner, *Wealth Versus Money*) as one chapter of *Does It Matter?*, a more general analysis of man's relationship to his material environment, due for publication next month by Pantheon. Watts recently finished the text for a collection of photographs by Eliot Elisofon depicting the erotic sculptures of the Konarak Temple in India; and he is completing *The Rules of the Game*, a book on updated ethics for the late 20th Century. *The Alan Watts Journal*, a monthly newsletter of his observations and opinions, will also be forthcoming.

Otherworldly Tiny Tim, whose fondest musical memories are chronicled this month in *The Great Crooners*, takes time out from a schedule of television and night-club appearances (and with the help of data supplied by Jim Walsh of *Hobbies* magazine) to conjure up the spirits of America's most popular pre-swing singers. Tim pays his respects to such vintage warblers as Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby, plus the inimitable Henry Burr and Arthur Fields. Woody Allen—comedian, playwright, superstud and star of *Play It Again, Sam* and *Take the Money and Run*—adds a bit of theatrical madness to the issue with his astute critique of a fantasized all-star-cast production of *Snow White*.

In *The Harold Robbins Co.*, veteran journalist and author John Skow takes a less fanciful look at Harold Robbins, whom one critic has wryly described as "modern literature's answer to Hans Christian Andersen." In such works as *The Carpetbaggers* and *The Adventurers*, Robbins established his penchant for semifactual fables of almost-real people in nearly credible but decidedly sordid circumstances; and Skow's article illuminates the somewhat lurid sentimentality that has placed Robbins' books among literary history's most profitable best sellers. Lending graphic support to Skow's premise is an exclusive pictorial look at some of the more revealing scenes and at the actresses featured in *The Adventurers*, filmed this year by Paramount. Rather than plow through Robbins' fat and sexy tomes, readers who prefer to do it themselves may fabricate pornographic passages of their own with *Soft-Core Pornography Made Easy*, a mix-and-match exercise designed to produce instant smut for the gentleman jade. According to Leslie A. Fiedler, this prefab genre is immune to critical attack. In *Cross the Border, Close the Gap*, Dr. Fiedler notes the passing of modernism in

pop culture and the coming of an age of postmodernism, whose emphasis on immediate sensation—through film, television and recorded sound—places its artistic products beyond traditional forms of aesthetic analysis. Fiedler's latest books include *Nude Croquet* and *The Art of the Essay*; and in January, Stein & Day will publish *Being Busted*—an autobiographical work that recounts the story of *his* recent arrest for a marijuana violation. Fiedler prefers to describe the contents of the book as "certain aspects of my public life."

Surely one of the most remarkable cultural phenomena of the past decade is the ever-increasing popularity of professional football. Broadway Joe Namath—the flamboyant quarterback of the New York Jets—lets it all hang out this month in an exclusive interview conducted by PLAYBOY Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman. The much-maligned gridiron and boudoir star tackles a wide range of subjects with unprecedented candor, including his sterling performance on the field, his legendary success with distaff fans and his somewhat tarnished entrepreneurism. In *Sugar and Clay*, Sugar Ray Robinson reviews his personal relationship with another maverick in the world of sport—Muhammad Ali—whose Black Muslim affiliations and subsequent determination to refuse military induction cost him the heavyweight boxing title. Robinson himself, who has been called—pound for pound—the greatest boxer who ever lived, has been dividing his time between television acting and writing: his autobiography, *Sugar Ray*, will be published in the spring by Viking.

While Namath and Ali have restyled some of our most dearly held, all-American athletic stereotypes, William Iversen has been chipping away at yuletide's omnipresent and overworked symbol of gift giving—jolly old Saint Nicholas. His factual but humorous history of the Santa Claus legend, *Santa Claus Confidential*, concludes with an improbable alternative for a personification of the holiday spirit—a choice we won't reveal here, but one that few are likely to welcome, should he drop through the chimney. Having made more than two dozen contributions to PLAYBOY, Iversen is now working on a book, *Venus, U.S.A.*, to be published in February by Pocketbooks. In it, he projects the sexual attitudes and erotic fantasies of 70,000,000 American women by analyzing the magazines they buy and read.

If Christmas should ever cease to be big business, J. Paul Getty may have some suggestions for Santa when he begins looking for a new executive position. In *Two Paths to the Top*, Getty offers the future executive a succinct assessment of the relative advantages of both large and small business enterprises in terms of security, benefits, independence, income, specialization and opportunities for personal success and fulfillment.

Money is also central to Graham Greene's comic suspense story, *Crook's Tour*; but in this case, it takes the form of smuggled ten-pound notes. In the second installment of this picaresque European odyssey, Greene's unsuspecting protagonist becomes hopelessly entangled in the felonious activity of his raffish aunt Augusta. With more than 30 published works to his credit, Greene is now planning an autobiography of his first 25 years, tentatively titled *A False Start*. Europe is likewise the setting for Robert Sheckley's *Cordle to Onion to Carrot*, in which a timid American tourist acquires confidence and insight from a hippie hitchhiker and goes abroad yearly to do battle with the natives' brutish manners.

Ronald Searle, the nonpareil British cartoonist, caricaturist and lithographer, is another well-traveled contributor to our Christmas issue. In preparing *Homage to Toulouse-Lautrec*, he combed all of France for background information and then produced six lithographs of the renowned painter's favorite *femmes*, plus the artist himself. According to Searle, what these girls lacked in physical beauty was adequately compensated for by their lusty sexual appetites.

SEARLE

CLEAVER

GREENE

TINY TIM

KNIGHT

ALPERT

SHECKLEY

WATTS

IVERSEN

Our 14-page pictorial on the *Sex Stars of 1969*, with accompanying text by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert, should replace visions of sugarplums with this year's cinematic standouts; and *The Girls of Hair* reveals a number of reasons why "the American Tribal Love-Rock Musical" has played so successfully in major cities throughout the world. Taking her cue from cast members of *Hair*, our *Little Annie Fanny* this month explores astrology; as usual, complications arise in the house of Venus.

If winter travel is in your stars, *Carnival in Rio*—focusing on the annual bacchanal in Brazil's carefree city—will tell you and show you where the action is. *Choice Cartoons from Yuletides Past* provides a retrospective look at our favorite seasonal funnies, and *Playboy's Christmas Cards* offers our annual collection of offbeat satirical poetry. If you don't plan to be alone while waiting for Saint Nick, begin the long night before with Thomas Mario's *The Mini-gala*—a splendid holiday dinner for two—and your grateful companion may reward you with one of the avant appurtenances featured in *Extensions of Man: A New Approach to Christmas Giving*. This year's cache of holiday bounty is designed to stimulate and amplify sensory experience. All in all, we've done our best to fill everyone's stocking to overflowing: a hefty package of fiction, fact and photos—and more than enough Christmas cheer to take you into New Year's Day.

PLAYBOY, DECEMBER, 1969, VOL. 16, NO. 12. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., $10 FOR ONE YEAR

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Carnival P. 164

Episode P. 221

Sex Stars P. 206

Searle's Lautrec P. 129

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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		25
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		63
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		71
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOE NAMATH—candid conversation		93
THE FLASHLIGHT—fiction	ELDRIDGE CLEAVER	120
GENIUS—article	ROBERT GRAVES	126
HOMAGE TO TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—pictorial	RONALD SEARLE	129
TWO PATHS TO THE TOP—article	J. PAUL GETTY	133
THE GIRLS OF HAIR—pictorial		134
CROOK'S TOUR—fiction	GRAHAM GREENE	144
HUNGER IN AMERICA—article	U. S. SENATOR JACOB JAVITS	147
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS—verse	JUDITH WAX	148
CROSS THE BORDER, CLOSE THE GAP—opinion	LESLIE A. FIEDLER	151
THE MINI-GALA—food	THOMAS MARIO	152
SOFT-CORE PORNOGRAPHY MADE EASY—humor		155
CORDLE TO ONION TO CARROT—fiction	ROBERT SHECKLEY	159
SANTA CLAUS CONFIDENTIAL—humor	WILLIAM IVERSEN	163
CARNIVAL IN RIO—travel		164
SNOW WHITE?—humor	WOODY ALLEN	169
REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY—playboy's playmate of the month		170
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		178
LOVE, DAD—fiction	JOSEPH HELLER	180
A NEW APPROACH TO CHRISTMAS GIVING—gifts		183
THE GREAT CROONERS—nostalgia	TINY TIM	195
CHOICE CARTOONS FROM YULETIDES PAST—humor		198
SUGAR AND CLAY—article	SUGAR RAY ROBINSON	205
SEX STARS OF 1969—article	ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT	206
EPISODE AND POSTSCRIPT—memoir	TIMOTHY LEARY	221
MURDER IN THE KITCHEN—article	ALAN WATTS	225
EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY—ribald classic		228
THE HAROLD ROBBINS CO.—article/pictorial	JOHN SKOW	231
THE PERVERT—satire	JULES FEIFFER	243
ON THE SCENE—personalities		250
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire	HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER	349

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CAMPUS CONFRONTATION

I found the September *Playboy Panel: Student Revolt* both intriguing and enlightening. As we attempt to grapple with the problems of campus unrest, the information contained in your piece will prove most useful.

Representative Cornelius E. Gallagher
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Congratulations on the publication of the student-revolt panel. I thought it brought together articulate exponents of the various points of view in the student-power controversy and superbly developed the argument of each party. The interaction among these principals recaptured the flavor and emotion of the debate better than any of the scholarly volumes on this topic. This, it seems to me, is journalism at its best.

John J. Barr
Executive Assistant to the
Minister of Education
Edmonton, Alberta

I think PLAYBOY is correct when it states that "there has never before been such a thorough and searching presentation of opposing viewpoints on the crucial issue of campus dissent." This sounds better than it is, because, alas, there have been very few attempts at such presentation; yet, congratulations are in order for a fine and pioneering effort.

Two comments: First, campus dissent is misrepresented if pictured as separate from a growing, general, social discontent. Naturally, certain aspects of modern life have a fiercer impact upon campus populations and other aspects have a relatively smaller impact upon those populations than upon the general public. But campus dissent reflects the existence of a basic societal crisis and, in that sense, is deeper and more significant than similar forms of dissent manifested two or three generations earlier. Related to the latter point is the fact—omitted in your feature—that, while in the 1930s there were fewer than 2,000,000 college students, today there are about 7,000,000 in the United States, who are relatively older and who represent a higher percentage of the working-class and black population.

Second, the dissent reflects a basic rejection of the values, interests and priorities common to university boards of trustees and regents—generally old, all white, all male, all Christian and all as rich as Nixon's Cabinet. In this sense, the dissent again is basic and is as permanent as the structure evoking it. In this sense, too, the significance of the Marxian component is considerable; something of this came out, implicitly or explicitly, in the panel. It was marred, however, by old-fashioned hostility toward Communists—or to what is hilariously called the Old Left. This Old Leftist broke speaker bans in the Fifties and Sixties at colleges from New England to the South to the Midwest and the Far West. He has been an invited lecturer at literally hundreds of universities in the United States for the past 25 years and has addressed millions of students. And the Old Leftist who bears his family name—my 24-year-old daughter, Bettina—has played a little part in the campus dissent of the past six or seven years.

Herbert Aptheker
American Institute for
Marxist Studies
New York, New York

The radicals are saying: We don't like being at the bottom of the pecking order; therefore, we want to smash the system, in hope that we will turn out to be at the top of the new pecking order. Dr. Hayakawa seems to answer: Your desires are legitimate, but your methods are impolite. This is the kind of hypocritical stance that alienates young thinkers. Hayakawa's position would be more understandable and more defensible were he to say: "I earned my status at the top of the pecking order and I'm not going to give it up without a fight."

Murray Carpenter
St. Petersburg, Florida

In November 1968, at Wisconsin State University, a number of black students were charged with the civil offense of disorderly conduct—specifically, standing in the hallway of the administration building after having been told to move. All were suspended by the president, prior to appearing before a judge, and all were subsequently expelled by the

PLAYBOY, DECEMBER, 1969, VOL. 16, NO. 12. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO. INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., ITS POSSESSIONS AND CANADA, $24 FOR THREE YEARS, $18 FOR TWO YEARS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD $2 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGERS, 405 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022, MU 8-3030; SHERMAN KEATS, CHICAGO MANAGER, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, MI 2-1000; DETROIT, ROBERT A. MCKENZIE, MANAGER, 2990 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD, TR 5-7250; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, OL 2-8790; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 110 SUTTER STREET, 434-2675; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N.E., ATLANTA, GA. 30305, 233-6729.

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board of regents two months *before* being tried. I found this lynch-mob conduct on the part of the administration so repulsive and disgusting that I was forced by conscience to return my diploma. One can only hope that your excellent panel can in some way be spoon fed to these archaic administrators.

Patrick Mayerl
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Tom Hayden's statements reflect how the movement has evolved: we tried proper channels, acceptable dissent and other peaceful means. People don't become revolutionaries unless they have been driven to it, and the extremism of Hayden, Edwards, Morse and Brown must be understood in this context—where the movement has been and what it learned along the way.

We're not necessarily saying that we have the answers, only that we've raised the right questions. Consider the priorities of this country and how they are determined, the exclusion of the poor and the dispossessed, the role of the military in our national life, institutionalized racism and the quality of life in this, "the best of all possible worlds." Deal with these before you call us nihilists. Our struggle will continue. The events surrounding the 1968 Democratic Convention have entered the collective unconscious of a generation, signaling the start of the second American Revolution. No, we will not turn back, "for the times they are a-changin'."

Phil Woods
Denver, Colorado

The revolutionary protesters are sadly lacking in any kind of meaningful doctrine and rely too much on vague mumblings about the rottenness of the system and the need for across-the-board revolution. Hayden's anarchic approach extends to his diction as well: for example, his key term "revolutionaries who believe in a democratic humanist socialism." Is this kind of word jumble a basis for clarifying the wrongs of society and developing means to remedy them?

The protesters harp on the irrelevance of today's university curriculum, its failure to encourage independent thought, its production of robots with job-security hang-ups, etc. But they are really substituting semantic debris for coherent ideas or for revolutionary "scripture." A serious, conscientious student who cannot pick out a self-fulfilling college program for himself at one or another campus, particularly with the aid of a college guidance center, is—in Daniel Defoe's words—"in sense an irony, in fact a fiction." Christian Gauss, humanist and former Princeton dean, wrote, "It is hopeless to attempt to explain all college riots on the basis of real grievances or positive, ascertainable aims." This may help explain the basic confusion, petulance and desperation of many protest leaders, particularly the off-campus types—like Hayden and Morse—still angrily trying to define themselves by redefining society at large. The lesson that emerges from your panel is that the individual has to make his own way, avoiding as many pitfalls as he can. He has to be as self-reliant and self-sustaining as he can. Otherwise, he will be babied and then brutalized by some inevitable authority. And then all the men of good will that are still around won't be able to help him. Hence, the last word to this panel discussion must be supplied by the individual college student himself.

Samuel I. Bellman
Professor, Department of
Language Arts
California State Polytechnic College
Pomona, California

I must disagree with Tom Hayden and company on the subject of violence as the means to the end. Violent revolution could play directly into the hands of the power seekers and could replace one oppressive society with another. If the extremists can ignore the lessons of France's Reign of Terror or Castro's Cuba, then perhaps they are not quite as sincere as they claim; for individual liberties became nonexistent in these and other postrevolutionary societies. A movement toward individual freedom for all is the only one that we will support, not one that would give the extremists complete liberty at our expense. Our only hope for the future of man is to influence the majority, to help them see today's problems in correct perspective. We must evolve a world of beautiful people in which the individual rules himself, without interfering with others.

Steve Baker
Jackson, Tennessee

May I correct Tom Hayden's statement that Phillip Abbott Luce is the only member of his generation to have withdrawn allegiance from the New Left? Besides myself, I know of many other former New Left radicals who became horrified at the irrational nihilism the movement began to evidence in the mid-Sixties. I was an SDS member, vice-chairman of a CORE chapter and editor and publisher of the *Kansas Free Press*; but what began as an effort to challenge entrenched bureaucracies, expose the military-industrial complex, combat bigotry and promote liberty and justice quickly turned into a great big oversexed, drug-using, selfish, spiteful, parent-baiting, adolescent gang bang. Comic-book Marxism, one-sided, anti-establishment ethics, Negromania and a cult of instantaneous impulse gratification characterize the New Left today. Since I left the insulated hothouse atmosphere of the campus, I've come to know the white, Christian, working-class majority

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pretty damned well. Polarization is coming to a head in the United States and anyone who thinks the middle class can take much more of the bullshit they've had thrown at it is just plain nuts!

Laird M. Wilcox
Kansas City, Missouri

Some of Harry Edwards' comments in *The Playboy Panel: Student Revolt* infuriated me. I am a Negro, and proud of it, but I can't agree with Edwards' comparison of "moderate whites" with George Wallace. Wallace blocked doorways and Edwards wants to block doorways. Where is the difference? Violence is violence and it can tear a country apart, as it's now doing to America. We are gradually alienating the people of other races, who were sympathetic toward our causes. And after we create chaos in America, who will be left to hold it together?

Michael C. Smith
San Diego, California

The most revealing and disturbing statements in the discussion on student revolt burst forth from the heart and soul but, unfortunately, not the mind of Linda Morse. "The things this Government is doing are incredible," she says. But she cannot see that human beings are capable of evil and injustice. This is not incredible; it has been well documented throughout history and radicals of the left and the right are among the worst offenders. They would fight fire with fire, destroying the establishment in an absolute frenzy of compassion, love, understanding, self-righteousness and indignation. No end, however noble, justifies forsaking rational consideration for emotional frenzy. Only when radicals of the left and the right learn this can they hope to find real solutions to our problems —solutions that will permit us to spend our lives pursuing love, rather than being pursued by hate and fear.

James A. Rock
Bloomington, Indiana

UP A LAZY RIVER

After reading *I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying*, by John Updike, in the September PLAYBOY, I was struck by the same melancholy loneliness I felt at the finish of his earlier works—*The Centaur* and *Rabbit, Run*. Updike has the unique ability to show us how solitary and self-conscious life can be and, at the same time, to remind us that pleasurable moments of real human contact are available to us when we make ourselves available to them.

David Blum
Chicago, Illinois

I am always more than a little disturbed by John Updike's apparent misanthropy. The detachment of his heroes from the emotional business of living seems more a projection of Updike's loneliness than an accurate statement of the human condition. I realize that it's currently quite fashionable to picture contemporary man as alienated and uninvolved; but how many of us can really say that, in today's world, we're unaffected by the crushing build-up of personal and social complications? True, Updike's heroes, in this case, Clem, do manage at least one genuine involvement; but I'd wager that most of us have more involvements—meaningful ones, at that—than we can handle on any given day.

Jack Berlinsky
Rome, Italy

A BARREL OF MONKEYS

I was much interested in my friend Desmond Morris' brilliant article, *The Human Zoo*, which appeared in your September issue. In general, it demonstrates something that I and other biologists have long observed—the fact that we can learn a great deal about our own behavior and social systems by studying those of animals. In particular, it shows how the so-called "dominance hierarchy" of higher mammals has been modified and elaborated in man with the emergence of bigger and more complex social systems, until today it has led to dangerous overspending in an effort to keep up with the Joneses or to outdo others in competition for status and status symbols. Furthermore, it has led to the emergence of subgroups whose diverging interests may often lead to violence. Finally, I am glad to see that he stresses the dangers of overpopulation, which leads to urban crowding and the constant danger of violence between groups with different ideas or of different status—sometimes to massive conflict and even rebellion. Dr. Morris ends on an optimistic note. But I would say that our only hope lies in effective birth control, in administrative reform and in methods of settling social and international conflicts peaceably, without loss of face.

Sir Julian Huxley
London, England

As readers will recall, the renowned Sir Julian voiced his fears of overpopulation in PLAYBOY*'s January 1965 article "The Age of Overbreed" and again in January 1967 with "The Crisis in Man's Destiny."*

In *The Human Zoo*, Desmond Morris tells us that the corruption of male dominance in human society is simply the result of increasing "status tension," denser living and the loss of tribal identity. Acknowledging the destructive features of our human zoo, he argues that very few of the struggling supertribesmen succumb to ulcers or aberrant behavior and that this is "testimony to the enormous tenacity, resilience and ingenuity of our species." I share Morris' optimism for the

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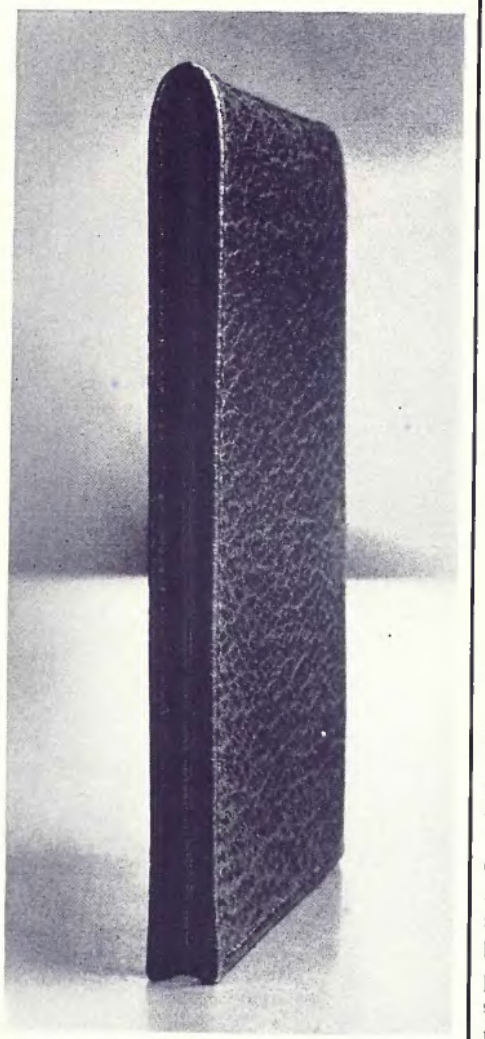

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survival of our species, but for different reasons. People are, indeed, succumbing to the ravages of a destructive and pathological social system, but revolutionary minorities within that system are determined to change it. The corruption of an inherited male dominance is all too clear, but who are the corrupters, and how did they evolve in our history? In tribal man, the psychological conflict between kinship and killing presupposes an awareness of the power to dominate and to act for self only and, more significantly, it suggests the political power to conspire with others for organized destructive enterprise. The inevitable result of such a potential was war on other tribes and the economic exploitation of slaves, women and children. In these conditions, natural rites became institutionalized into dogma, and patriarchal hierarchies evolved with an authority as oppressive as any found in the secret societies of precolonial Africa.

Leonard Williams
Murrayton Monkey Sanctuary
Near Looe, England

Bravo to Desmond Morris! Having been an admirer since reading *The Naked Ape*, I found *The Human Zoo* equally great, especially the section on cruelty to animals as a result of redirected aggression. Morris eloquently says what animal-protection societies have been trying to get across for years. More important, he tells why.

Constance Rubino
Associate of Cat & Cat Owners Aid
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

I AM A CAMERA

Paul Carroll's article, *What's a Warhol?* (PLAYBOY, September), was excellent. I have photographed many famous artists and find that most of them suffer from overinflated and protruding egos. Why and where Warhol hides his own ego is one of the mysteries that make him unusual. Each artist creates two things: his legend and his *oeuvre*. Warhol's *oeuvre* resembles what I call "sound photographs": namely, photographs that sound interesting when one talks about them but not when one sees them. Consequently, Warhol's importance is mainly a philosophical one. With the lucidity of the child who saw the emperor without clothes, he brings the art forms and trends he tackles to their logical and shocking conclusions.

Phillipe Halsman
New York, New York

Halsman is an award-winning photographer whose work has been appearing in major magazines throughout the world since 1931. His celebrated portraits picture such notable subjects as Winston Churchill, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Albert Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt and André Gide.

There is an absurd definition of my genius in the article about Andy Warhol, which I am beginning to find objectionable. In the article, I'm introduced as "Taylor Mead, the homosexual clown of underground cinema and theater." Is Chaplin the heterosexual clown of big-time movies, or Picasso the great heterosexual painter? In most of my 32 movies, I haven't really swished that much. I also won an Obie for a humorous but not giddy portrayal of General MacArthur in Frank O'Hara's *The General Returns from One Place to Another*. I could also screw a woman if the part demanded and if there were $500,000 in the offing. But most of the time, I'm not sexing anyone, but simply relating to a physical environment in the sensory way any artist does. To classify me sexually is a heterosexual trick, designed by the writer to cater both to chauvinistic readers who believe themselves true men and to heterosexuals who categorize homosexuals and file them under Species X. If that's where I'm at, then I'm going to apply for a floorshow in Port Said.

Taylor Mead
New York, New York

The article about Andy Warhol was untimely, routine and could have been much, much better. I have had the good fortune to be involved with Andy for almost four years now. Among other put-ons I did for him were *Lonesome Cowboys* and *The Chelsea Girls*; and even though he never pays his people anything, we all enjoy working for him. I consider him the most perceptive, aware, avant-garde director in the film world; and now that he is beginning to get the recognition he deserves, it will probably help open the doors for other film makers in New York and California who also deserve attention. While not all of the Andy people are as decadent as we are supposed to be, I imagine we are all a little desperate—for something.

Eric Emerson
Los Angeles, California

MONEY IN THE BANK

Ken W. Purdy's *The Dannold Cheque* in the September PLAYBOY is a flawless short story, a remarkable combination of emotional projection and technical virtuosity. The opening is a breath-taking tour de force, perfectly establishing the stage setting in a minimum of space. In teaching the short story, I have been using his *The Antine Bay Magenta* [PLAYBOY, August 1968] as an example of taut English, challenging my classes to cut ten words without harming the story. It cannot be done. Might I also add that everyone who cares for the short story as an art form owes PLAYBOY a debt of gratitude. You have consistently published fine fiction, and I am sure it is the hope of many thousands of us that

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When, finally, there wasn't an enemy soldier left to man the bastions, the Romans simply walked in and took over.

Of course, there are those who argue that all this is poppycock; that it is nothing more than an absurd variation on the story of the Trojan horse.

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Dominick Friedman
New York, New York

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

I read with considerable lack of interest Senator Gaylord Nelson's September article, *How Not to Elect a President*. The primary issue should be statutorily imposed reforms of both the Democratic and Republican Parties. The real hassle in today's political scene is how the delegates get to the national conventions; and, without correcting the abuses therein, the reformation of the Electoral College system is pointless. I myself ran for National Delegate from a legislative district in which I did not reside, from a precinct that, to this day, I have not seen, while registered to vote in a district in which I did not reside and should have run from. But I was unchallengeable and untouchable because of rather extensive contributions and because I had many friends in the Democratic Party. A famous Chief Justice of the Supreme Court once said that the stream of justice must be pure at the spring. It is respectfully submitted that the spring is fouled at the source and that all the beautiful reforms proposed by the good Senator will come to nought.

Alva C. Long
Auburn, Washington

Senator Gaylord Nelson rightly deplores the obvious failure of the Electoral College concept in thus far obtaining good management. But the United States of America, in order to survive, never needed optimum management. Therefore, it could very easily afford the poorest management without going under. However, a need for better management is rapidly becoming apparent. Other kinds of groups, such as corporations, are generally required by very stringent rules of survival to practice the best possible management. If Senator Nelson's logic were to be extrapolated to such a group, the board of directors of any corporation should be eliminated and the management hierarchy should be elected by popular vote of the stockholders. Would the Senator care to own stock in such a group? I think not. Yet he and others like him would have the most complex group of all set up its management in this fashion. What I think we all really want is a finely put together, smoothly functioning machine, whose inward components we could care less about, as long as it continued to perform its proper function. What we must do is to ruthlessly root out politics and replace it with enlightened management.

Dr. Hyman Blumenstock
Mahopac, New York

The prospect of choosing electors to cast my vote for me always seems a little

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like having to ask someone else to sleep with my wife. I suppose the electors enjoy it, but God knows, I'd rather do it myself.

Ted Rowlands
Boston, Massachusetts

MORE THAN *FAIR*

Thanks for the memories. Jean Shepherd's vivid and funny recollection, *County Fair!* (PLAYBOY, September), is outstanding in every detail. As a sailor from Gary, Indiana, and having year after year attended this very fair, I found his humorous article the next-best thing to being there. Thanks to Shepherd and to PLAYBOY for bringing it all back.

YN/3 Thomas D. Mitchell
FPO New York, New York

Jean Shepherd was accorded only two lines in the September *Playbill*, but his hilarious *County Fair!* surely deserves better treatment. This boffo story whomps you with more belly laughs per paragraph than did Damon Runyon. Shepherd is a natural stand-up comic. *County Fair!* gives Herb Shriner spades and beats him by 20 twangs of bucolic humor.

Jack Graham
Raleigh, North Carolina

FULL SPEED AHEAD

Kudos to you for being courageous enough to point out the whole truth about *The Passaic Affair* (PLAYBOY, September). Speaking for the Coast Guard unit who picked up the survivors off Asbury Park, we are glad to see this long-repressed story come out in the open. The court decision is a beautiful example of the military axiom, "Shit rolls downhill."

The crew of Shark River
U. S. Coast Guard
Avon, New Jersey

One big no-no for you! In the past, I have been impressed with the quality of the short stories and articles you chose, until *The Passaic Affair*, by Jacob Hay, appeared. I find it hard to believe that you would allow such a cruel, inaccurate attack (in the disguise of satire) on the United States Navy, Commander Bucher and the crew of the Pueblo. Hay obviously hasn't the slightest inkling of the Pueblo's mission, nor of the seriousness of the situation the crew was in. The wrong decision at that point could have led to a much more serious international confrontation.

Larry Gabbard
Vallejo, California

White hats off to PLAYBOY and to Jacob Hay for his extremely funny and felicitous tale. We are always pleased to read about our illustrious organization, and Hay's piece was a delight. It's a shame that it takes an incident such as the seizure of the Pueblo to expose the

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WHO'S MINDING THE STORE?

C. D. Hill's September PLAYBOY fiction, *The Shameless Shiksa*, reminds me of my own days spent bagging onions in my father's grocery store. It's rather nice to find one's own family in a work of fiction, but, alas, I have no adolescent fantasy recollection that includes a sexually liberated gentile. There was one customer, though—a Bohemian laundress—who asked me to flagellate her with a bunch of limp rhubarb, but I was a little too young at the time to appreciate the erotic possibilities of the vegetable world.

Jordan Cokee
Des Plaines, Illinois

Being a shameless *shiksa* myself, I'm lamenting the fact that my neighborhood has no family-operated grocery store in which I can shop for grapefruits while tantalizing the butcher with my outspoken moral attitudes. But I want to thank C. D. Hill anyway for reminding me that someday I may be a part of some young boy's discovery of manhood. In fact, I definitely intend to flounce a little for the kid who bags my groceries at the supermarket.

Miranda Barkley
St. Louis, Missouri

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT?

I have just completed reading your September *Close-Up: 5 Schools*, which indicates that San Francisco State College leads in oral-genital activity. This bears out a well-known contention about California liberals. I was quite happy with your survey. It showed very accurately the feelings of the country—the racing radicalism of California, the moderation of Illinois and the conservative feelings of the South. California, the land of fruits and nuts, has always been the trend setter of the United States. It is a well-known fact that people who can't make it anywhere else usually go to California. Crime, drugs, divorce and general immorality are California's boast to immortality.

Raymond R. Knauerhaze
Villa Park, Illinois

As an experienced observer of Baylor University (I am a student at hale and horny Texas A&M), I feel that in your September *Campus Action Chart* you are being unfair and incorrect in saying that Baylor coeds don't. They most definitely and enthusiastically do. It is the Baylor *boys* who don't.

Fred Wright
College Station, Texas

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

As a public service to animal lovers everywhere, we're devoting this space to a recommended reading list of four books recently released by London's Wolfe Publishing Ltd.—the same company that garnered applause from millions of innocents abroad for *The Insult Dictionary* (aptly subtitled "How to Be Abusive in Five Languages"), which we hailed in this column several years ago.

If you're the sentimental type who can't hold back the tears at the end of *King Kong*, we heartily commend *How to Keep a Gorilla*, a straight-faced 64-page guide—with pictures—on the care and feeding of the ultimate in anthropoids. A prospective purchaser seeking the gorilla of his dreams should turn to chapter six ("When Your Gorilla Arrives"), where he'll discover that "Your first contact with the young ape should be an extremely unobtrusive one; friendly advances should come from the ape and *not* from you. Exclamations of affection or attempts to stroke or, worse still, to seize the little creature in your loving arms, must be strenuously avoided."

As the monkey on your back grows larger, the owner is advised to pattern his pet's diet after that of Guy, the swinging 468-pound attraction currently playing to standing ovations at the London Zoo. Guy, we're informed, daily puts away four eggs beaten up in six pints of milk, four cabbages, four pounds of potatoes, two pounds of carrots, eight lettuces, two pounds of root vegetables, eight bananas, six oranges, one pound of dates, one pound of biscuits, an occasional bunch of grapes or a cucumber—and a large jam-on-brown-bread sandwich, presumably a toothsome between-meal treat.

As an alternative to going ape, pick up a copy of Wolfe's *How to Keep an Elephant* prior to ordering the pachyderm of your choice; a young Indian specimen retails for about $2800 F. O. B. Calcutta. To keep your pet in the pink, the book hastens to point out, you'll want a paddock area of at least 11,250 square feet that's been covered with a three-foot layer of stone chips and topped with concrete slabs four inches thick. Your Jumbo's 55x25-foot indoor pen should also be of reinforced concrete. "All this," Wolfe's elephant guide sagely counsels, "is *not* a do-it-yourself job."

Home handy men may wish, however, to read Wolfe's *How to Keep a Dragon* (a ten-foot Komodo dragon) and then follow the simple directions as to its housing: Dig a deep pit and build a high brick wall around it. Since your Komodo is entirely a flesh eater, you'll want to toss it at least two chickens a week—plus Sunday leftovers thrown in as a pacifier—while remembering that "even in the wild, they show remarkably little fear of man. When alarmed, they rise up on their legs, blow out their throats and hiss in a thoroughly frightening fashion. If you avoid quick, jerky movements, they will be less anxious in your presence. . . . A broom is probably the best weapon you could carry, for with it you can keep a dragon at a distance—but look out for its tail!"

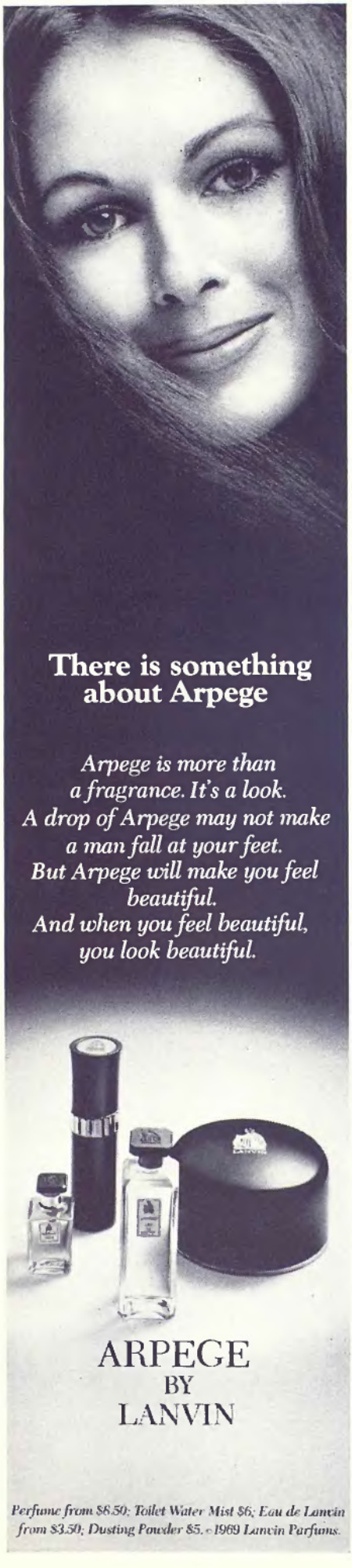
Fish fanciers bored with wet-nursing pet piranhas and barracudas now can bone up on a new piscatorial thrill by reading Wolfe's fourth pet book—*How to Keep a Man-Eating Shark*. Once you've a finny friend or two housed in their sharkarium (see chapter four for complete build-it-yourself details), press on to chapter nine and learn "How Not to Know Your Shark Too Well"—especially when he throws a temper tantrum (in shark circles, it's referred to as a feeding frenzy). If this should occur, keep in mind that "as the frenzy grows, the sharks seem to completely lose control of themselves. Anything in the area is attacked, even boxes, tin cans and old boots"—off the foot, we trust. "Care must be taken, too, when feeding your pets, not to hold the food too close to the water and to keep a wary eye open on the whole water surface, not just on the shark you are trying to tempt. In practice it will probably be a wise rule never to feed your sharks by hand, but always to use a fishing rod with the food loosely tied to it by a length of weak twine."

Obviously, Wolfe's animal books have opened exciting new vistas for pet owners. Like them, we're eagerly awaiting the next volume in the series—perhaps *How to Keep a Sperm Whale*.

•

Well, guys, we hate to be the bearer of sad tidings, but we've just stumbled upon a dog-eared copy of *Chases' Calendar of Annual Events* for 1969 and you've missed out on a really neat collection of special days, weeks and months that made this fading annum a year to remember. If gustatory pleasure ranks high on your list of primary interests, for example, where were you this past twelvemonth when paeans were sung to just about everything that assuages the inner man? Surely you would have wanted to be in on Frozen Potato Month, Kraut and Frankfurter Week, Honey for Breakfast Week, Hero Krautwich Week, Artichoke Week, the Beanhole Bean Festival, the Milan Melon Festival, Pizza Festival Time Month, Yambilee, Popcorn and Pretzel weeks, not to mention Tangerine, Tuna and Asparagus weeks and the Delmarva Chicken Festival. Something to wash it all down with? There was either Bourbon Month or the National Wine Festival, depending on your predilection; and for teetotalers, that madcap bacchanal known as Root Beer Week. In light of the aforementioned, it stands to reason that there had to be a National Indigestion Season.

Even if the culinary bag didn't turn you on, the calendar offered no opportunity to go off in a corner and sulk this year. The animal fancier was proffered Cat and Dog weeks, Horse Health Month and Buzzard Day; and insect haters could have taken advantage of Fight the Filthy Fly Month and National Insectocutor Week. For the on-the-spot sportsman, there were all manner of tributes and reminders; to wit: Let's All Play Ball Week, Let's Go Fishing Week, Let's Play Golf Week, Let's Play Tennis Week and It's Bowling Time. (Unfortunately, there was no Let's Rest Up Week.) For those who looked with disdain on commonplace competition, there were the International Brick and Rolling Pin Throwing Contest and the unwieldy Natural Chimneys Jousting Tournament. But the more sedentary were anything



but neglected, with Indoor Games Month, Play Your Own Harpsichord Month, Stamp Collecting Week, Accordion Month and Magnus Chord Organ Music Week to call their very own. Admit it; aren't you eating your heart out that you weren't able to get in on the festivities?

There was also a palling plethora of celebrations for those who look to life's brighter side: Comedy Week, Laugh Week, Humor Week and Smile Week. And for worrywarts, we had Car Care Month, Seat Belt Month, Safe Boating Week, Farm Safety Week and Test Your Battery Week. *Chases'* compulsion to fill all the blank spaces on the calendar even brought about such far-out fetes as Return the Borrowed Book Week, Procrastination Week, Break-A-Cold Month and Think-of-What-You-Can-Replace-with-Plastics Month. If you want to make amends for having overlooked these noteworthy events from the past year, there's still time before January first to get out there and celebrate Respect Elders Day, Mimicry Week and Man Will Never Fly Memorial Day. So live it up, fun seekers.

•

A story in the Findlay, Ohio, *Republican-Courier* caught our eye by leading off: "Two Findlay girls were cautioned Saturday afternoon by Findlay police to keep their asses out of a complaining neighbor's yard." That's right; the girls' asses turned out to be a pair of pet donkeys.

•

Benton & Bowles, one of the largest advertising agencies in the nation, recently moved its offices from Madison Avenue to Wall Street and, in the process, was given a new telephone number. Unfortunately for B. & B., the agency was wired into the busy Plaza 8 exchange—with the unexpected result that clients experienced great difficulty completing calls. This led B. & B. to place an ad in *The New York Times*, apologizing for the faulty service. Insult was added to injury a few weeks later, when the telephone company discovered—after printing 500,000 Manhattan directories—that B. & B. had been excluded from its listings. Said an agency spokesman: "We're thinking of training a squadron of skywriters."

•

We applaud the patriotic vigilance of the indignant citizens of Cypress, California, who were responsible for exposing the leftist leanings of the local Forest Lawn Memorial Park manager. This nodoubt conscious agent of the international Communist conspiracy had plotted to undermine the moral fiber that made this nation great by displaying a 22-foot-high marble copy of Michelangelo's completely nude *David*—without adding a fig leaf.

•

License plates in Australia, as in some states in the U. S., consist of three letters followed by numbers. We learn from *Oz*, a political newsletter published in Sydney, that the Brisbane police applied for licenses for their new fleet of cruisers. The plates, alas, are being replaced; an obviously subversive clerk in the Aussie Department of Motor Transport had sent them plates prefaced PIG.

•

Automation goes S & M: A classified ad in the *East Village Other* heralded a new kink in the computerized dating game. It's a matching service for gay types whose erotic preference runs to bondage and other bizarre forms of sexual thralldom. The name of the service: DISCIPLIN-Troductions.

•

We deny any connection with a panel discussion, reported in the *Salem* (Massachusetts) *Evening News* a while back, on the subject of religious ethics and the Vietnam war. The participants were "a prominent Boston Unitarian leader, a Harvard divinity student and a rabbit."

•

Cataloged under "Useful Arts" by London's Southwark library is a book titled *Espionage and Subversion in an Industrial Society*.

•

A new birth-control pill developed in Yugoslavia turned out to have one rather serious side effect. According to *The Washington Post*, 20 of the 43 women who took it became pregnant.

•

The U. P. I. dispatcher must have gotten his circuits crossed when he sent this story over the wire: "North Vietnamese troops were repulsed when they tried to break up a fight in a predominantly Negro neighborhood."

•

A radio commercial for a men's clothing store in Akron, Ohio—of all places—invited patrons to visit and "Do your thing in our pants."

BOOKS

The great American plot is no longer Gary Cooper taming Dodge City but the cynical wheeler-dealer capturing some octopus of commerce. Harold Robbins' newest, ***The Inheritors*** (Trident), deals with the president of a TV network and a supermovie producer (Steven Gaunt and Sam Benjamin, they're called) who, when they're not occupied with cupping breasts or signaling maitres de, can usually be found making colossal deals—buying everything, unloading everything and screwing everybody and his sister out of everything. Somehow, reading about these fictional business triumphs is less than thrilling ("You do five pictures for us, we finance five pictures for you. On our pictures, we pay you double the producer's fee you charge your own pictures and give you fifty percent of the

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profits. Your pictures we do the same way as we do now, only we reduce our share of the profits to twenty-five percent of the foreign instead of the present fifty percent."). Robbins' main contribution to American letters is his expansion of sex frontiers—showing us the efficacy of hand vibrators in conjunction with Reddi-whip, for example. (For another example, see our pictorial uncoverage of Robbins' new film, *The Adventurers*, with an accompanying offstage word portrait of the author at ease by John Skow, on page 231.) Early in the book, Gaunt starts in on Chinese Girl (he gives all his partners such names), goes on to Golden Girl, Lawyer Girl and Darling Girl—who turns out to be Sam Benjamin's daughter, a heroin addict. Gaunt makes a stab at straightening her out but is unable to resist her doctor, who thereupon becomes Doctor Girl. A few of the characters are supposed to be modeled after real people, but Robbins is never going to convince anyone that his showbiz folk are real. Robbins himself, though, is a bit too real when he writes, in an afterword: "And to my wife, Grace, without whose love, patience and forbearing this would never have been written at all—turn down the sheets, lover. I'm coming home." Wife Girl, he's yours.

•

Keep the River on Your Right (Grove), by Tobias Schneebaum, is the story of a journey. On one level, it describes Schneebaum's trek into the hidden interior of a Peruvian jungle; on another level, it tells of his trip into the hidden recesses of his own nature. Both are unforgettable voyages of exploration, written with an artist's eye for vivid detail (Schneebaum is a painter) and an anthropologist's understanding of an alien culture. But the author is no mere observer. He totally surrenders himself to a tribe of Indian cannibals who had never before seen a white man, joining them in spirit as well as in the flesh. In his first encounter, their curiosity impels them to strip him naked, explore his anatomy and lick his body to see whether his white skin is painted on. Throughout his seven-month stay, he lives as they do: shaved from the neck down, naked body painted and decorated, hunting, eating and sleeping with tribal brothers, possessing a woman after a special ceremony, accepting life on their terms. And so it is that he joins his brothers when they attack another village and slaughter the men, and then engage in the ritual of cannibalism: "Michii looked up at the moon and showed it to the heart. He bit into it as if it were an apple, taking a large bite, almost half the heart, and chewed down several times, spit it into a hand, separated the meat into six sections and placed some into the mouths of each of us. We chewed and swallowed." Like this passage, the book itself exists without judgment of all that

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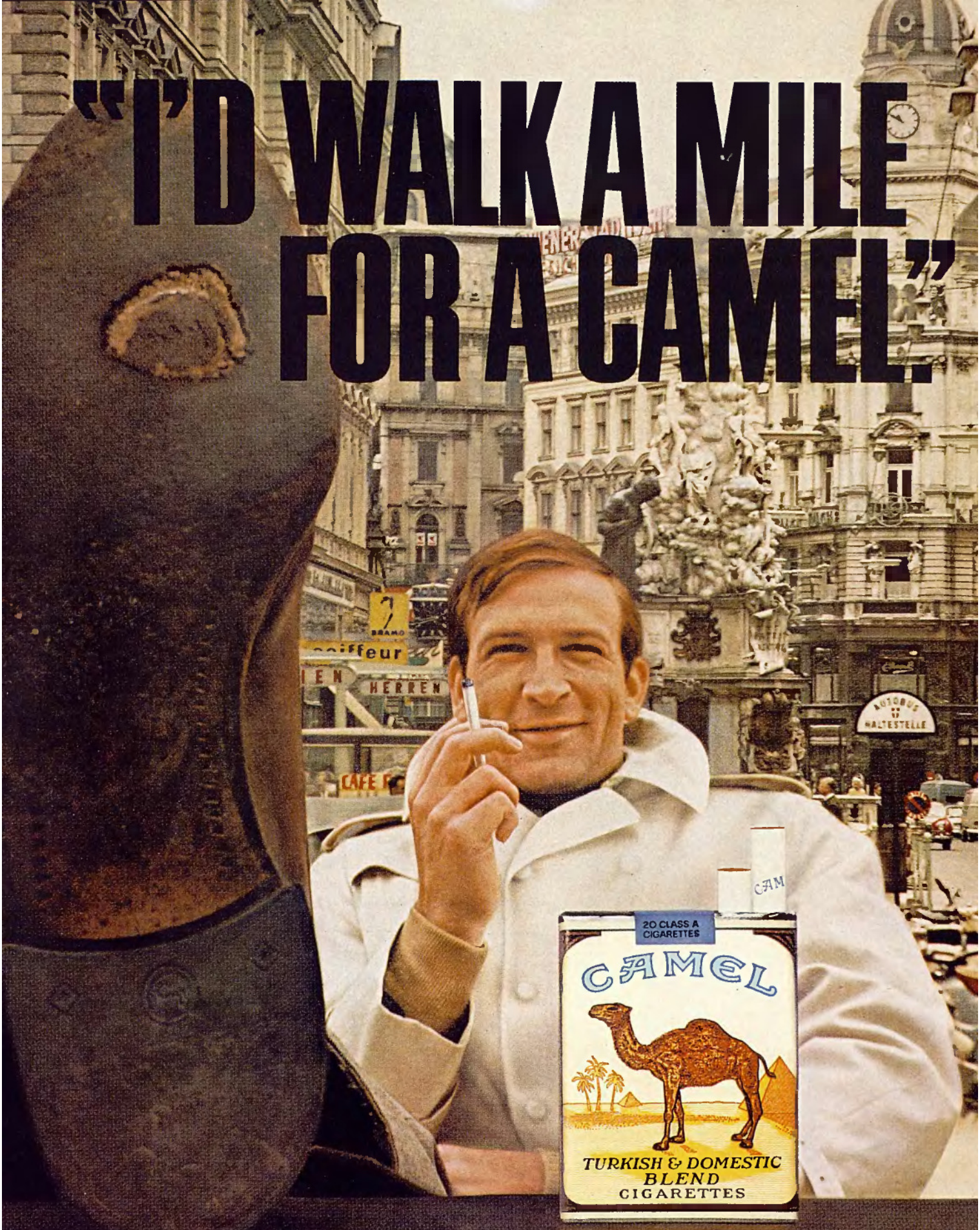

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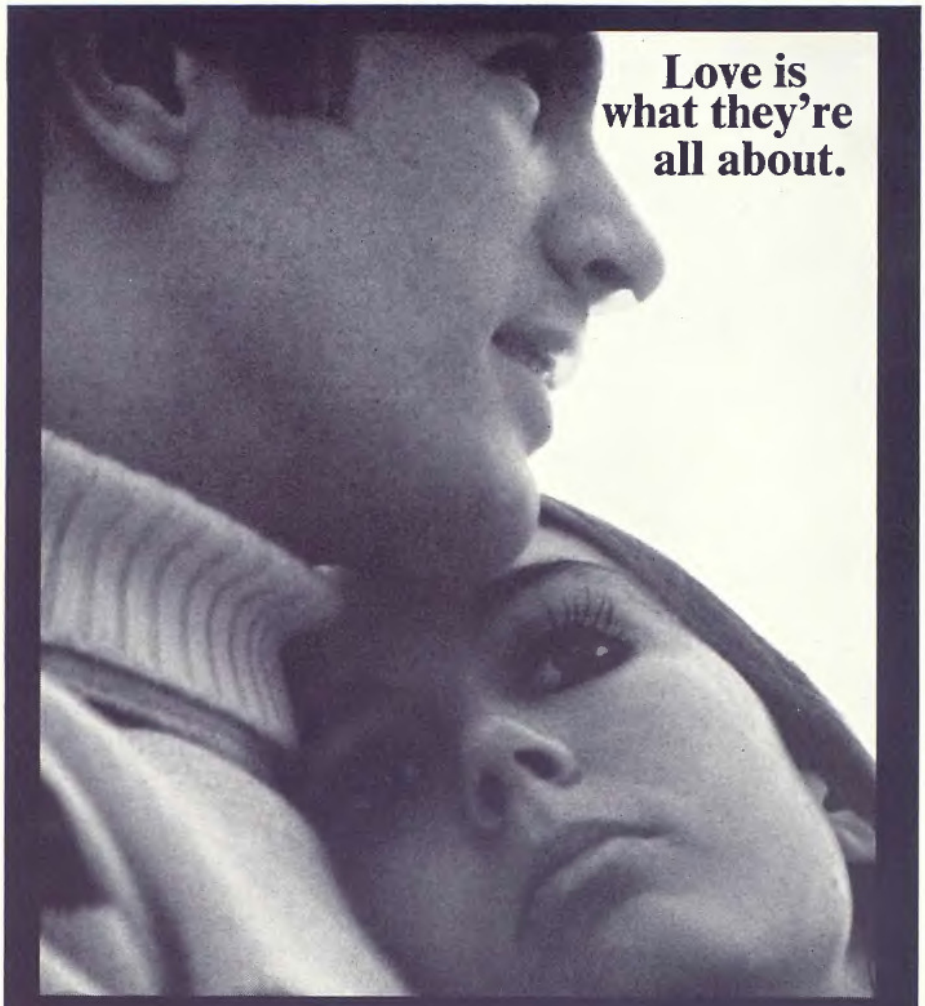

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occurs. Schneebaum, who grew up in the U. S., manifests an incredible ability to transcend his own cultural limitations, a feat many readers may not be able to match—and might not want to.

•

In politics, most people would agree, things are bad but not hopeless. In ***The Politics of Schools*** (Harper & Row), Robert Bendiner suggests that things are hopeless—but not so bad. Fortified with a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, Bendiner spent a couple of years probing the agonies and the excesses of local school boards. Busing in Boston, budget cutting in Baltimore, teacher uprisings in Flint—out of such murky disputes has this book been fashioned. The unexpected upshot is a thoroughly readable and lucid analysis of school politics as practiced and malpracticed in America. Focusing on school boards, Bendiner concludes that they are peculiar, impotent and probably eternal. No other public agency, he points out, is so "vague in function," is chosen "in such resounding apathy" or is "capable of stirring up the passions of a community to so fine a froth." Hemmed in on all sides by state statutes, community prejudices and professional avarice, the local school board has ceded its generalship of educational policy and has become, instead, a battlefield. Bendiner sees no instant transfusions for gored boards, least of all in decentralization. In a chapter titled "The Desperate Throwback," he destroys the notion that the sort of local community control being pushed by black-power enthusiasts in New York and elsewhere will somehow produce better schools. "Everything that has been said in this book," he correctly notes, "demonstrates the growing ineffectiveness of local boards" and places in considerable doubt "the romantic notion that democracy flourishes best at the grass roots." Rather than a return to neighborhood autonomy, Bendiner suggests a reshuffling of official boundaries, making it possible for city children and suburban children to receive reasonably equal educations. He hopes suburbanites will soon awaken to "the moral wrong . . . of allowing the children of the cities to grow up hurt and embittered." He is not optimistic, but he is too wise to scold and too witty to weep.

•

Philip Wylie's ***The Spy Who Spoke Porpoise*** (Doubleday) is one of the most slapdash, pell-mell, oddball espionage adventures in the recent history of the genre. Wylie's hero, Ringling Wallends Grove, is the over-30 generation's answer to James Bond. Well past middle age, out of touch with modern spy methods, easily fatigued and a prey to self-doubt, Grove is perhaps the most unlikely man ever to be asked personally by the President of the United States to investigate a mysterious case—Operation Neptune—

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that has the CIA stumped. He even breaks the key rule of the Counterspy's Union when, faced with a beautiful and compliant nude blonde in his bedroom, he procures a shapeless muumuu to cover her. And when Grove eventually *does* uncover the details of a Russo-Chinese plot to blackmail America by threatening the nuclear blowup of the continent west of the Rockies, he can't find a phone that works so he can get the news to the President. One suspects that old hand Wylie—who has written everything from science fiction to fishing stories and who is celebrated for his put-downs of religion and motherhood—has tried to write the parody to end all spy novels. If so, he has achieved an ambiguous success—for as we smile at the satire, we still want to know what happens next to the mysterious Grove and even to the troubled President.

•

Rather than surrender to feelings of helplessness over the war in Vietnam, free-lance writer Arthur Herzog joined the army of Eugene McCarthy irregulars and, after getting the hang of the primary election business in New Hampshire and Wisconsin, became campaign manager for the Senator's crucial victory over Robert Kennedy in Oregon. His report, ***McCarthy for President*** (Viking), is honest and informative and, at its best, offers a choice assortment of footnotes to a campaign that itself will probably become a footnote to history. Among the nuggets: The McCarthy forces marched with two psychiatrists "who held a few group and private sessions"; Richard Goodwin, among the most professional volunteers in the crowd, was paid the handsome wage of $1000 a week, plus expenses, after he rejoined the McCarthy men following Robert Kennedy's assassination; the Fifth Horseman of the McCarthy campaign was paranoia, with various important persons accused of embezzlement, excessive ideological fervor and support from the CIA, among other infamies. Through it all, the candidate moved in the by-now-familiar proportion of shadow and substance—witty yet not engaging, articulate yet infrequently eloquent, a man who attracted thousands of dropouts from the political system and then gave every appearance of dropping out himself. The subject of McCarthy may, after all, require the talents of a novelist or a poet, instead of those of a conscientious journeyman journalist—or, as it turns out, even of the man himself. Lots of kids and grownups will be disappointed by Gene's own story—***The Year of the People*** (Doubleday). Compared with his campaign, which was often exciting, ingenious, exasperating and unpredictable, McCarthy's memoir is dull—astonishingly dull, in view of the fact that the author has been known, on other occasions, to be clever, original and outspoken. The best writing in the

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book is the poetry by McCarthy's friend Robert Lowell and others. The worst writing is contained in the lengthy paraphrases of McCarthy's speeches. The Senator was determined to conduct a passionless seminar for those who sought a new direction in politics. In retrospect, it seems clear that the content of the course, not the charisma of the professor, was the important lesson. McCarthy is content to rehash the well-known events, interrupting the narrative from time to time to mention the names of hard-working members of the staff, and to defend himself unconvincingly against various accusations (that he might have sought the Negro vote more vigorously, that his response to the invasion of Czechoslovakia was inappropriately casual, that he took advice badly). Only rarely does he raise his voice above the whisper of understatement. The "dishonest attacks" on him by Robert Kennedy, whose advisors are regarded with contempt, were, he observes incorrectly, "the most disappointing part of the entire campaign."

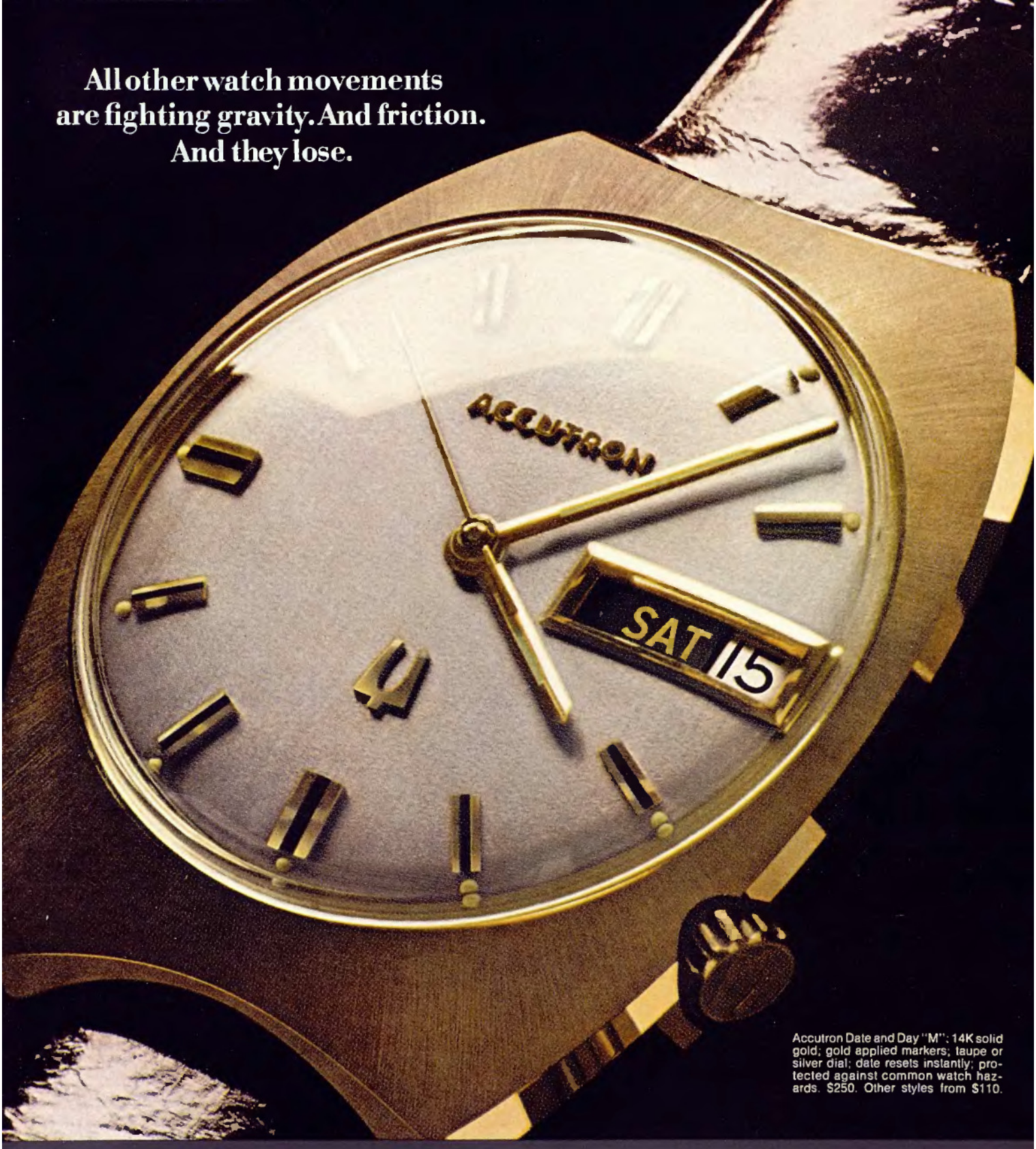
•

Fiction is not dead: It thrives in those glossy documents that record the financially ennobling things corporations have accomplished over the departed fiscal year. William Zinsser has seized on this fact of earnings-per-share life and, with artist James Stevenson, has produced an amusing spoof called ***Annual Report*** (Harper & Row). Adopting the design cliché of authentic annual reports, they recount the glories of the National Refractory & Brake Company—a debacle of management if ever there was one. It turns out that while 1968 was "a year of progress" for National Refractory, it was also "a year of adjustment," meaning that sales declined and profits plummeted. Research-and-development-wise, as they say, National Refractory was adventurous. When an expensive attempt to convert kelp into a lining for space capsules failed, it was decided to attempt to convert space-capsule lining into kelp, but little demand for kelp developed. All in all, from labor disputes to triple-damage suits for antitrust violations to unforeseen adverse economic conditions, National Refractory & Brake spent a year only the lemmings could envy. But there was one ray of hope for the beleaguered company: One of its smallest subsidiaries conducted a sound operation and showed a profit. National Refractory, therefore, puts forth a proposal to its stockholders—which we won't reveal here—that would cause high glee on Wall Street if it were to happen in real corporate life. Score one for an eye-opening look at modern corporate flummery, annual-report-wise.

•

Custer Died for Your Sins (Macmillan) is a bumper sticker that turned into a rambling discourse. Author Vine Deloria, Jr., a South Dakota Sioux, calls his book

All other watch movements are fighting gravity. And friction. And they lose.



Accutron Date and Day "M": 14K solid gold; gold applied markers; taupe or silver dial; date resets instantly; protected against common watch hazards. $250. Other styles from $110.

The odds against the conventional balance wheel watch are just too much. Every time you move your arm you change the rate of timekeeping. Due to the effects of gravity. (This source of error is negligible in the Accutron® movement.)

And with every day that goes by, the oil in the balance wheel bearings deteriorates. Thus increasing the friction. And changing the rate of timekeeping some more. (This source of error doesn't exist in Accutron because our tuning fork *has no bearings*. This is also why Accutron doesn't need to be cleaned and relubricated every year or two, as balance wheel watches do.)

Furthermore no manufacturer of a balance wheel watch can reliably predict how large these errors in timekeeping will be. The fact is, the accuracy of any balance wheel watch is a matter of *chance*.

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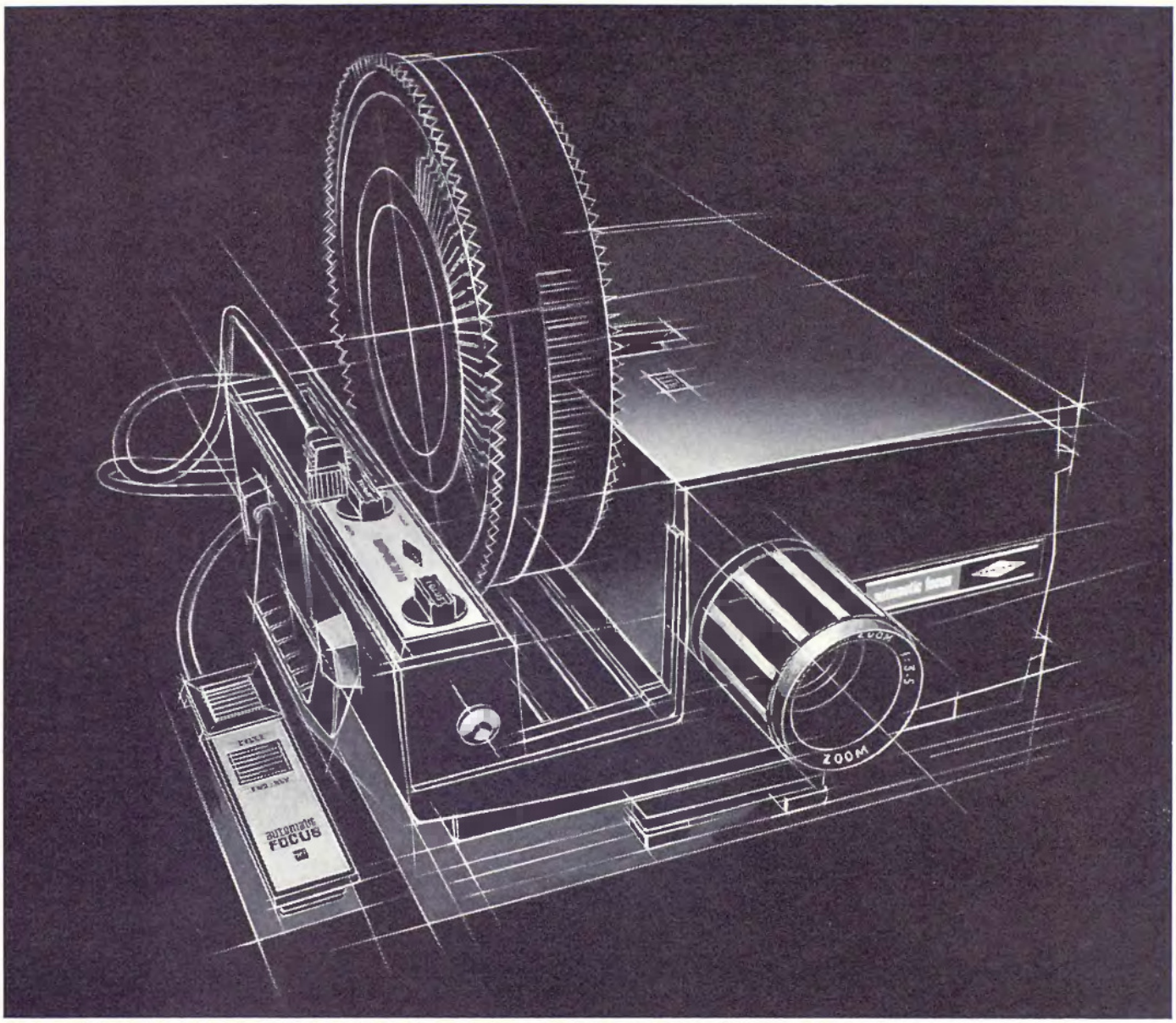

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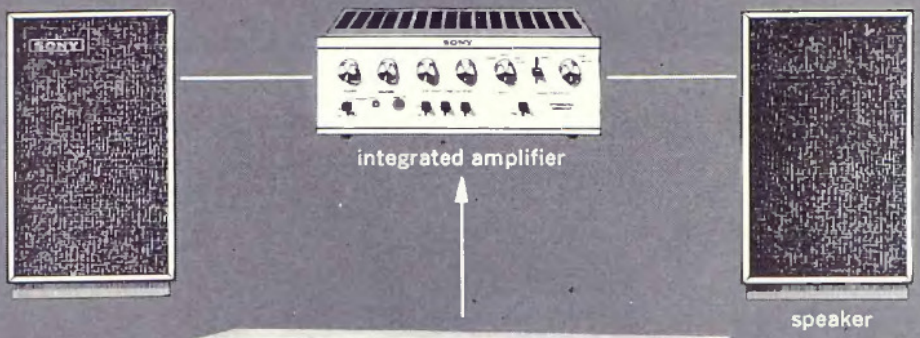

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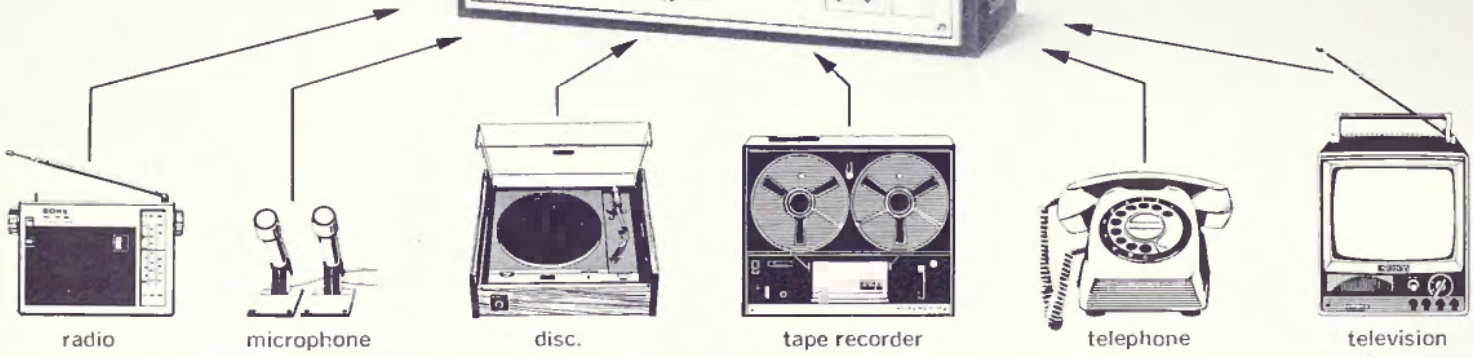

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"an Indian manifesto"; it is really a miscellany of honest grievances, jumbled history, shrewd insights and ethnic-political jokes. (What did one Indian say to another when Columbus landed? "Well, there goes the neighborhood.") True, there is plenty to get worked up about: broken treaties, white land-grabs, myopic missionaries, politicians who think Indians should behave like WASPs and anthropologists who think they should behave like Tonto—as he wrote in a chapter excerpted in PLAYBOY (August 1969) prior to book publication. But the author's lectures on such matters as the bankruptcy of puritanism and the virtues of tribalism lean toward the abstruse. At times, his generalizations defy analysis: "Society today has largely drifted away from accomplishments." At other times, he is all too easily understood —insisting, for instance, that whites in America are still foreigners. Deloria's main contribution to understanding "the Indian problem" comes in his discussion of religion: "Remember, Indians had a religion that produced a society in which there were no locks on doors, no orphanages . . . and no hungry people." Indians shared the wealth, and continue to do so, despite "all attempts by churches, Government agencies and schools to break them of the custom." It's difficult to understand how a return to tribal religion will put food in Indian bellies and Indians in decent houses. But there's no denying that Indians have been deprived of all three by the white man's forked tongue and bad faith. And there's also no denying that the time has long since come for a red-power movement—one headed by passionate spokesmen like Deloria—to rectify these ancient wrongs.

•

The Seven Minutes (Simon & Schuster) will disappoint Irving Wallace fans, for it is more treatise than novel. The subject is pornography and censorship and the witnesses quoted include James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, Maurice Girodias (defining rape) and William O. Douglas (discussing the *Ginzburg* case). Before he's done, Wallace has given the floor to publishers, jurists, psychiatrists, politicians, sexologists, religionists, you name it. The trouble is that everyone in the book—fictional as well as real—delivers lectures instead of talk. Here's the Vatican spokesman (fictional) just getting under way: "Soon after Gutenberg made it possible for books to appear in great quantities in western Europe—that is to say, after 1454—the Vatican realized it must adjust itself to this new phenomenon." This unlikely gentleman carries on so for several pages. Almost obscured by such expositions, but raising its silly head every so often, is a story about the trial of a bookseller accused of selling a dirty book called *The Seven Minutes*—a woman's thoughts during seven minutes of

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a
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copulation—that may or may not have incited a student named Jerry Griffith to commit rape and murder. The bookseller is defended by the only character in the story with dimension, lawyer Mike Barrett—described as an unreasonably stubborn man with a rugged-weather-beaten-craggy face. During the trial, there's a considerable debate on the relationship between pornography and antisocial behavior, and one must settle in the end for being moderately educated and very slightly entertained.

•

Recommending a book because of its importance is a good way of scaring off readers, for important books can be pretty rough going. ***The Oppenheimer Case: Security on Trial*** (Harper & Row) is important, all right; but if it's rough going, it's only because the reader can hardly believe the judicial horror story unfolding before his eyes. J. Robert Oppenheimer, "father of the atomic bomb," was the most celebrated victim of McCarthyism. This book, by Philip M. Stern, with the collaboration of Harold P. Green, tells the still-incredible tale of how the Atomic Energy Commission branded as a security risk the very man most responsible for the existence of the AEC itself. It's as if A. T. & T. fired Alexander Graham Bell. Oppenheimer was stripped of his security clearance after an AEC hearing that was a mockery of justice and an affront to common sense. He was specifically cleared of disloyalty by the two board members who voted against him, yet he was branded a security risk because hard-liners in high places disagreed with his opinions. This book is long, more than 500 pages, and studded with footnotes; but so intense is the human drama that the narrative is absorbing from the first page to the last. For the story is not only one of struggle at the highest levels of Government but an intimate account of one of the most fascinating men of our time: brilliant, charming, amusing, arrogant, condescending, pitiless, discreet and wildly indiscreet (but never with Government secrets); loyal to friends, but not always; brave, even reckless—but sometimes panicky. With prodigious research and scrupulous fairness, Stern has performed a public service by reminding us that fearful injustice is possible even in a society that regards itself as free and open. Another new and worthy, if somewhat less ambitious, report on the Oppenheimer case is ***The Swift Years*** (Dodd, Mead), by Peter Michelmore.

•

In recent years, high-minded persons have been rushing into print to warn the rest of us that our moral standards are falling down—just because they got hit on the head by a few hard facts concerning the changing sexual behavior of today's young men and women. Now, in ***The Sex Researchers*** (Little, Brown),

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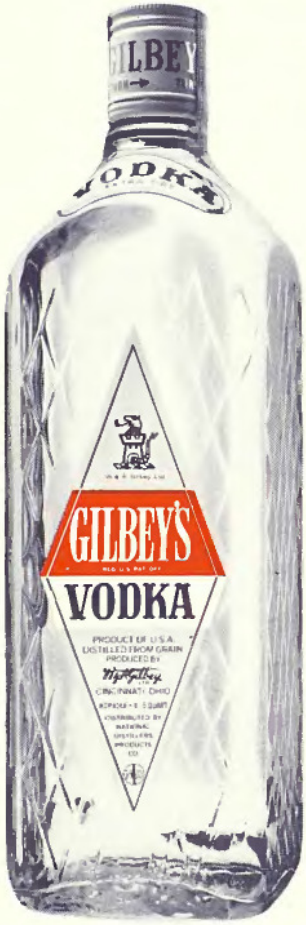

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Edward M. Brecher takes a cool look at the evolution of sexual knowledge over the past century and puts present-day behavior into historical perspective. The result should, for the most part, prove reassuring to those who fear that the world is tobogganing into some sort of pagan hell. According to Brecher, scientific research is liberating men and women from the private hells in which they have been imprisoned by an ignorant and hypocritical society. In separate chapters on such pioneers as Havelock Ellis and T. H. van de Velde, and on such contemporary researchers as Dr. John Money and, of course, Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson, Brecher charts the path of sexual emancipation. In the course of the journey, for example, masturbation evolves from a hidden vice into a tolerated practice into a prescribed pleasure. Although only a minuscule amount of social research has been completed in the fields of group sex and mate swapping, Brecher uses it as a basis for cautious approval of the practices. He also suggests that swingers may be more emotionally healthy than the public at large, with all its hang-ups; and he concludes that "swinging is as American as apple pie." But rather than have that pie thrown back in his face by people with different moral philosophies, Brecher ducks. His final plea is for pluralism: "My neighbor on the right should be as free to live his own life within a Victorian framework, behind the closed doors of his own home, as my neighbor on the left should be free to dance to a livelier tune."

•

In ***The Self-Made Man: Success and Stress —American Style*** (Macmillan), Isadore Barmash, a veteran of 18 years as a business journalist, sets out to find what drives a man up the ladder of commercial success and whether, having reached the topmost rung, he is happy there. After touching on such famous tycoons as Astor, Vanderbilt, Morgan and Rockefeller, Barmash turns to present-day entrepreneurs. Save for a handful (RCA's David Sarnoff, home builder William Levitt, conglomerator James Ling), their names are scarcely household words. The author dutifully devotes chapters to "immigrant" entrepreneurs, to business women and to black businessmen—but mostly, he focuses on New York retailers and merchandise distributors. A brave effort to shed psychiatric light on the self-made success via interviews with therapists falls short of the mark for the same reasons that hamper the whole subject: simplistic interpretation of the facts; vapid generalizations ("self-made men generally marry two classes of women—the weak-willed and the strong"); and a most awkward writing style (a tycoon "eating the fineries of the 21 Club"). Barmash evidently admires his heroes, but he is hard put to avoid the

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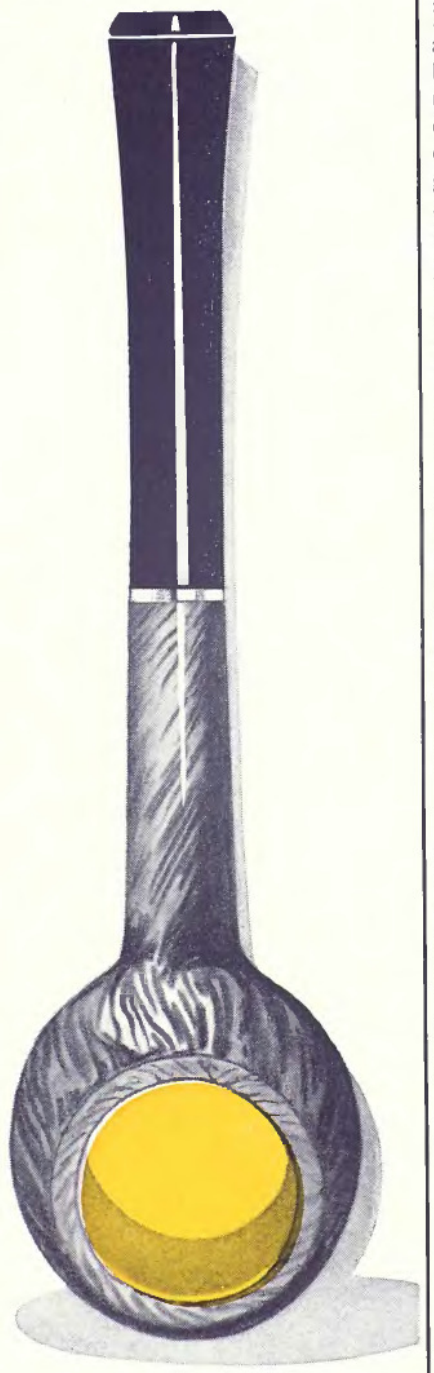

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facts that show that most of them are (or were) ruthless men, emotionally unrewarding to work for or to live with. For any reader who still wants to be a self-made success, there's a good analysis of how the new business climate will affect tomorrow's would-be tycoons.

•

In ***Levels of the Game*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), John McPhee takes an important match between two topflight sportsmen and molds it into a tense, 150-page study of the psyche and sociology of modern, big-time tennis. The setting is the semifinal men's singles match in last year's first U. S. Open Championships at Forest Hills, which pitted Arthur Ashe against Clark Graebner. Much of the book is devoted to replaying the points themselves, and the author brilliantly describes the struggle as it swings first one way, then the other. But his larger goal is to show how two longtime rivals, almost identical in age, training and skill but totally dissimilar in heritage and attitude, react in a competitive situation. We learn that Graebner believes Ashe can be counted on to play a daring, sometimes foolhardy game because he is black and past rebuffs have made him a gambler. Ashe, in turn, is convinced that Graebner's more cautious style reflects a conservative WASP upbringing. McPhee records each player's thoughts during critical moments. He notes habits and superstitions, follows Graebner's frequent glances to his wife for encouragement and finds that Ashe is nowhere near as cool inwardly as his phlegmatic expression would indicate. Since one of the two went on to win the championship, the result of the encounter can come as no surprise to followers of the sport. Yet the author manages to maintain suspense throughout in delivering this literary ace.

•

The problem with Theodore Sorensen's ***The Kennedy Legacy*** (Macmillan) is that nearly all of it has been told before. A key aide to John Kennedy, less close to Robert, Sorensen recapitulates the careers of the brothers, summarizes their differences and similarities and outlines what he considers to be their "joint legacy." One new fragment of information is that listening to Adlai Stevenson brood in his 1952 acceptance speech about how he had prayed for that "cup" to pass from him, John Kennedy regarded the statement to be "tasteless hypocrisy in view of the Illinois governor's telephone and other contacts to delegates asking that they draft him." In another passage of rare candor, Sorensen charges that J. Edgar Hoover, whether or not he believed he had authorization, "knowingly engaged in surveillance practices of very dubious legality as well as morality in a wide variety of cases." But there are no specifics. Predictably, the book is warmly protective of the Kennedys. There are a few gently retrospective criticisms (J. F. K. awakened too late to the quicksand he was getting into in Vietnam; R. F. K. was a late awakener to a lot of things). But no serious analysis is made of their shortcomings. As for the Kennedy "legacy," it is, as described by Sorensen, the well-known "new liberalism," a product of many other sources besides the Kennedys: no more Vietnams abroad, a fundamental reallocation of resources at home and the encouragement, within limits, of decentralization and community control. Sorensen finally does answer one question often asked of him: What would J. F. K. have done about Vietnam, had he lived? "I believe he would have kept our participation at a much lower level." But the justness of that participation? It took even his brother quite a while to begin to question that.

MOVIES

Role after role, regardless of the name they give him, Anthony Quinn continues to play Zorba. "Look at life with the eye of a tiger," says Quinn in ***A Dream of Kings,*** which plunges him into the mainstream of a Greek-American community in Chicago. Filmed on location by director Daniel Mann, the movie sponges up local color with due respect for author Harry Mark Petrakis' frankly reminiscent novel but with little of its raucous humor, and gives Quinn license to do his Zorba thing as a ne'er-do-well named Matsoukas. Though still larger than life, this Greek is more or less domesticated, ground down by poverty and defeat. His only son is dying of an incurable disease, his exhausted wife (Irene Papas) no longer gives a damn that the family's roots reach back to the very foot of Mount Olympus, and the young widow (Inger Stevens) whose bed he shares doesn't really understand him, either. When he isn't gambling away his last dollar or operating a "master counseling service" that specializes in earthy wisdom for young and old—an impotent septuagenarian and a 14-year-old masturbator are typical of his clientele—Matsoukas dreams of taking his doomed son home to Greece, in the mystical hope that a miracle may happen there. *Dream of Kings* is strongly acted in the sentimental tradition, though the dialog occasionally rings false—poor immigrants waxing eloquent about their despair in a manner dictated beside swimming pools in Beverly Hills.

•

Without a hint of mawkishness or condescension, Swedish film maker Bo Widerberg celebrates the aspirations of simple working people in ***Adalen 31,*** a lyric tragedy that surpasses even his memorable *Elvira Madigan. Adalen* is similarly based on a true incident, a labor riot that took place in the Swedish

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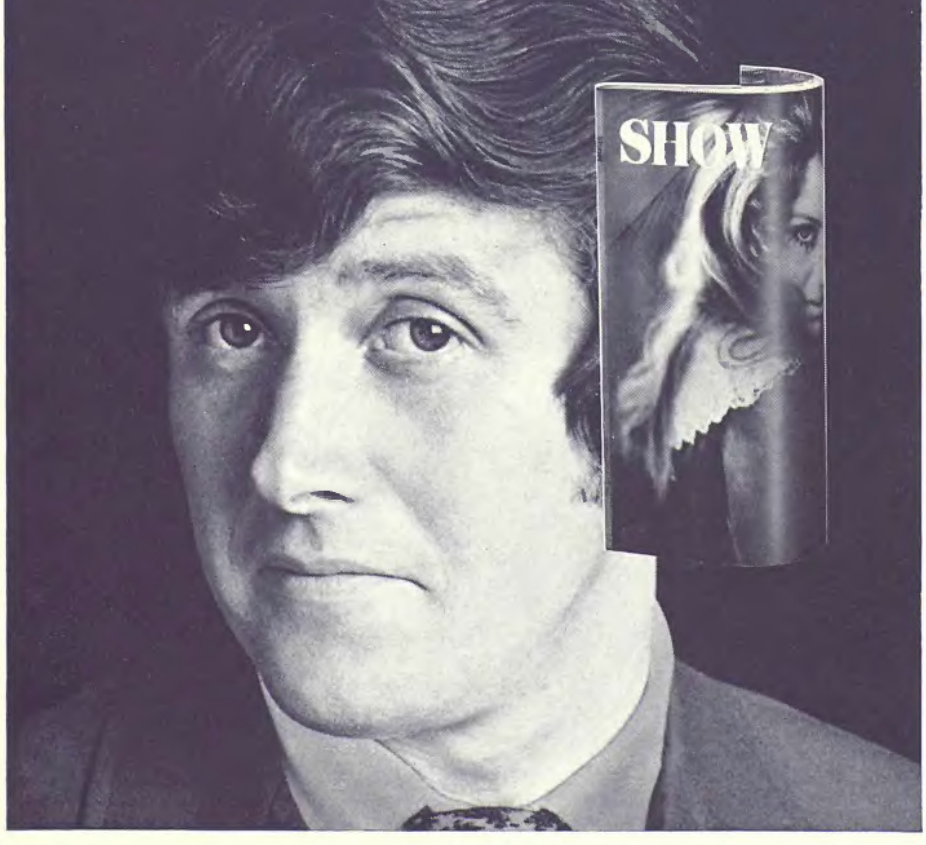

district of Adalen in 1931, when armed but inexperienced troops fired upon a strikers' march, killing four workmen and an innocent girl. Widerberg himself was scarcely a year old at the time, but that proves no handicap, for he views the facts through a poet's eye, not to rehash history but to transcend it. His method is to weave a tapestry of warm vignettes from the lives of two families—one rich, one poor—separated by class distinctions that dissolve during a long, troubled autumn, when the factory manager's teenage daughter (Marie De Geer) gives herself to the sensitive young son (Peter Schildt) of a strike leader. In these early scenes—before strike-busting scabs are called to Adalen and the first rock is thrown in anger through a cottage window—Widerberg opens up the humdrum world his characters inhabit as if he were perusing an album of treasured snapshots. Nothing human lacks significance for him: a child's wonder at seeing his father shaving; the stunted longing of a youngish working-class couple (flawlessly played by Kerstin Tidelius and Roland Hedlund) who dare not yield to their passion, for fear of another pregnancy; the shy, tender feelings between two teenagers in their sexual initiation; the hilarious explorations of another lad (Jonas Bergström), who hypnotizes local girls in order to study their erogenous zones. Photographed (by Jörgen Persson) in an impressionistic manner worthy of Monet, Widerberg's pastoral hymn to life is unequivocally romantic, thus all the more effective when bloody violence intrudes upon it with the suddenness of a summer storm. *Adalen 31*, though drenched in beauty, is a fully political film of protest, as modern in spirit as a peace marcher's bruised memories of Chicago.

•

Smoothly directed by William Kotcheff from a novel by David Stuart Leslie, ***Two Gentlemen Sharing*** focuses a cold white light on the neglected subject of racial unrest in Britain. At first glance, London's ghettos look quaint, compared with the slums of Harlem. But the social forces that create them are shown to be in some ways less susceptible to remedy than in the U. S., where black-white tension has become a high-priority public issue. *Two Gentlemen*, modest about its solid credentials as a sleeper, eases up to the problem in a deceptively casual manner. The film's hero is a bland young adman (Robin Phillips), born to aristocratic parents, who sustain themselves by opening their crumbling, stately home to tourists. The son, in turn, opens his London flat to a black roommate (Hal Frederick) from Jamaica and soon insinuates himself into the world of flashy dance halls and sleazy flats that the black man dreams of escaping forever as soon as he obtains his degree in law: "Me trying to get into the white middle class

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and you trying to get out." The theme that slowly emerges has more devastating implications than that, for the young white unwittingly stokes his sexual fantasies and self-destructive impulses by latching onto blacks who are ill equipped to shoulder the white man's psychological burdens along with their own. A pessimistic participant in the action is pert Judy Geeson, whose upbringing by interracial parents in the ghetto has made her painfully wise to the ways of well-meaning white boys. *Two Gentlemen* is really a movie about exploitation of the most insidious kind, pointed up in the relationship between a black model (Daisy Mae Williams) and a gauche white swinger (Norman Rossington), whose Roman bathroom includes a Polaroid camera among its permanent fixtures. Such minor sensations seldom mar the texture of a script (by Evan Jones) notable for exploring sensitive issues with intelligence and restraint.

•

A brand-new style of acting marks the first major movie role of rock singer Jordan Christopher (husband of Richard Burton's ex-wife, Sybil), who emotes mainly from the waist down. Writhing opposite Jennifer Jones in ***Angel, Angel, Down We Go,*** Jordan plays a hard-rock type with a beat so loud and steady that rich, neurotic ladies scarcely seem to notice that he wears quite a lot of eye shadow. Before she sky-dives to her death, clutching a diamond necklace—it's one of those significant moments in life, when a woman must choose between opening her parachute and saving the family jewels—Jennifer does all she can to divert Jordan from her daughter (zaftig Holly Near). There is too much singing in *Angel, Angel* and very little to sing about—in the music, in the fashionable collages used as filler between scenes or in the story written and directed with hollow seriousness by Robert Thom. Some of his gamiest mots fall to the unfortunate Miss Jones, who has seldom reached lower depths professionally and is now asked to swallow her pride along with such lines as, "I made thirty stag films and never faked an orgasm."

•

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid works up a certain raffish vitality when Katharine Ross, as a renegade schoolmarm in Bolivia, begins to teach phonetic Spanish to her companions—a pair of expatriate badmen (Paul Newman and Robert Redford) who are planning to hold up a few banks. The year is 1905 and *Butch Cassidy* recounts the real-life adventures of an outlaw trio whose legend rapidly overtook them after the century turned. Scenarist William Goldman and director George Roy Hill plainly meant to stylize this tale of two inept, aging desperadoes and their moll, mixing folksy humor, lyricism and signals of impending doom into a *Bonnie and Clyde* of the

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boots-and-saddles era. *Cassidy*'s wayward trio are social misfits whose mode of life has become preposterous: but that irony ought to be left for an audience to figure out. The joke sometimes palls when the characters themselves try to be funny, trading insults and spewing anachronistic asides about the jobs they have bungled. And Newman often lapses into mere cuteness, exploiting his good looks instead of exploring the nuances of his role. But if you can forget that director Hill set out to create an epic and ended up with three beautiful people just horsing around on camera, the time slips away pleasantly, all in all.

•

Three actors bare their souls to a dispassionate investigator representing a "court of appeal" in ***The Ritual***, a film originally created for television by Sweden's formidable Ingmar Bergman. Judged by this standard, Swedish TV must be anything but a cultural wasteland; one strains to imagine a U.S. director erupting onto the small screen with such sexual revelations, psychological insights and four-letter words. As in much of his recent work, Bergman seems obsessed with the very fact of being an artist. He keeps asking what relationship exists between the world at large—inhabited for the most part by dullards—and those complex creative beings, like himself, whose inner compulsion is to make order out of chaos. *The Ritual*'s investigator, or judge (played with chilling precision and a hint of prurience by Erik Hell), may be viewed as a stand-in for the common man, who begins by questioning the actors about an allegedly obscene performance and is led by them into an ordeal of soul searching that renders his life unbearable. Prior to a ritualistic climax, during which the actors repeat their offensive skit in the judge's chamber—the lady topless, while her male co-stars brandish giant leather phalluses—the drama takes shape as a series of interviews filmed mostly in penetrating close-ups. Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand and Anders Ek, three familiar faces from the accomplished Bergman stable, approach their moments of truth with a skill that hypnotizes. Like members of a flawless string quartet, they saw away at discordant themes relating to fear, adultery, greed, cruelty, alcoholism and emotional dependency. Family entertainers they're not: but they serve a master whose slightest composition bears the hallmark of greatness.

•

Spitfires, Messerschmitts and scores of other World War Two planes blacken the sky in ***Battle of Britain***, producer Harry Saltzman's multimillion-dollar re-creation of the aerial onslaught by which Hitler hoped to destroy England's resistance to invasion in the summer of 1940. The flying scenes are spectacular and look as though they might have cost enough to have financed the actual War. Yet, it isn't much of a picture, unless one craves the vicarious thrill of being flung bodily into a cockpit, there to be blitzed with bullets, blood and a deafening sound track. When the action switches to the ground for high-level conferences, Laurence Olivier appears in an impersonation of Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, whose grave concern for the future of England galvanizes Michael Caine, Trevor Howard, Kenneth More, Ralph Richardson, Robert Shaw, Michael Redgrave and many another celebrated actor—none, thank God, playing Winston Churchill. To supply the personal touch required for war epics, Christopher Plummer and Susannah York conduct their own running battle of marital discord, locked in debate over whether a proper wife owes greater allegiance to her husband or the WAF. As for the major conflict, Hitler's *Luftwaffe* seems to be the loser, though its defeat is documented more excitingly in vintage newsreels.

•

A number of shady characters are found with ice picks buried in their throats, and the man who figures out why is Philip Marlowe, Raymond Chandler's private-eye hero of yore. While Hollywood has done better by this particular *shtick* (Humphrey Bogart in *The Big Sleep*, for example), you'll find the action in ***Marlowe*** lively, the murder plot nice and sleazy and the tone of the piece so solidly old-fashioned that it stirs a kind of nostalgia. James Garner's Marlowe, looking tired and overweight, gets involved with a famous TV star (svelte Gayle Hunnicutt) who would like to recover some compromising photographs of herself in the arms of an equally famous gangster. The girl's life is clearly a mess, but a pretty one, and the bad company she keeps turns out to be steadily entertaining. There's no one in the cast without a dirty little secret, put into wry words by scenarist Stirling Silliphant and spruced up for the family trade by director Paul Bogart. Among the liveliest of the suspects is reliable Rita Moreno, very good, indeed, as an ever-ready stripper who claims to have studied acting in New York with Lee Strasberg, and probably did.

•

Robert Shaw, as the Spanish conquistador Francisco Pizarro, and Christopher Plummer, again, as the Incan emperor Atahualpa, conduct a series of heated dialogs in ***The Royal Hunt of the Sun***, based on British playwright Peter Shaffer's drama about the Spaniards who came to plunder the Peruvian realm of the Incas in 1531. For the imaginative staging that enhanced both the London and the Broadway productions of the play, director Irving Lerner's Technicolor movie version substitutes a kind of clean, linear realism. Yet the tone throughout remains strictly

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•

The role Nicol Williamson plays in ***The Reckoning*** strongly resembles his earlier stage and screen portrayals of the contemporary man who succeeds in the establishment but can't stanch the flow of venom from his working-class roots. One of England's few active volcanoes, Williamson projects contempt, rude ambition, class hatred and compulsive sexuality better than any living actor. (At any rate, without him, *The Reckoning* would be no more than a second-string *Room at the Top.*) It's a rambling story (based on a book by Patrick Hall) about a London wheeler-dealer who is drawn back to the red-brick poverty of Liverpool by his father's death. Feeling his Irish-Catholic blood up when he learns that the old man's heart attack may have resulted from a brawl with a Teddy boy, the hero hits the sauce, enjoys a brief interlude with a ripe housewife (played with customary skill and warmth by Rachel Roberts—Mrs. Rex Harrison in private life) and sets off to even some scores, with the Teddy boy, with his own lily-livered colleagues in London, with his aristocratic wife (Ann Bell) and with anyone else who gets in the way. Director Jack Gold goes a bit far in imposing the fast, fashionable pace of a detective thriller upon a drama that is basically serious and subjective. Anyway, the artificially excited style is superfluous, for Williamson takes complete charge of the movie with a mere blink of his eyes, which come popping out under pressure like two pale sacs of poison.

•

Putting stage productions of classic plays in front of a movie camera is as hazardous as putting garden vegetables into cans: Much of the nutrition and flavor may be retained, but the full, fresh glory of the creation is irretrievable. Shakespeare's ***Hamlet,*** directed for London and Broadway this year by Tony Richardson, provided a platform for the aforementioned Nicol Williamson, who played the Melancholy Dane as a prosy,

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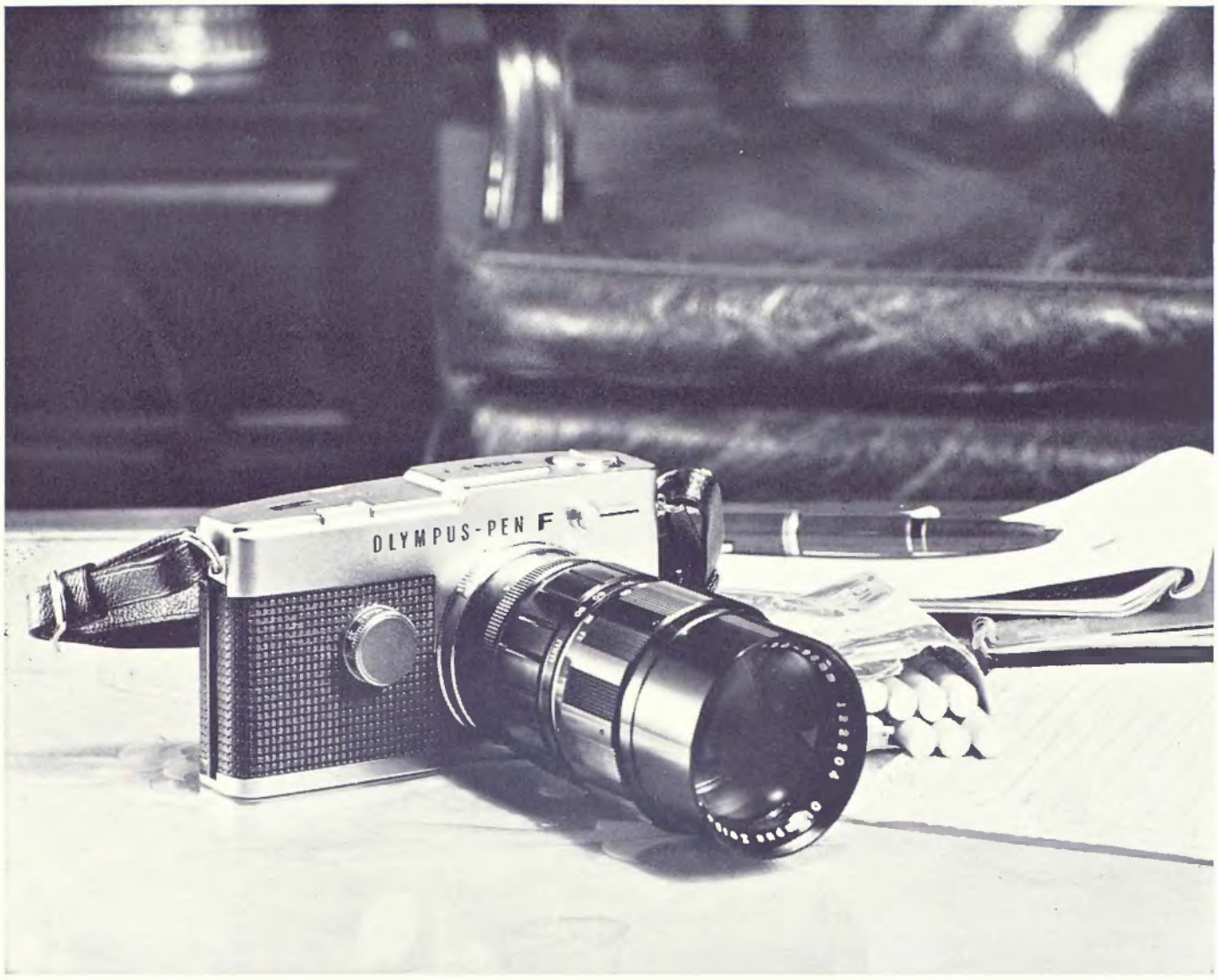

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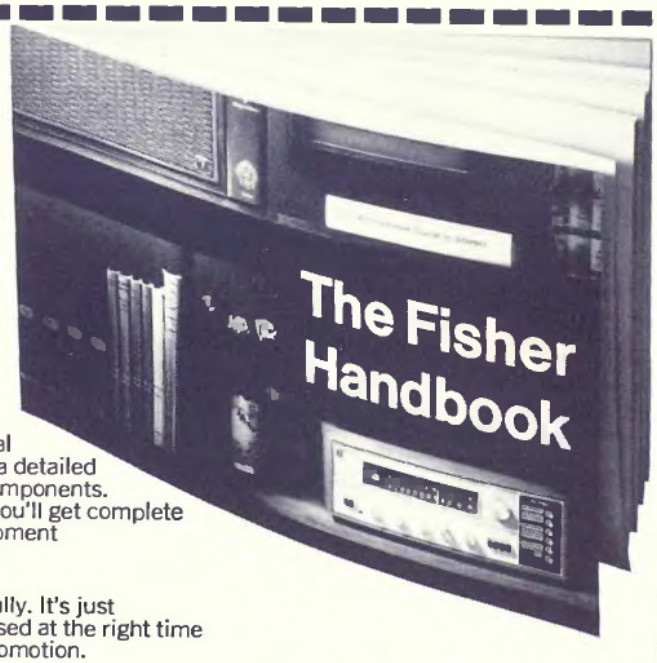

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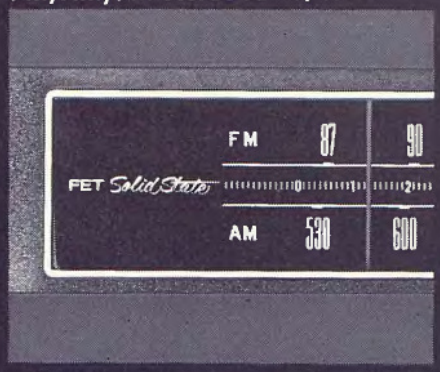

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caustic, ulcerous contemporary man. On film, when Williamson soliloquizes about the death of his kingly father in gigantic close-ups, the prince appears to be letting off steam in the context of a TV interview with David Susskind. What this Hamlet lacks in poetic grandeur, however, is compensated for by absolute clarity concerning his motives and cues for passion. He is a young firebrand, apolitical but never apathetic, obviously prepared to fling himself across the generation moat, if need be, to bring the institutions of his cynical elders crumbling around their heads. Though photographed in color, in the murky limbo of a former locomotive roundhouse, the film as a whole is still fairly primitive, compared with the 1948 *Hamlet* of Laurence Olivier. And the supporting cast (including tawny Marianne Faithfull as Ophelia) seldom emerges from the shadow of Williamson, whose mercurial performance deserves to be kept for the theatrical archives.

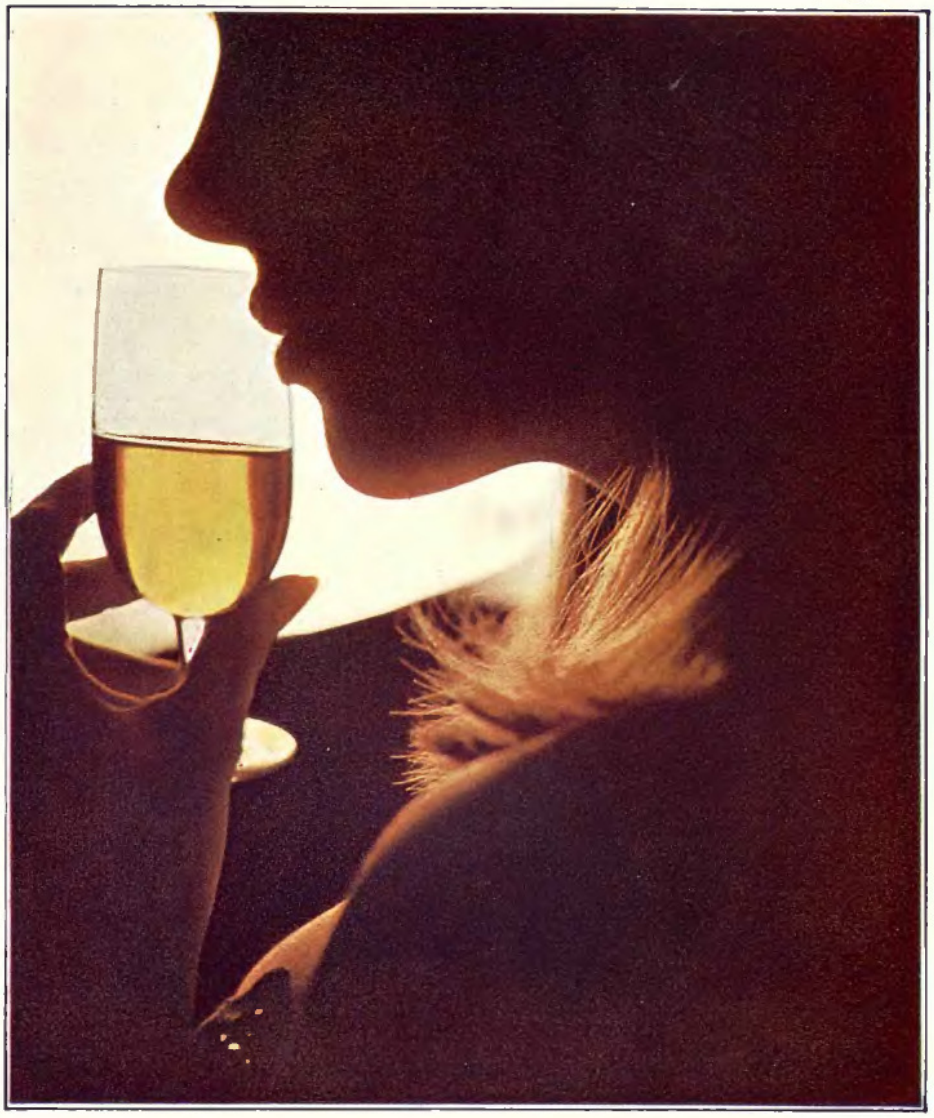
•

No explanation of the offbeat title is offered in the course of ***The Sterile Cuckoo,*** but our curiosity about it dwindled steadily while sitting through the movie, based on a novel by John Nichols. The dauntless promoters of the film call it "a romance as unpredictable as a puppy . . . and just as irresistible," which should tip you. *Cuckoo*'s principal puppy is Liza Minnelli, frisking around without letup as a college freshman nicknamed Pookie, who registers at a school in Upstate New York, meets her first love (Wendell Burton), scares hell out of him with a threatened pregnancy and loses out when her nonstop exuberance wears him down. If it's any comfort to producer-director Alan J. Pakula (heretofore known as a producer of much better movies; e.g., *To Kill a Mockingbird*), there are, no doubt, girls like Pookie running around loose—scared, silly creatures who talk too loud and too long, unpopular girls whose wealthy, widowed fathers are always away on a trip. On the evidence here, Pakula's prime objective was to pave the way to movie stardom for Liza, who does display a certain flair for scatterbrained comedy, particularly when she's trying to lose her virginity in an unheated roadside cabin on the coldest day of the year. Nothing that a camera can do to dispense charm has been overlooked by Pakula, who plunges his would-be star headlong into heaps of autumn leaves and into snowbanks, filling the screen so full of her that the rest of the movie often looks like an afterthought.

•

Inanimate objects outperform the human actors in ***Une Femme Douce*** *(A Gentle Woman)*, coolly adapted from a Dostoievsky short story and set in modern Paris by Robert Bresson, a veteran French film maker so fond of understatement that practically nothing is expressed in

You don't know her



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terms of direct feeling, though his abstractions are often masterful. Bresson shows us close-ups of a door handle, a rocking chair coming to rest, a balcony rail, a scarf floating earthward, then a suicide victim sprawled face down in the street. And that's how he introduces his pretty heroine (Dominique Sanda), whose lifeless body lies stretched out on a bed while her husband (Guy Frangin) quietly recalls, in flashbacks, the moments of cruelty, suspicion and despair that led to her death. In the austere cinematic world created by Bresson, all faces are empty, all movement ritualized, and emotions must be detected from the hollow ring of footsteps across a polished floor. "She was happy," the husband reports of his pensive young wife, whose wan half smile remains open to almost any interpretation one cares to imagine. This enigmatic game, played with few words and minimal gestures, is neither highly entertaining nor deeply satisfying. But if you happen to be a student working on your graduate thesis in cinema, you may learn something from Bresson's pure economy of style.

•

All showings of ***The Christmas Tree*** should be preceded by cries of "Timberrrr!" Entangled in this outgrowth of seasonal schmaltz, curiously enough, are William Holden and Virna Lisi, who usually do much better for themselves, and writer-director Terence Young, who masterminded several of the flashiest James Bond capers. While Virna smiles encouragement—because she is given little else to do—Holden plays a wealthy American widower whose ten-year-old son is accidentally exposed to a lethal dose of radiation while camping out on the island of Corsica. As the innocent victim, young Brook Fuller is so brave, bright-eyed and precocious that one's heartfelt sympathy flies to the handful of mourners waiting for his untimely death at a storybook château in the south of France. To satisfy the lad's every whim, Holden and André Bourvil, as a folksy family retainer, buy him a large Ford tractor for his very own and subsequently slip away to snatch a pair of wolves from the Paris zoo. The wolves turn out to be quite lovable, but they send up a deathly howl, come Christmas Eve. If you can't guess why, you may find *Tree* chock-full of surprises.

•

Made in Sweden and hailed by film buffs as a masterpiece to be mentioned in the same breath with the works of Alfred Hitchcock, Fritz Lang and August Strindberg, ***Duet for Cannibals*** can claim one dubious distinction: It is a Swedish movie written and directed by America's outspoken essayist and social critic Susan Sontag, probably as a result of sitting through too many foreign movies. Miss Sontag's principal players are an ill-matched foursome (led by Italy's Adriana Asti, who looks like a young Tallulah Bankhead) working variations on the couples game. An older married pair lure a young man into their home on a vague business project and he is soon abed with his hostess. Ultimately, the young man's mistress joins the fun and games. The husband and wife pretend they want to kill each other, and a fake murder occurs as a climax to interminable conversations about love and death, predators and victims, weakness and strength. Though redeemed now and then by its poker-faced humor, *Cannibals* is thematically indigestible, as well as underplayed almost to the point of fetishism. Miss Sontag's favorite stunt is to plant her characters in moody Swedish-modern attitudes against large expanses of white wall. The Sontag style is generally cold, tough and cryptic, in the manner so often affected by lady directors (such as Sweden's Mai Zetterling and France's Agnes Varda) who seem to be on guard, lest a woman's picture somehow reveal a tender heart.

•

Breakers pound at a rocky coast and passion dyes every sunset purple over the Mediterranean island of Ibiza, where a boyish American beauty (Mimsy Farmer) lures a dullish German student (Klaus Grunberg) to destruction by means of marijuana, heroin, LSD, sex and whatever other weapon comes to hand. That's ***More***, a cumbersome art film containing a good deal less than audiences may have been led to expect by the first wave of critical praise. In fact, this overtouted story of a couple going to hell with themselves on a sun-struck promontory is poorly written (in Spanish, German, English and French), indifferently played and filmed like a promotional pitch to beer-drinking nudists from Hamburg. Which is to say that *More* displays plenty of skin—though not in a manner apt to excite any prurient interest in the hero and heroine, even when they have shed their ostentatiously hip costumes to take a Lesbian chum to bed for a mild little orgy *à trois* photographed through acres of gauze. Co-author and producer-director Barbet Schroeder, a 28-year-old former critic for France's cultish *Cahiers du Cinéma*, thickens the plot of his first feature film with a mysterious neo-Nazi character and several other stereotyped creeps involved in the drug scene, while unabashedly describing his work—amid ponderous references to vampirism and the myth of Icarus—as "the story of a young man who sets out on a search for the sun, and finds only the moon . . . the black sun." Make what you will of Schroeder's heavy Teutonic mannerisms; but if you want to see a good man destroyed by a woman's wiles, go back to Marlene Dietrich as *The Blue Angel*.

•

Producer-director Stanley Kramer, who does everything in a big way with little

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style, employed two top Hollywood scenarists (William Rose and Ben Maddow) to write him a broad, boisterous human comedy based on Robert Crichton's best seller, ***The Secret of Santa Vittoria.*** Kramer got precisely what he wanted from Crichton's story about a townful of plucky Italians who conspire to conceal thousands of bottles of local *vino*—the lifeblood of their community—from German occupation forces during World War Two. Under Kramer's somewhat heavy hand, the movie version is directed like a musical, with crowds of colorful Italians acting as if they were doing TV commercials for a California wine, plus the ubiquitous Anthony Quinn, as the drunken mayor of the town, acting more Italian than any self-respecting native would dare. The film's truest performances are delivered by the incomparable Anna Magnani, hilarious and poignant as the mayor's rampaging wife, and Virna Lisi, again, all heart behind eyes of melting crystal in her conventional role as a proud *contessa* torn between the German commander (Hardy Kruger) and a hardy *paisano* (singer Sergio Franchi). Crichton's novel had the makings of a great screen comedy, given a great comic director. Preferably one without a compulsion to create blockbuster entertainments. Probably an Italian. In fact, Vittorio De Sica would have been the very man.

RECORDINGS

Sold Out! (Warner Bros.; also available on stereo tape) is the four-sided chronicle of versatile Rod McKuen's birthday concert last spring at Carnegie Hall. A well-drilled orchestra backs up the sandpaper-voiced poet as he delivers a tastefully sentimental program of readings and songs (including his themes for *Joanna, Me, Natalie* and *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*); it all goes to show—for the umpteenth time—that McKuen has the energy and sincerity to turn his middlebrow romanticism into an artistic asset.

•

Stan Getz, he of the liquid tenor and endless stream of ideas, has come up with another winner in ***Didn't We*** (Verve; also available on stereo tape). The charts are by conductor Johnny Pate, which puts Stan ahead of the game to begin with. Then there's Jim Webb's title ode, Milt Jackson's *Heartstrings*, Benny Golson's *I Remember Clifford* and the still-lovely standard *What's New*. Getz' imagination is cornucopian; his tone a little harder edged than in the past, a decided plus in our book.

•

I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues Again Mama! (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) is Janis Joplin's first recorded effort with her own band. The seven-piece group, which combines elements of the San Francisco and Memphis styles, is a definite improvement over Big Brother and the Holding Company; Janis' lusty singing, uninhibited as ever, threatens to degenerate into melodrama at some moments but sounds like the stone truth on *Little Girl Blue* and *Work Me, Lord.*

•

Shades of Ed Bruce and Henson Cargill's ***None of My Business*** (both Monument; both also available on stereo tape) showcase two of Nashville's future giants. Bruce uses unobtrusive backdrops to frame his resonant voice as he limns five of his own tone poems, plus contributions from such songwriters as Joni Mitchell and Jerry Reed; Cargill relies on more extroverted arrangements as he delivers a well-selected program of such timely tunes as Dallas Frazier's *"This Generation Shall Not Pass"* and Roger Miller's *Husbands and Wives.*

•

Sonny Stitt, by now, has all the aspects of his electronically augmented alto very much in the palm of his hand—he's simply the best around on the Varitone, and ***Come Hither*** (Solid State) shows why. Sonny has first-rate help for the occasion —notably Jerome Richardson on baritone sax and flute and Paul Griffin on piano and organ—as he turns his attentions to the likes of *Mendocino, Gentle on My Mind* and *Wichita Lineman.* Plug in; you'll get a charge.

•

The Fabulous Counts are a streamlined young soul band from Detroit who—as they amply demonstrate on ***Jan Jan*** (Cotillion; also available on stereo tape)—have the fire and funk necessary to make it up from the ranks. Whether socking home tested material, such as James Brown's indigo classic *It's a Man's, Man's, Man's World*, or their own compositions (*The Bite*, for instance), the group comes on as if judgment day were at hand.

•

Get ready for Roberta Flack; you're going to be hearing a lot about and from her. On ***Roberta Flack / First Take*** (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape), the lady sings and plays piano, the latter providing a perfect counterpoint to her brilliant, honest vocalizing. The tunes are almost without exception exemplary —from the opening *Compared to What* to the closing *Ballad of the Sad Young Men*, a tender tone poem that's never been done better—and her rhythm accompaniment (Bucky Pizzarelli on guitar, Ron Carter on bass and Ray Lucas on drums) is splendid. Atlantic has seen fit to add strings to most of the tracks and a horn section to a couple, but they don't get in the way of Miss Flack's message.

•

Highly Distinct (RCA; also available on stereo tape) is, indeed, the word for the Friends of Distinction—and while none of the material on this set is quite as arresting as their well-remembered *Grazing in the Grass*, their polished sound is

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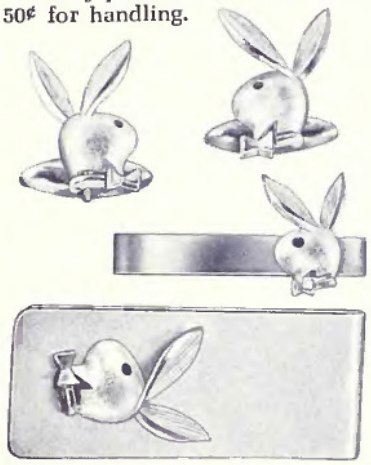

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more opulent than ever as they give suitably subtle treatment to *It's Just a Game Love* and *This Generation*. Also on tap is a lively version of *Light My Fire*.

•

With rare unanimity, critics here and abroad have been heaping extravagant praise on Luciano Berio's ***Sinfonia*** (Columbia; also available on stereo tape)—a superbly surrealistic synthesis of traditional and radical musical idioms, originally written for the New York Philharmonic and the Swingle Singers and now recorded by them under the composer's direction. The crux of the piece comes in the long third movement, which uses the scherzo of Mahler's *Second Symphony* as an enveloping framework for a spicy jumble of musical and verbal quotations. Snatches of Beethoven, Debussy and Strauss advance and recede, while a cluster of voices moves on and off mike to declaim phrases of Samuel Beckett and shout insurrectionist slogans. The effect is akin to the sonic hurly-burly of contemporary urban life, transformed by Berio's keen imagination into a powerful artistic statement.

•

The formula employed by Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 is a pat but successful one—a soft, usually bossa-nova, rhythmic approach to tunes, with one or both girls carrying the main thrust of the lyrics and, lately, augmenting their vocal and instrumental talents with orchestral backdrops. So ***Crystal Illusions*** (A&M; also available on stereo tape), while containing no surprises, is eminently listenable. Among the goodies '66'd are *Sittin' on the Dock of the Bay* and *You Stepped Out of a Dream*.

•

The latest entry in the jazz-rock sweepstakes is ***The Flock*** (Columbia; also available on stereo tape), an eclectic septet from Chicago that parlays a big, brassy sound—augmented by the talents of violinist Jerry Goodman and singer-guitarist Fred Glickstein—into a well-modulated program full of welcome surprises. As with many rock groups, its attempt at orchestral blues—*Truth*—hovers near caricature; but the visceral *Clown*, the reflective *I Am the Tall Tree* and the far-reaching *Store Bought—Store Thought* are all well-knit musical structures.

•

Buffy Sainte-Marie's ***Illumination*** (Vanguard; also available on stereo tape) is a mixed bag, as electronic sounds, strings and a combo are used to provide the various showcases for Miss Sainte-Marie's emotional readings; she gets telling results from her thick vibrato and unpredictable intonation on her own *Suffer the Little Children* and *Guess Who I Saw in Paris*.

•

The New Don Ellis Band Goes Underground (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) indicates some interesting developments in that quicksilvery contingent. Ellis has managed to move his aggregation in two seemingly disparate directions at the same time. He continues to evolve avant-garde sounds and rhythms while incorporating a distinct soul feeling. The latter is embodied in the presence of vocalist Patti Allen and in some very funky charts.

•

Alan Lorber's documentary ***The Groupies*** (Earth; also available on stereo tape) is an intriguing study of the chicks who give body and soul to rock celebrities in exchange for status and other, more esoteric benefits. The dialogs herein—among four groupies, who discuss their own motivations and the sexual hang-ups of unnamed pop stars—are alternately comic and sad, and ultimately convey the impression that it's all just another battle in the ceaseless war between the sexes: The girls consciously exploit their unpaying patrons but resent the fact that the boys do the same.

•

Sweden has produced a fair share of jazz and rock musicians, and Rune Gustafsson, as evidenced by his immaculate acoustic guitar work on ***Rune at the Top*** (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape), is a master of both styles. Some of the items, such as *The Look of Love*, are stated perfunctorily; but when Gustafsson gets off—as on *Waltz-a-Nova* or *The Fool on the Hill*—he'd be hard for *any* guitar man to catch.

•

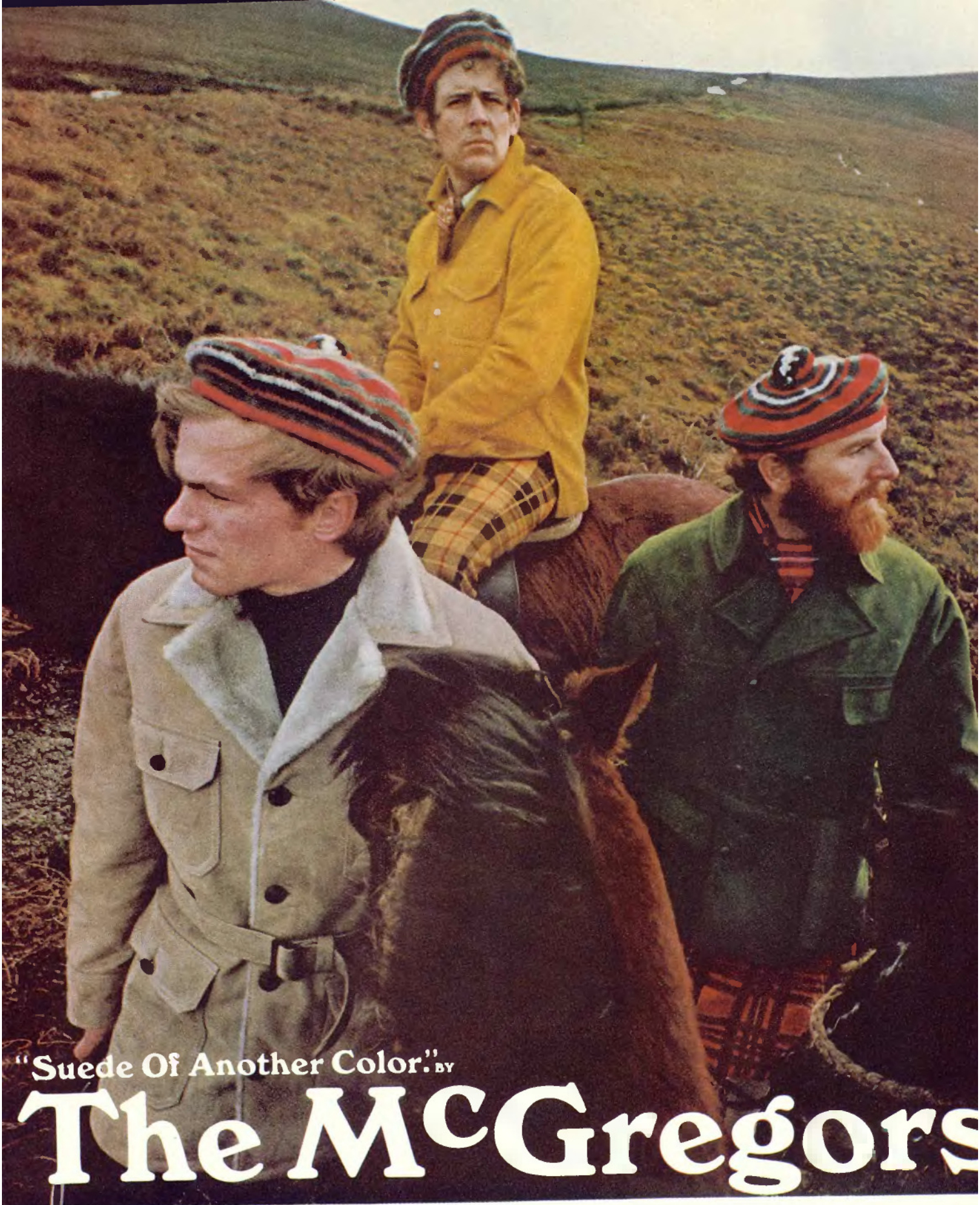
There's no sound in modern "folk" music as subtly ingratiating as the combined voices of Hedge and Donna Capers, a racially mixed husband-and-wife team. Most of the nine songs on ***All the Friendly Colours*** (Capitol; also available on stereo tape) are so art conscious as to be lyrically obscure; but the Capers' vocal expertise saves them all—especially the more rhythmic items, such as *There's a Wheel* and *There Came a Question*.

•

Marion Williams / The New Message (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape) is pop-Gospel at its best. Miss Williams has included a brace of Bob Dylan's inventions—*I Shall Be Released* and *I Pity the Poor Immigrant*—along with such delights as *The Great Speckled Bird* and *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*. Adding to the joy of Miss Williams' soaring voice are the orchestrations by William Fischer, the vocal assistance of The Sweet Inspirations, the fervent guitar efforts of Eric Gale and Junior Mance's soulish piano. Hallelujah!

•

Dick Gregory: The Light Side: The Dark Side (Poppy) allows very little of the light side to peep through. Gregory is, understandably, a bitter man; he has come up against the crushing weight of the establishment and what he calls white-racist institutions for so long that most of his



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Short or long
Discerning people prefer Cogna

HENNESSY

Cognac Hennessy
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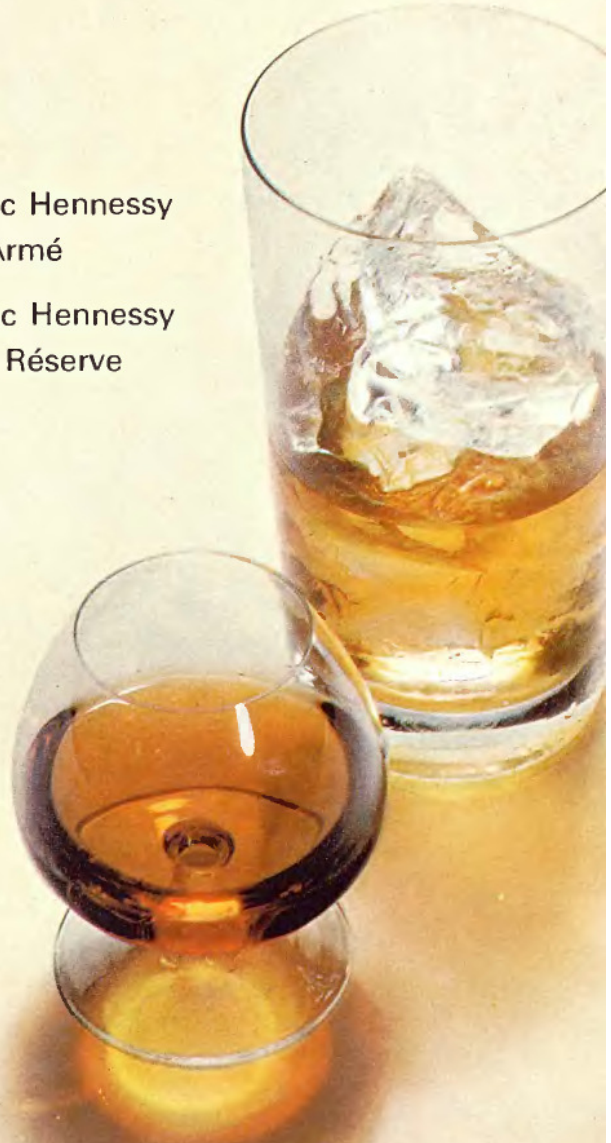

From the largest stock of aged Cognacs in the World

«The arms of the Swiss Confederation shall be a white cross upright on a red ground. The four equal arms of the cross shall be one-sixth longer than they are wide.»

Federal Decree of 12 December 1889, establishing the coat of arms of the Swiss Confederation.

Why Swissair envies other airlines. But isn't necessarily ready to swap.

Here we show you the tail assemblies of a few of our competitors' planes.

See the difference?

Almost nothing could be more fun for an artist-designer than the job of adorning an aircraft, and particularly the tail assembly (the "tail fin", some people call it). He can use colors and forms, symbols and cabalistic letters to create a mood, elegance, romance, a breath of the great wide world.

Whereas we of Swissair are tied hand and foot to a ruling by the Swiss authorities that says every plane registered in Switzerland must bear on the tail assembly the letters HB and the Swiss cross. This is how it looks:

Not that we aren't fond of our national emblem; but a Swiss cross on each and every plane has certain drawbacks.

Lots of people who recognise the Swiss cross (and can tell it from the Red Cross, which it inspired) think Swissair must be an airline that only flies out of Switzerland and back.

There is no truth in this rumor. In fact it is a canard. Look: Swissair flies (just for instance)

FROM FRANKFURT TO NEW YORK,
FROM SÃO PAULO TO BUENOS AIRES,
FROM ABIDJAN TO MONROVIA,
FROM STOCKHOLM TO HELSINKI,
FROM WARSAW TO MOSCOW,
FROM ATHENS TO ISTANBUL,
FROM SINGAPORE TO ATHENS,
FROM KARACHI TO COLOMBO,
FROM COLOMBO TO SINGAPORE,
FROM MANILA TO TOKYO,

All told, we have 64 (sixty-four) runs that neither start nor end in Switzerland.

Does that make Swissair international enough for you? (In case you don't count our four native languages.)

The Swiss cross on the tail assembly has another catch so far as we are concerned: The Swiss somehow feel Swissair is a bit of themselves, a sort of Helvetian public property.

This does nothing to make matters easy for us. If there should ever be a hitch anywhere at Swissair, the Swiss would take it as a civic affront.

We won't go so far as to say the Swiss are an unusually pernickety nation–they enjoy life just as much as you do–, but they simply expect Swissair to be as trustworthy as a Swiss bank, as punctual as the Swiss Federal Railways, and as smooth-running as a Swiss watch.

We can tell you it keeps us on our toes.

Still, when we remember that this very supervision by the Swiss (5 million big brothers watching us) may be one reason why passengers of other nationalities enjoy flying with us, we find ourselves somewhat reconciled to the Swiss cross on our planes.

At least it's probably a better emblem than William Tell's crossbow, or a cheese, or an alpenhorn, or one of the millions of swallows that cross our Alps twice a year.

Our designer is satisfied anyway: he got to draw a handsome mark that we've been using since 1952, and it's made us reasonably well known; with perhaps a bit of vice versa. (See below.)

SWISSAIR

Inhibitions are out... with Sansui on bass.

The throbbing beat of the bass, coaxed and caressed by the strong, sinuous hands of a great musician. The way you may have enjoyed it in a dim cabaret. Cool. Ice-cool. Mind-blowing cool. Then warmer. Glowing. Inflaming.

Now it can be that way with all your tapes and records of great bass performances. Or, for that matter, performances of any instrument. It can be that way note for note with fine stereo components from Sansui, specialists in quality audio equipment for nearly a quarter of a century.

A stereo rig like Sansui's great 100 watt 2000 AM/FM Multiplex stereo tuner amplifier, a powerful 4-way 6-speaker system like the SP-2000, a precision 2-speed manual turntable like the SR-3030BC and a high compliance stereo headphone like the SS-2 is all you need to start those taboos tumbling.

If that kind of total immersion is what you've been seeking, that kind of total participation and total freedom, check out a Sansui system at your nearest Sansui dealer soon. Then pick out a favorite bass performance, relax and listen as those restless hands begin their rythmic coaxing. You'll find that inhibitions are out. And Sansui is in.

sansui

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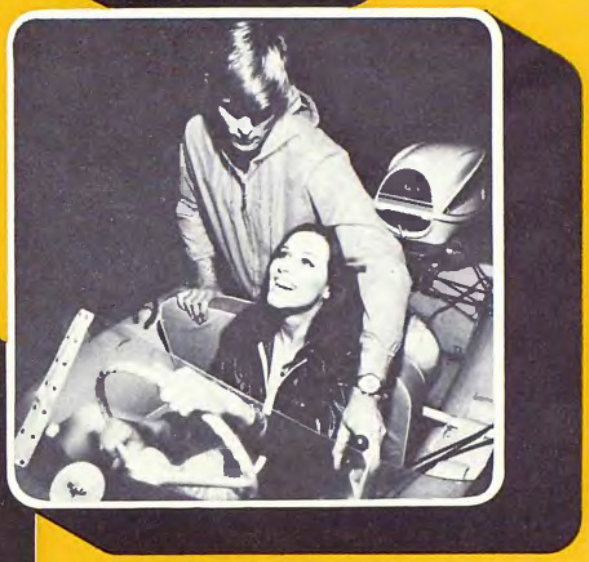
DO THE IMPOSSIBLE!

WEAR ONE WATCH INSIDE ANOTHER!



Until now you had to choose. Either you sported a chronograph, the watch with a built-in brain. Or you opted for the convenience of a self-winding watch. No single timepiece combined the advantages of both. Until Breitling invented the CHRONO-MATIC.

The CHRONO-MATIC is, in effect, a miniature computer, ready to reckon the most complex calculations. Instantaneously To an accuracy of fifths of seconds! But it is also a self-winding watch, complete with calendar on its dashing, instrument-panel dial. So the CHRONO-MATIC is really two watches in one.

2112
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Self-winding
Waterproof
Calendar

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NAVITIMER
Self-winding
Waterproof
Calendar >

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IMPORTED
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Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
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Seville Spain.
We walked along cobbled streets, past the
Moorish Alcazar which stands in the shadow of
the old Cathedral ... and on through the narrow
twisted lanes of Santa Cruz. The city was
hot, and silent in siesta. And there, on the
corner, framed by orange trees ... a friendly
tavern ... and a familiar face.
Canadian Club
"The Best In The House" in 87 lands

if you don't know what "wild" means,

Cinzano does

bianco, rosso, dry

CINZANO

vermouth

humor has been squeezed dry. This two-LP album was taken from a talk Gregory gave at New York's Southampton College and his remarks are addressed to the students as the only hope of saving this society. No, saving is the wrong word; Gregory exhorts the young to change society (he leaves the methods as an option in the hands of the establishment). Of course, there are occasions when Gregory hurls a barbed quip at the power structure, but it is always dipped in curare. This is *not* a comedy album. It *is* both a fascinating insight into the soul of the black man and a mirror in which society can take a close look at its own conscience.

THEATER

A two-character drama is often even more difficult for an audience to endure than for a playwright to write, but South Africa's Athol Fugard is a master at this specialized trade. First he wrote *The Blood Knot*, a provocative play about two brothers, one white, one black, and now ***Hello and Goodbye***, about a brother and a sister (both white) tormented by a desperate family situation. The new play isn't quite as imaginative as the earlier work, but it is no less absorbing, and it is beautifully performed, particularly by Colleen Dewhurst. She plays a weary but undefeated whore who returns to her seedy lower-class ancestral home after an absence of 15 years, in search of her inheritance, which she believes her selfish father has hidden. She is greeted with curious detachment by her brother (Martin Sheen). It turns out that he is on the point of derangement because of his obsession with serving as lackey to his crippled old father—who the audience suspects is not dying off stage but is already dead. As Miss Dewhurst rifles his cardboard boxes and suitcases, she finds no money, only clothes, newspapers, relics and memories, most of them sad and also touching. What lifts this mundane arrangement into something theatrically exciting is Fugard's writing, which is clean and spare, and Miss Dewhurst's acting, which is monumental. In small ways —a touch of her brother's waist, a glance at her childhood Sunday dress—she speaks mountains about the lovelessness of her existence. The usually boyish Sheen manages to summon up surprising power. His voice is low, his gestures sharp, his face (wreathed in a huge mustache) seems ages older than it really is. As he rasps and darts through the part, suddenly it is clear that he is really playing George C. Scott. He talks, walks and even looks like Scott. It comes as no surprise to learn that, although uncredited, Scott (Miss Dewhurst's husband) advised Barney Simon on the direction. At the Sheridan Square, 99 Seventh Avenue South.

Don't wind it,
don't correct it,
don't worry
about it.
It will tell you the
hour, the minute
to the eighth
part of a second.
Amazing all-electric.
Amazing price, too.

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It's the holiday season, 1795. Jacob Beam and his family are buckboarding it around the Kentucky countryside. Chinning with the neighbors. Giving gifts. Jacob Beam is giving his closest friends a bit of himself. Some Beam Bourbon. It comes right from his own choicest grains. His own secret formula. And his secret knack for making the best-tasting, lightest Bourbon within a two days' ride. It's a rare gift, because Jacob never seems to be able to make enough to keep up with the demand.

Today, T. Jeremiah Beam, pictured here, makes Jim Beam Bourbon just like Jacob did, generations of Beams ago. And he's gift-wrapped it in a handsome holiday package. Give it to some of your friends and you'll sort of be doing what old Jacob did. You'll be giving a bit of yourself. And that's still the rarest gift of all. "World's finest Bourbon since 1795."

Give Jim Beam. A rare gift for 175 Decembers.

86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey Distilled and Bottled by the James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Beam, Kentucky

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband thinks the greatest thing in the world would be to have a mirror on the ceiling above our bed, and he threatens to put one in our new home. Don't you think this is ridiculous? A mirror? Over my dead body!—Mrs. W. B., Providence, Rhode Island.

We see no harm in a married man's enjoying a piece of glass with his wife. Perhaps if your "dead body" were more reflective of his ardor, he wouldn't need to look to be sure he was enjoying himself.

I've often heard the term white paper used in connection with political matters. What, exactly, does it mean?—P. R., Santa Rosa, California.

White paper was originally coined for British diplomatic publications that had no special cover, hence only the white paper was visible. Today, it is a report in which a government states its position on a given subject of national interest, as, for example, the famous U. S. white paper on China.

I met a girl a few weeks after her boyfriend had been drowned in a boating accident and we have been dating for almost six months. She treats me like the greatest guy in the world and says other dates mean nothing to her. But when I tell her I love her, she always says, "I think a lot of you, but I can't say I love you just now. I don't want to be hurt again." I tell her nobody who's afraid to be hurt makes it in life. Pain is part of the game. Is this a losing battle, or is it possible that my ideas are wrong? —J. H., Wilson, North Carolina.

Your ideas might be right and the girl still might not love you. Love does not come as readily to some as to others, and those who have been deeply affected by the death of someone close are often emotionally numbed for some time. We suggest you stop worrying about the word love and enjoy each other's company. Let her use the word voluntarily when—and if—she can feel it and mean it.

Must I keep sherry in the dark bottle in which I purchase it? I've been given a crystal-clear decanter that I'd like to use for serving this wine, but I wonder about possible spoilage.—D. D., Arlington, Virginia.

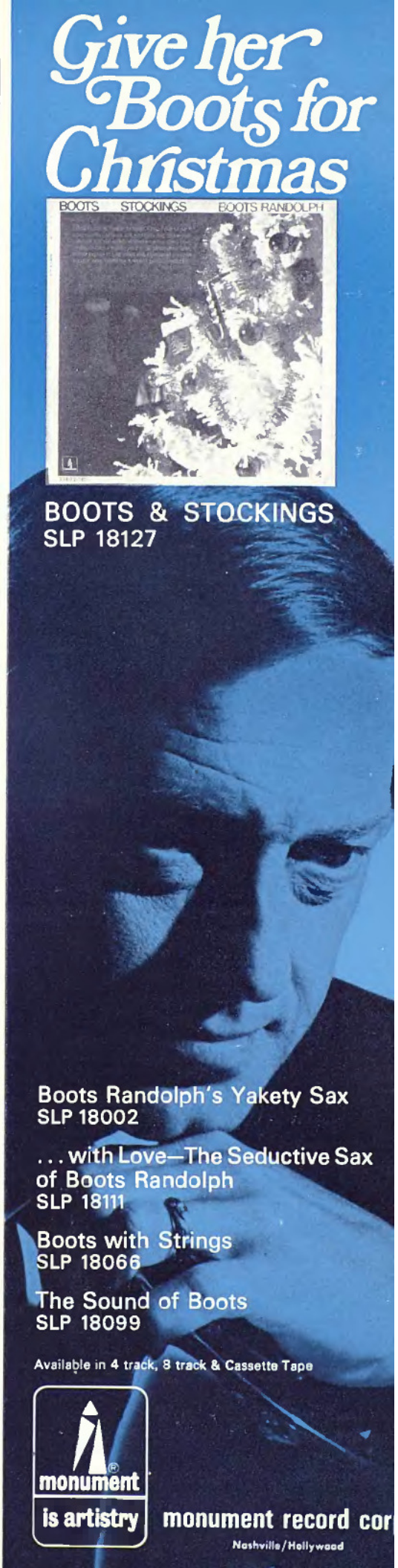
Decanters are meant for those wines, such as old vintage reds or ports, that must be separated from the sediment in the bottle. Some hosts, however, use them for showing off the brilliant color of a port or a sherry, even when decanting is unnecessary. But if unused wine in one of these vessels is exposed to light, it will eventually be damaged. Sherries and ports don't spoil easily; they're fortified with brandy, which acts as a stabilizer. Nonetheless, after the cork is pulled, they begin to lose quality, particularly the fresh-tasting manzanilla and fino *sherries. Any leftover that remains in a clear decanter should be kept in a dark place or —better yet—drunk within a reasonable time after the bottle is opened.*

Periodically, my wife claims that during coitus I ejaculate noticeably less semen than at other times. When this occurs after a layoff of a week or so, usually due to a business trip, she jealously suspects that I've been having relations with someone else. She makes a big tearful deal out of it, and it just isn't true. I've had no affairs, there's been no evidence of nocturnal emission and I don't masturbate. Can you explain this phenomenon? I don't know what to say to her, other than stoutly denying any extracurricular activities—R. B., Phoenix, Arizona.

The physiology of the male orgasm is very complicated, and continence or hyperactivity are only two of the many factors affecting ejaculation. Frequently, mental or physical fatigue—both of which can occur as a result of a business trip—contribute to a reduction in semen volume. Further, a woman's ability to measure the quantity of semen expelled during coitus is questionable and—at best —unreliable. What she really seems to be saying is that she is insecure when you are away. We suggest that you both stop worrying about the semen factor and that you give your full attention to mutual discussion of her insecurity, using as much kindness, patience and reassurance as you can. Unless, of course, she unwittingly gets an emotional charge, plus a reassurance from her accusations and your denials; in which case, discussion may not be of much avail.

After changing jobs and moving to the West Coast, I applied for a charge account with a department store and was turned down. I've never had a judgment against me, nor have I gone bankrupt; furthermore, I've always managed to pay my bills. I had intended to buy some new furniture on credit, so I'm naturally rather disturbed. Any ideas as to what could be wrong?—R. W., Los Angeles, California.

Perhaps you have a record of changing jobs frequently or of paying your bills slowly—say, from 90 to 120 days after



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But my boyfriend smokes V·I·P all the time and, man, does he smell good!

That's why V·I·P is America's fastest growing pipe tobacco.

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they're due. Then again, it may be that the store has a policy of not extending charge privileges to customers who haven't been on the job for a certain period of time. It might be a good idea to visit your local credit bureau and ask to see what's in your file. If it contains some erroneous information, you can ask that it be corrected.

When a new date invites me out for lunch or dinner, I'm frequently in a quandary as to whether I should order something I really like (which may be expensive) or a more moderately priced dish that will do less harm to my host's wallet. If I do the former, I may be making him spend more than he chooses to. On the other hand, if I ask for the chicken à la king, he may be offended, since I'd seem to be intimating that I don't believe he can afford to treat me more generously. Is there any way I can solve this touchy problem?—Miss E. R., Los Angeles, California.

Sure. Simply ask him what he's having or if he has any particular recommendation. It's our feeling, though, that the gentleman most likely is familiar with the restaurant—and its price range—and wouldn't take you there if he couldn't afford it.

Just before I left for medical school in Europe, my girlfriend asked me a question that I found very difficult to answer. She is 22 years old and, believe it or not, a virgin. We have talked seriously of marriage when I finish my studies. She asked me on my last night home, "If I were to ask you to make love to me, what would you do?" My labored answer was to the effect that if I took something she had valued for so long, she might hate me for it, and if I refused to give her something she wanted, she might also hate me. Therefore, I didn't think there was a winning answer and I declined to make a choice. I love this girl and now often lie awake wondering if I said the right thing. What would have been your response to that question in that circumstance?—A. M., Brussels, Belgium.

You should have reserved your answer until you had determined if she was asking to be made love to; then your response could have been focused exclusively on the request.

I've recently become a Sherlock Holmes addict and have heard about The Baker Street Irregulars. Can you tell me more about this organization?—D. R., Coopersburg, Pennsylvania.

It's one of about 40 clubs in the U. S., Canada and Europe that honor Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's fictional detective. The society was founded in 1934 by a group of fans that included writer Christopher Morley, and it was named after an organization of street boys hired by Holmes to obtain information about the London underworld. The Irregulars publish The Baker Street Journal, *"a quarterly journal of Sherlockiana."*

Shortly after my fiancé left for Vietnam, I confessed our sexual relations to a priest, whose lecture has left me a nervous wreck. "Most men lose interest in a girl, once she is no longer a mystery," he said. "Surely, you don't think that this young man will bother to marry you, now that you've given yourself to him?" I've never been good at understanding men, and I'm so scared and confused I don't know what to write to my fiancé. Is there any truth in what the priest said to me?—Miss G. M., Battle Creek, Michigan.

The only basis for the attitude you describe is the old double standard, which characterizes women as objects, to be used only for sexual pleasure and then discarded. According to your account, this particular priest seems to represent this anti-feminine point of view. However, since you've said nothing to indicate that your fiancé has such an immature and outdated attitude, there's a good chance he hasn't been infected with this Victorian virus. If it's any comfort, the odds are in your favor: Even as far back as the 1940s and early 1950s, when the Kinsey Reports were written, half the women in America were not virgins when they married and a high percentage of those women married their first sex partner. It's probable that the number of nonvirgins has risen in the 1960s. We think that the better a couple know each other in every way, the greater the likelihood of success in marriage. Most intelligent people prefer reading mysteries to marrying them.

I'm at the point where I must start thinking seriously about a career. There's one industry that has always interested me very much—motion pictures. I'd like to start out in the technical end, with the hope of eventually landing in production. I realize this isn't unusual, since Hollywood attracts many people because of its glamor and the allegedly huge financial rewards. However, I'm mature enough to know that my incentives would be different. It's the medium itself that attracts me. There's an excellent movie department in the college I plan to attend; but many people have told me that even if I graduate with honors, this wouldn't open any doors. What's your opinion?—D. H., Los Angeles, California.

Although a diploma won't guarantee

IF YOU'VE GOT MORE HAIR, YOU'VE GOT MORE PROBLEMS.

You've let your hair grow in. And it looks great.

Sometimes.

Because what used to be just a small cowlick is now a very large problem.

What formerly amounted to a stray strand at the side, has turned into a flying wing.

And that dumb wave in the front now seems to go on and on and on.

What are your choices?

You can use grease or hairspray or some other kind of gook to hold it down. Or, you can consider our alternative.

The REMINGTON Hot Comb.

It runs on electricity, which produces hot air, which provides a comb-blower effect. Which makes a big difference. For instance, if the only problem you have is that you'd like to look like you have more hair, that's the least The Hot Comb can do.

Or, if you want to take care of stupid cowlicks, flying wings, or that wave in front, heat plus the brush attachment will put them down in seconds.

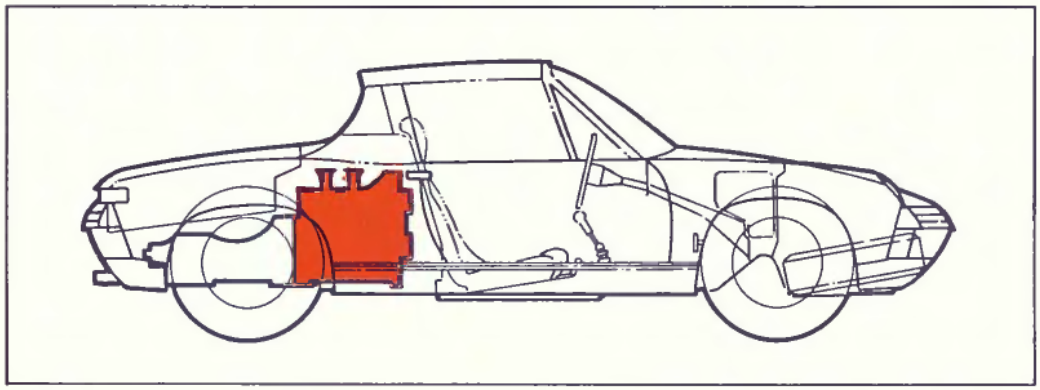
And, if you've got the kind of curly hair every girl you've ever known has secretly envied, the instruction book can show you how to tone it down.

Try it. After all, the things you've got to lose, you'll never miss anyway.

THE HOT COMB FROM REMINGTON™

A brand new Porsche.

With its engine in the middle.



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If there's one thing we've learned from racing, it's where to put the engine.

A sports car built just for racing doesn't need a back seat. So unlike a Grand Touring car, its engine can be mounted in front of the rear axle, near the middle of the car.

That distributes its weight more equally, front and rear. And gives it a whole bundle of advantages over ordinary cars.

We think it's time you shared those advantages. So we've built a couple of mid-engine cars you can use on the street.

They hold the road better, because the center of gravity is lower.

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They brake faster and save tire life, because all the wheels carry a more equal load.

And they're safer. Because both front and back ends are designed to absorb impact.

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So if you're thinking about a true, two-seat sports car, think about this:

When you don't get a back seat, you should at least get an engine in its place.

The Mid-Engine Porsche. $3,500

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you a job, the opportunities are greater than they used to be. Until recently, most of the Hollywood guilds and unions were, for all practical purposes, closed to outsiders. Today their policies are more liberal, and apprenticeship programs have been started for newcomers to the industry. There are usually more applicants than jobs, but the doors are now open instead of tightly locked. Furthermore, you should not think in terms of Hollywood only. There are many other areas of moviemaking that require new talent, such as medical, industrial and small-budget independent art films, commercials, documentaries and educational productions.

My dates with the many girls I take out are fun until we get involved in sex. Then, although I'm usually able to have intercourse once or twice in an evening and can go to three or more if it's my only date that week, I don't seem to be able to perform enough to satisfy the girls. It's gotten so I'm afraid to start anything physical, because, once aroused, the girls I date always seem to want more than I can give. The result is that I end up feeling like a failure. In fact, my fears about eventually being depleted take much of the pleasure out of sex for me, even when I'm performing well. Any comments?—S. H., San Francisco, California.

You probably have a tendency toward premature ejaculation, which could be alleviated either by more secure sexual circumstances than you describe, or a visit to a qualified therapist. Your fears of physiological depletion are based on a Victorian myth that has been proved groundless by modern science. A far greater threat to your virility is your lack of genuine pleasure in the sex act, which is hardly likely to be overcome by a score-card approach to partners or orgasms. We suggest you forgo your frantic climax counting and concentrate on fewer girls, with whom you can share a high degree of affection, understanding and relaxation. Sex, after all, is more than the joining of genital parts; it's a process of giving and receiving and—like any gift—it's enjoyed most when shared with a friend or a loved one.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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All the time she spends putting on makeup can be a waste if she doesn't put it on in the right light.

Because different light does different things to color, and thus to the way she looks.

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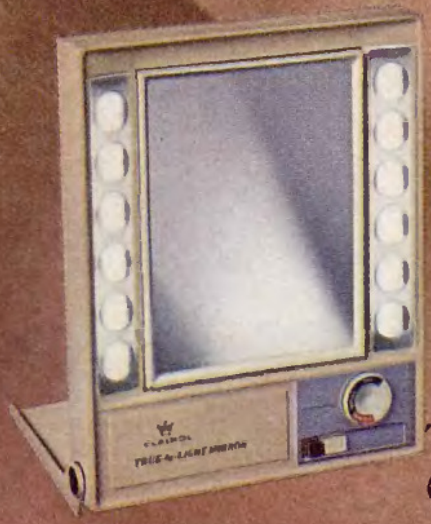
It has three different light settings which cover every situation she's likely to be in. (Daylight simulates the natural light you find outdoors. Office light approximates fluorescent lighting. Evening light is like the soft light of theatres, restaurants, and your home).

So she can correct in advance for what the light she's about to be in is about to do to her face. (It also has a magnifying side, so she can see things close up).

With the True-to-Light mirror, all she does is turn the dial and she can see how she's going to look.

It makes a big difference.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

ANTI–FLOWER POWER

The complaint of the Marine at Cherry Point, North Carolina about his commanding general's effort to stamp out flower decals on privately owned cars (*The Playboy Forum*, August) is not unique. As a sergeant in the military police, I handle complaints levied against my fellow soldiers for everything from flower decals to campaign stickers for their favorite political figures.

Recently, a colonel brought one of his men into the station, charging that he had observed the man giving the peace sign. When I explained to this officer that there was nothing subversive about the peace sign, he became enraged and shouted that a soldier has no right to make signs.

With leaders like this in the Service, I can see why there are so many deserters and draft dodgers.

Sgt. David S. Chaney
Jolon, California

I have written the following letter to the President of the United States:

> I am stationed at Fort Carson, Colorado. On February 14, 1969, I returned from a full year's tour in Vietnam, where I served in an infantry company and was awarded the Bronze Star.
>
> I feel I must bring to your attention an incident that happened here on July 19, 1969. Similar occurrences are frequent at Fort Carson and tend to make this post a most undesirable duty assignment.
>
> During a Saturday morning locker inspection by our battalion commander, a peace medallion was found in my locker drawer. We are allotted a drawer for personal civilian items, which are to be displayed neatly. The commander picked up my medallion and called me over. He asked me what it was and I replied, "A peace sign, sir." He said that the symbol is worn only by groups opposed to the United States and its policies. Throwing the medallion back into the drawer, the commander said he would court-martial me if I ever wore it. He suggested I dispose of the medallion, since it stood for everything he despised.
>
> I have never worn the ornament with military clothes; I wear it only during off-duty hours with civilian clothes. It stands for just one thing, peace, and it doesn't oppose any particular United States policy or belong to any particular group.
>
> How much tension has to build inside our Armed Forces before conditions can be changed? My fellow enlisted men and I feel that after a year of jungle fighting in Vietnam we have the right to say, "Peace."

I hope the President will lend a helping hand. Any act of individualism a person performs may be his last; this may be mine. I actually feel persecuted at times, like an early Christian trying to wear a cross.

Sp/4 Rocco Laspata
Fort Carson, Colorado

MILITARY JUSTICE

The September *Playboy Forum* quotes Justice William O. Douglas to the effect that "courts-martial as an institution are singularly inept in dealing with the nice subtleties of constitutional law." You add that the exclusively military structure of these tribunals makes "an impartial trial (especially in political cases) highly unlikely."

I have the highest esteem for Justice Douglas and PLAYBOY but I'm a retired professional military man, not a lawman, and speak with candor born of experience. An "impartial trial" in the military is not "unlikely" but virtually impossible. Any court-martial offense charged to a man automatically presumes his guilt. "Presumed" innocence is either ignored or totally absent. Acquittal by court-martial doesn't establish innocence; it merely marks one as temporarily beating the system. Then that person should quickly get out of the Service; no one—but no one—beats the system and gets away with it.

James J. Owens, U. S. N. (Ret.)
Naugatuck, Connecticut

I found the remarks of David Tomasi (*The Playboy Forum*, July) most interesting, because they express the questions many men have today about the constitutional rights of military personnel. As a very general answer, I offer the partial text of a reply to a Serviceman who had written to President Nixon with these same questions:

> On behalf of President Nixon, I am replying to your recent letter

Revelation hasn't changed since Gramps helped make "The Perils of Pauline."

Revelation's not made of sugar and spice, boys. Just tobacco: 5 great tobaccos. Revelation's for the experienced pipe smoker.

A quality product of Philip Morris U.S.A.

concerning the constitutional rights of members of the Armed Forces.

You are correct in believing that a soldier is a citizen "entitled to all the rights, privileges and responsibilities of citizenship." In common with his fellow citizens in civilian life, a soldier is required to do certain things that at first glance may seem to deny one or another of the personal liberties named in the Bill of Rights. Further reflection makes it clear that none of these liberties is or was intended to be absolute. For example, every American's freedom to keep and bear arms has been tempered by various national, state and local laws; freedom of speech and press is limited by laws against sedition, obscenity and other abuses; freedom of assembly is made less than absolute by ordinances and regulations that repeatedly have been held to be reasonable and constitutional limitations necessary for the common good.

The Uniform Code of Military Justice, the body of law which governs the conduct of members of the Armed Forces, was passed by Congress and approved by the President, as the Constitution requires. It limits the personal freedom of soldiers only to the degree considered necessary for the maintenance of the kind of discipline and order essential for the Armed Forces to perform the missions given them by the representatives of the American people. All regulations and orders within the several Services stem from this Code of law and from the constitutional provision that the President is Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces.

Thus, the limitations on personal freedom which you have experienced or observed in the Army, rather than being unlawful infringements by military authorities, are the lawful and mandatory exercise of their sworn responsibility to maintain the good order and discipline essential for effective performance of mission.

I realize that this statement falls short of answering all the doubts Mr. Tomasi raised; however, it may provide some material for further reflection.

Major John F. Cronhimer
U. S. Army Area Support Command
Chicago, Illinois

MRS. HICKEY'S MARTYRDOM

I must take issue with Mrs. Thomas Hickey's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, September), in which she defends the glories of motherhood. She speaks of mothers giving of themselves, which admittedly is an admirable quality. However, Mrs. Hickey also speaks of "giving" a husband, brothers or sons to the Army. Since Lincoln emancipated the slaves, no one has

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

OH! DALLAS!

DALLAS, TEXAS—*A recent court decision gives Texans with unfaithful wives good reason to polish up their marksmanship. Under state law, it is not murder to kill another man if you catch him in bed with your wife—but it is murder to kill your wife also. In a case decided by the Court of Criminal Appeals, the defendant—who shot both his wife and the other man—claimed he was innocent of murder since he had been shooting only at the male offender and had hit his wife by accident. In upholding his conviction, the court ruled—in effect—that an avenging husband had to either place his shot with extreme care, or wait and catch the malefactor on the rise.*

THE SIN NOT TO BE NAMED

JUNEAU, ALASKA—*The Alaska state law forbidding "the crime against nature"—a catchall euphemism usually including bestiality, necrophilia and oral or anal intercourse (even between spouses)—has been declared vague and therefore unconstitutional by a unanimous decision of the Alaska Supreme Court. Although the court based its ruling on the statute's vagueness, the decision invites the challenging of other state sex laws, whether vague or explicit. In the court's opinion:*

> *A re-examination of our entire regulation of sexual behavior by the criminal law may well be in order. The courts cannot, of course, perform such a comprehensive task, as it is beyond the capabilities of only the judiciary. But the widening gap between our formal statutory law and the actual attitudes and behavior of vast segments of our society can only sow the seeds of increasing disrespect for our legal institutions. . . .*
>
> *As Kinsey points out, if all infractions of sexual laws were punished, 95 percent of the male population would have to be convicted of a crime at one time or another, and a majority of the males would be in the category of repeated offenders.*

Two states, Illinois and Connecticut, have revised their criminal codes to exclude consensual sodomy between adults. But the Alaska court decision represents the first judicial nullification of this crime—referred to in some legal decisions as the "detestable and abominable sin among Christians not to be named"—and it still remains on the books in 47 states.

ABORTION LAW NULLIFIED

SAN FRANCISCO—*The arguments for and against liberalized abortion laws frequently deadlock over the welfare of the mother versus the rights of the fetus. In California, the state supreme court has now ruled in favor of the mother, and in doing so, may have forged a new lever for dismantling the abortion laws in at least 40 other states.*

In the case of Dr. Leon Belous of Los Angeles, the court overturned his 1966 abortion conviction on the grounds that the law's main provision—"necessary to preserve [the mother's] life"—was vague and inapplicable in light of modern abortion techniques. Equally important, the court decided that the law violated a woman's "fundamental right" of choice in bearing children, and violated her "'right to privacy' or 'liberty' in matters related to marriage, family or sex." While the court followed precedents in acknowledging the rights of the unborn fetus, significantly it found such rights to be contingent on the birth of the baby.

Although the law in question had been liberalized subsequent to Dr. Belous' conviction, the ruling still offers a rationale for challenging the constitutionality of any law that predicates legal abortion on the mother's safety. The court noted that this consideration dated to a time when such operations were medically dangerous, whereas "It is now safer for a woman to have a hospital therapeutic abortion during the first trimester [three months of pregnancy] than to bear a child." The decision implied that even the most liberal abortion law may be unsustainable if it merely adds exceptions to an otherwise prohibitive law, rather than recognizing abortion as a basic right.

SKIPPER'S STRIPPERS

SAN FRANCISCO—*In a genteel, academic study of professional stripteasers, two sociologists found that most of the girls:*

- *Are lured to the stage by the money.*
- *Believe that the public considers stripping "dirty and immoral."*
- *Came from broken or unstable homes where they received little parental affection.*
- *Reached puberty early, had early sex experiences, left home before 18 and had always made the most of their physical endowments.*
- *"Had extremely well-developed breasts, several approaching astronomical proportions."*

The study, conducted by Dr. James K. Skipper, Jr., and Dr. Charles McCaghy of Case Western Reserve University, was reported in a paper read by Dr. Skipper at the annual convention of the American Sociological Association in San Francisco. If sympathetic with the problems

of strippers, Dr. Skipper won no friends among militant feminists who distributed a broadside denouncing his study as "simple-minded survey research" that merely obscures the real problem—"male supremacy." The leaflet concluded with a ringing declaration: "We will not allow you male sociologists to disassociate yourselves from your actions in oppressing over half the human race. Not only do you use your sociology for the oppression of women, you also rape all the women in your life: cleaning women, female colleagues, students, secretaries and wives. You rape their spirit, their creativity, their labor and their bodies."

COMMISSIONERS IN CONFLICT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography has prepared an interim report outlining the approaches it will use to define pornography, investigate traffic in it and determine its social effects. Internal dissension on the Commission came into the open when one of the members, the Reverend Morton A. Hill, president of Morality in Media, declared that the Commission was spending too much time and money investigating the effects of pornography rather than researching and recommending legislative action. In 1967, Hill, a veteran smut hunter, signed an open letter declaring, "Obscene material today glorifies and incites to promiscuity, perversion, violence and drug usage." He dissented from the Commission's report on the grounds that "Behavioral scientists who have worked in this area concede that causal relationship is extremely difficult, if not impossible to prove."*

EXTRAMARITAL SEX

In his new book, "The Affair," Morton Hunt estimates that 60 percent of married men and 35 to 40 percent of married women engage in extramarital sex. Among those surveyed, half the men and two thirds of the women gave the same reason: "emotional boredom of marriage." According to Hunt, a major motivation for infidelity is "the need for self-esteem," which is gratified by the husband or wife's realization that they are still attractive to someone else.

PILL RULED "SAFE"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*In its Second Report on Oral Contraceptives, the Food and Drug Administration found that existing birth-control pills present some hazards and undesirable side effects, but ruled that "the ratio of benefit to risk [is] sufficiently high to justify the designation safe." The report, based on the recommendations of 18 medical specialists, found no definite link between the pills and cancer, but called for further research. The report acknowledged a causal relationship between the pills and blood clotting in some women, but judged that the increased risk is statistically small enough to warrant continued use by women with no history of such disorders.*

THE BIG DRUGSTORE

Bob Dylan's line, "Everybody must get stoned," may soon be the new national anthem, if present trends continue. The National Institute of Mental Health estimates that perhaps as many as 20,000,000 Americans—or one out of every ten—has now tried marijuana at least once; Senator Gaylord Nelson's Small Business Subcommittee calculates that about eight billion "ups" (amphetamines) and "downs" (barbiturates or tranquilizers) are legally sold every year—of which somewhere between 40 and 75 percent are diverted into the black market, according to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics; smuggling of hashish has increased 325 percent in a single year; and juvenile drug arrests have skyrocketed over 800 percent between 1960 and 1967, even as penalties have grown harsher. Experts—legislative, medical and otherwise—continue to grapple with the situation, with discordant results:

- *President Nixon has recommended tougher-than-ever penalties and a controversial new "no-knock" law under which narcotics agents can obtain a search warrant and then burst into a suspect's apartment without warning, through "outer or inner door or window."*
- *All drug laws, but especially anti-marijuana laws, have come under increasing attack, even by highly placed government officials. Dr. Stanley Yolles, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, has declared that "marijuana is the mildest of the hallucinogens and not a very dangerous drug," and said of pot legislation: "I know of no clearer instance [of] the punishment [being] more harmful than the crime"; Dr. Roger Egeberg, medical chief of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, predicted that grass will eventually be as legal as alcohol; and Senator Harold E. Hughes described our drug laws in general as "primitive, inconsistent, unenforceable and barbaric." Dr. Vincent P. Dole, pioneer in the successful methadone treatment for heroin addiction, described the Nixon program as "simplistic"; while Dr. Melvin Weinswig of the Butler University Drug Abuse Institute said that such legislation "is fine for letting the politicians make a lot of noise, but it will not reduce the drug abuse problem"; and Dr. Joel Fort claimed that the recent success of the San Francisco police in cutting down the city's supply of marijuana has led to increased use of more powerful drugs, such as LSD and amphetamines.*

had the legal right to *give* anyone. Conversely, no government should ever have the moral right to *take* anyone, be it for two years or permanently.

The Rev. Brian Keith Pitzer
Zelienople, Pennsylvania

As a mother, I would like to apologize to the men of America for the letter by Mrs. Thomas Hickey. She made me ashamed to be a woman. Unlike Mrs. Hickey, I am not a "professional" mother, but after attending college and then spending two years in the Armed Forces, I married and became the mother of two fine children.

It was an honor to serve in the Armed Forces, but an honor only because I *chose* to serve. When an individual is given the choice between serving and five years at hard labor, it ceases to be an honor.

Mrs. Cynthia Brooks
South Bend, Indiana

Mrs. Thomas Hickey's agonies and ecstasies as she fervidly offered to sacrifice her male kin in the name of patriotism were enough to make me run for a basin. For every reader who finished her letter with damp eyes, a thousand must have simultaneously thrown up.

Mrs. E. Malley, Jr.
Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts

The letter from Mrs. Hickey greatly interested me, as it called to mind one of the most controversial books in modern social psychology, Dr. Wilhelm Reich's *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*. Dr. Reich, who, according to some sources, joined the Communist Party in the 1930s, lost faith in Marxism during Hitler's rise to power, principally due to two factors: (1) the similarity in basic character structure between the young Communists and young Nazis he met while running mental-hygiene clinics in Berlin, and (2) the pattern of sexual stasis found in both groups. (Sexual stasis, in Reich's technical vocabulary, is an inability to enjoy sex, even if one is, on the gross physiological level, functioning "normally." Reich also calls it orgastic impotence, meaning that the orgasm is dammed up or incomplete, compared to that of less neurotic individuals.) Dr. Reich concluded, pessimistically, that there was no hope for basic improvement in human society as long as this character structure remained prevalent; for such people are masochistic, self-abnegating, neurotically submissive to any authority, intensely self-doubting, insecure, and have a real need to find a *Führer* or other leader for whom they can martyr themselves or otherwise make sacrifices. In short, they *offer* themselves for exploitation. He described this condition as an "emotional plague," serious as the medical plagues of earlier eras, and called upon his fellow psychiatrists to act collectively to cure the infection. He also

predicted that, lacking such massive psychotherapy, the social problems of our time would never be solved, and every attempt to solve them would lead to fascism, including what he called "Red fascism" and even "liberal fascism."

At times, I think Dr. Reich's theory is oversimplified; yet other times I am inclined to think that he found the blunt truth that more complex theories have missed. After reading Mrs. Hickey—who describes life in typically masochistic terms as a series of burdens, is submissively willing to offer all her male relatives to the Aztec-like god who sits in the Pentagon calling for blood sacrifices, and then throws in an irrelevant (but perhaps psychologically significant) attack on the "nude women" in your pages —I am once again very impressed with Dr. Reich's thesis.

Warren Robertson, Ph.D.
Cuernavaca, Mexico

VOLUNTEERS AND THE MILITARY

I may be putting my tail in a sling by writing this letter, but I must comment on the discussion of the draft, the war and conscientious objectors in the August *Playboy Forum*.

I joined the Navy, voluntarily, five years ago and am proud of the fact. But I am also proud of my brother who is a pacifist and chose to serve our country through the Peace Corps. I respect his opinions and do not believe anyone should be forced to serve as a combatant if this opposes his moral principles.

On a theoretical level, I agree with those who would abolish the draft. Presently, however, our country could not acquire an adequate volunteer army. This will not be feasible until the military is reformed and Servicemen are treated like human beings and not—as is the case today—like animals. Were such reforms enacted, the draft could be discarded and Servicemen would be proud of their uniforms.

STG/3 John F. Strout
FPO New York, New York

THE FACE OF WAR

In the August *Playboy Forum*, an anonymous American in Vietnam wrote, "We busily go about our daily liberation of this tragic country by blowing away entire villages, by butchering prisoners and by annihilating enemy hospitals, while our leaders mouth pious platitudes and resounding lies about freedom." I wonder if this person has seen combat firsthand. It is true that some villages have been wiped out: When enemy units infiltrate and occupy a village, we must do something. As for butchering prisoners, my unit has found an American officer with arms, legs, head and penis cut off, and a noncom with his arms tied across his chest and 20 bullet holes in his back. It is also true that if we find enemy hospitals, we destroy them, though first we airlift out the medicines. I personally watched the enemy shoot up one of our helicopters, clearly marked with a red cross, and they also recently launched a ground attack against one of our large hospitals at Camranh Bay.

I've seen horrible things done by both sides, but who can say what is right or wrong in war? War itself is wrong, but I live with it every day and it doesn't disappear regardless of how hard I try to escape from its reality. Nothing is rational. Things happen so fast, and you cry out, "Oh, God, this can't be happening to human beings!" But it happens, and the world goes on and you hope that they never happen again—but they do.

Capt. Rusty Hightower
APO San Francisco, California

WE ALL WANT PEACE

The Playboy Forum for July included a letter from an infantryman in Vietnam who sagely states that "we don't want to be here." No normal young man would choose to go to war in a country halfway around the world from home. But he incorrectly implies that the majority of all American fighting men ("about 75 percent of my company") feel as negatively as he does.

I am a Marine officer who has just returned from 13 months in Vietnam. In my battalion, there was over 40 percent extension of duty; in the Marine Corps as a whole, the extension rate is over 30 percent. This is strong evidence that a great many of "those who are doing the fighting and dying" feel that what they are doing is necessary.

None of the American men want war. But anyone so blind as to label our leaders in Washington "stubborn" is too immature and selfish to understand the far-reaching effect of our commitment to the preservation of freedom for our allies and, ultimately, ourselves.

1st Lt. R. Theodore Hart, U.S.M.C.
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

TO DIE IN VAIN

I recently read an article in *Stars and Stripes*, the newspaper for the U.S. Armed Forces Pacific Command, in which the president of the Washington Humane Society expressed her concern over the death of Bonny, the astronaut monkey. In a message to NASA, she wrote: "It is an inhumane thing—and we abhor it. . . . The monkey had no say in the mission. He was trained for months. Then he was strapped into the capsule—without choice—and sent spinning around the globe." Naturally, there is an answer from space officials, one of whom solemnly assures us that Bonny "did not die in vain," since he contributed to scientific knowledge.

What a farce this debate is, on both sides! Our men in Vietnam are exactly like Bonny—they are trained for months, then sent around the globe, without having a say in the matter and without choice on their parts, and many of them die. And the military authorities assure us that they, too, "did not die in vain."

After three years at West Point, I used to believe such words. Now I know better. The simple truth, my friends, is that any conscious entity who dies, not by his own choice but as the result of decisions made by those who think they are his "superiors," is a being who has died in vain.

Thomas E. Mahany
APO San Francisco, California

POT IN VIETNAM

We just read the letter from Beth Evans in the July *Playboy Forum*, which criticizes American military leaders for trying to prevent the troops in Vietnam from using marijuana. We are not what Miss Evans calls "American officials" who direct a "bulletin-board war" but infantry and artillery officers leading the men in the field. Our men are, for the most part, well-disciplined soldiers who rely on quick reactions and thinking to save themselves and their buddies from Viet Cong and North Vietnamese booby traps and ambushes. If Miss Evans' "mind-releasers" hinder a man from recognizing the significance of a clump of grass or misplaced tree limb, he will lose something far more *vital* than the "traumas and anxieties" that pot alleviates. On guard or on the move, a man must be fully aware of things as they are and his "traumas and anxieties" help him stay alert and think about every move he makes.

Pot smoking among the troops is a problem, but usually not for long. Once the men in the platoon realize that they can't trust a man to be a soldier all the time, they find a way to remedy the situation. We've had men hospitalized for "slipping on a bar of soap" after they were found by their buddies to be asleep on guard. Marijuana has no place where soldiers have to rely on each other 24 hours a day to stay alive.

1st Lt. E. A. Drake
1st Lt. T. M. Bohn
1st Lt. F. N. Vavrin
1st Lt. T. Ingles
1st Lt. C. D. Doyle
2nd Lt. D. M. Rivers
CWO B. F. Allen
APO San Francisco, California

THE GRASS ROOTS

In a pamphlet published by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare titled "Drug Dependence: Its Significance and Characteristics," four doctors describe the effects of marijuana as follows: "Among somatic effects, often persistent, are injection of the ciliary vessels and oropharyngitis, chronic bronchitis and asthma. These conditions and hypoglycemia, with ensuing bulimia, are

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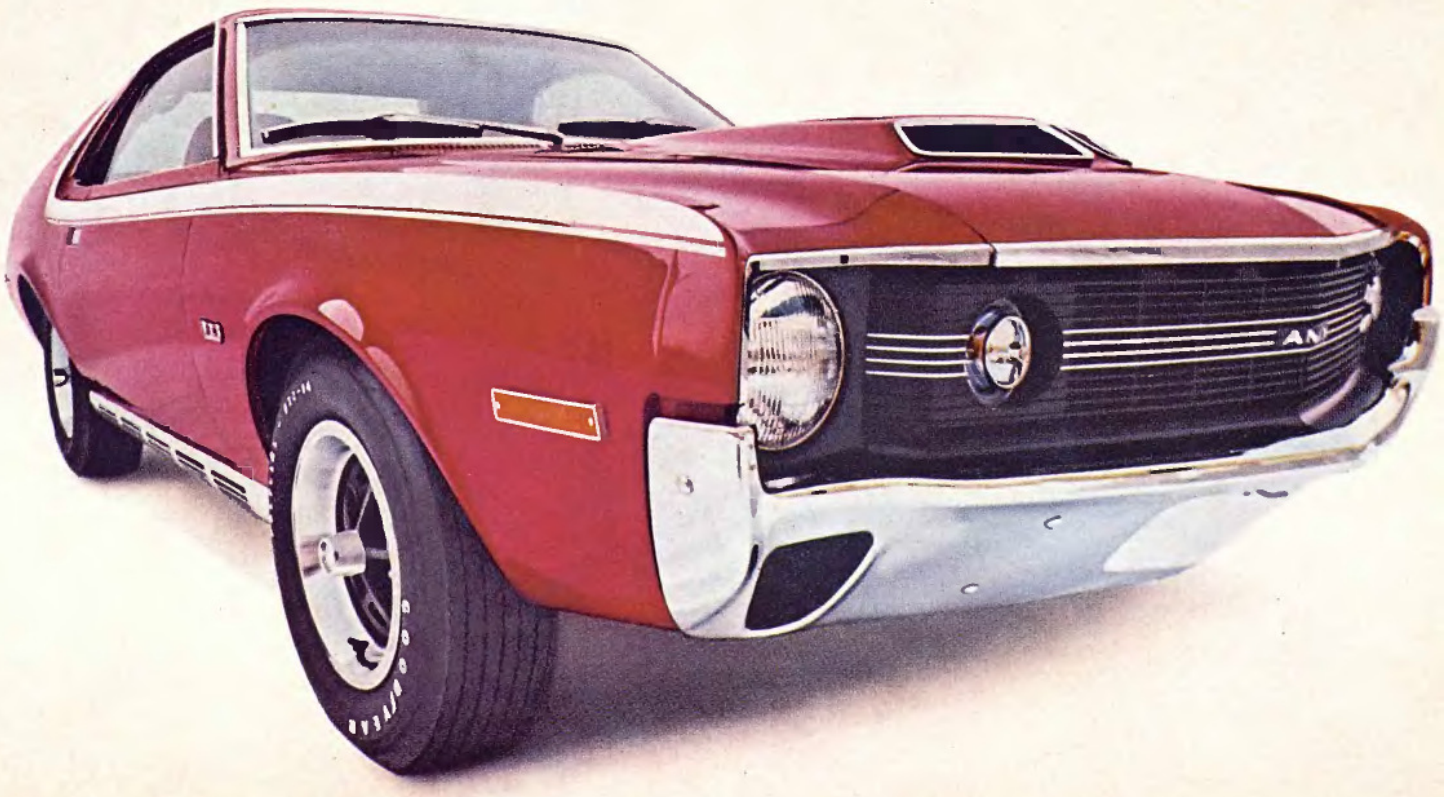

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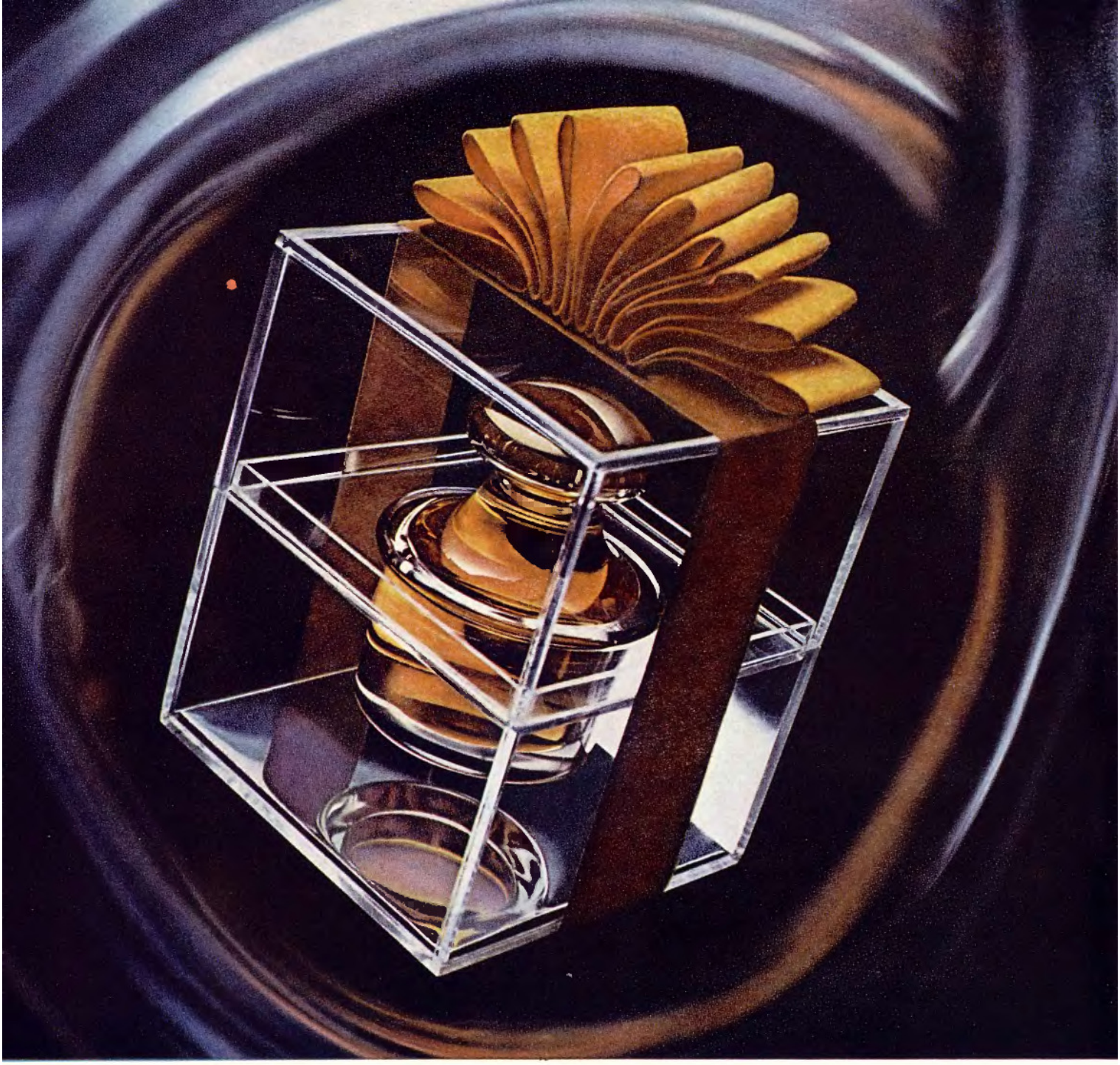

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symptoms of intoxication, not of withdrawal."

What do these awful-sounding words mean and how accurate are they?

A1/C Edward A. Pfeiffer
Tyndall AFB, Florida

In simple English, the doctors are saying that marijuana produces red eyes, irritated throat and lungs, low blood sugar and strong hunger. The doctors are right except when they state that such reactions to the drug are "often persistent." The most detailed studies of the subject thus far, especially the recent "double-blind" experiments by Drs. Zinberg and Weil at Boston University, indicate that these effects are temporary.

Dr. Joel Fort, codirector of the National Sex and Drug Forum in San Francisco, provided us—for comparison purposes—an equally awful-sounding list of symptoms: dyspnea, hypertension, depletion of body fluids with electrolyte imbalance, transitory diplopia, vertigo, rapid pulse, diaphoresis, dilated pupils, hypoglycemia, marked thirst, weak and tender muscles, labored speech, elevated carbon dioxide and epinephrine levels, and irrational euphoria.

Diagnosis? Completion of a tennis match.

GRASS AND GAMBLING

I have just returned from a five-day vacation in Las Vegas. On the way to the airport, I was astonished by a huge sign that read:

DON'T GAMBLE WITH MARIJUANA
IN NEVADA
POSSESSION . . . 20 YEARS
SALE . . . LIFE

Isn't it ironic that a state that legalizes gambling—a pastime responsible for countless broken homes, mental anguish and even suicide—should take such a hard line against an innocuous drug that harms no one?

Jack Hobbs
Akron, Ohio

CANNABIS AND CONSERVATISM

The country's leading conservative intellectual, William F. Buckley, Jr., has now entered the ranks of those calling for a saner approach to marijuana legalization. In a recent column, Buckley wrote:

> Unfortunately, the dispute over marijuana has become highly ideologized, and this is true of both sides, i.e., true of many of those who favor the retention of stiff penalties against marijuana smoking, and true of many of those who believe in legalization. Unfortunately, because there is obviously a pressing need to know more about a drug which, according to the latest College Poll, has been tested by approximately 50 percent of the undergraduate population. It may prove, upon final assessment, to be one of the wickedest inventions of nature; or it may prove to be physiologically harmless.
>
> The so-called "steppingstone" theory holds that those who begin with marijuana finish in hell. That they graduate from marijuana into narcotics. Dr. Robert Baird, the director of the Haven Clinic at Harlem, is most emphatic on the point. Dr. [David] Smith [of the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic] believes this to be utter nonsense. He contends, and the figures as they appear to a layman would seem to support him, that the percentage of marijuana smokers who graduate to heroin is small: about 1 in 20, roughly speaking, and (altogether coincidentally?) the same percentage as drink whiskey and then go on to alcoholism.
>
> Dr. Smith contends that what we are talking about is people with latent psychoses who will gravitate to whatever sedative—hypnotic-anesthetic-psychedelic or whatever—in order to tune themselves out of the real world.
>
> Again, grass may prove to be a way station to hell, but it would appear plain that the marijuana laws are not much more effective than Prohibition. Indeed they may prove to be no more effective. Those who desire pot probably find and smoke it, in about the same proportion as those who desired booze found and drank it. We need a crash program of testing and investigation, and above all, the de-ideologization of the arguments.

It is good to see conservative principles applied to the Cannabis controversy. I, for one, have always felt that conservatives, with their distrust of Government and their fear of every growth of Federal power, should have demanded, long before the liberals, that the solons in Washington first prove marijuana is harmful before they throw people in jail for possessing it.

Frank Tucker
Boston, Massachusetts

REFORM VS. REVOLUTION

My early support of the ideals of student activists in the mid-Sixties has turned into a certain disillusionment. As a student at Berkeley in 1964, I favored the goals of the Free Speech Movement, the first major campus confrontation of the decade. That movement was directed toward constructive goals of campus academic reform and qualitative enrichment of an impersonal and bureaucratic educational system. It used civil disobedience as its tactic when existing channels of dialog with authority were exhausted. Nonviolence was a paramount part of the F. S. M.'s ideology. Several specific academic reforms and extensive re-evaluation of the nature and purposes of the university resulted from this conflict.

The central aim of the F. S. M. was the realization of Western liberal ideals of academic freedom and responsive democracy. Its methods were founded on the classical liberal philosophies of those eminent individualists—Socrates, Thoreau, Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr.

The subsequent evolution of student activism has been toward the negation of the beliefs and gains of the original dissenters. The abandonment of nonviolence as a means and the acceptance of revolution as an ideology marked the end of the student movement as a vehicle for the renaissance of liberal and democratic ideals. Too many student radicals today choose not merely to disobey particular objectionable regulations but to assault the university itself, transforming the early liberal idealism into a nascent totalitarianism. It is disheartening to see Socrates, Thoreau and the others replaced by such authoritarian intellectuals as Lenin, Mao Tse-tung and Ché Guevara as the philosophical standard-bearers of the student-protest movement.

William Crosby
South Pasadena, California

THE PROBLEM OF LONG HAIR

At Palmetto High School in Florida, the hair provisions under the dress rules state that, for males, hair should not be in the eyes, cover the ears or extend over the collar. When I was told by the principal that my hair was too long, it was actually in accord with these rules; consequently, I brought my mother to school to speak with him. I am a straight-A student and had no desire to make a martyr of myself over this business. We were ready to comply with whatever rules there were—though I was already in compliance with those officially promulgated—but we wanted to see a written statement of them.

The principal had no clear regulations to give us. They were, we found, amorphous commodities, pliable in his hands to fit whatever he felt the occasion demanded. And, in this position, he claimed full support of the county school board. We pointed out that many of the students had hair longer than mine and asked why I had been singled out. There was an uneasy silence. Next day, deans were sent out to put the finger on others, seemingly to obscure the incongruity we had demonstrated.

We refused to satisfy what we felt was a personal whim of the principal rather than a legitimate school regulation. My mother was angry. At home, with my father's help, we tacked up some picket signs to protest the action and we returned to walk the halls of Palmetto High School. My parents were arrested, charged at first with trespassing but later with disturbing school functions. Both sat

in jail until they were released on bail of $100 apiece. We felt at that point that we'd done all we could. We had made our protest: now my hair was cut and I was reinstated.

At graduation time last June, I was chosen valedictorian. As my subject, I selected dissent, peaceful and violent, expressing my preference for peaceful civil disobedience as opposed to violence and the attempted overthrow of authority. After I submitted a draft of my speech, I was called into the principal's office. He told me he would not allow me to make the speech because he felt it inappropriate. When I asked him why it was inappropriate, he would not answer. However, he assured me that, as valedictorian, I was free to write anything I wanted—as long as he approved it. Furthermore, he felt my hair was too long again and would have to be cut before graduation.

This time, I was fed up. I couldn't bring myself to compose a speech acceptable to the principal—one that would say nothing and consist of the rehashed trash we've all heard in so many previous graduation speeches. I picked up my diploma without attending the graduation ceremony and left for Michigan.

Now, I've learned that quite a flurry of support for me has developed back in Florida: Newspaper articles about the issue appeared there and in other parts of the country, letters commending my stand were written and the incident was covered on TV. A Tampa radio station even proclaimed a "National Bill Burger Day, saluting the valedictorian-in-exile of Palmetto High."

The noise over long hair strikes me as absurd. Long hair does not always stand for the doctrines of the hippies, but even if it did, why do people attack the symbol rather than the behavior and attitudes symbolized? And why attack at all? Maybe the answer is fear—fear that they won't be able to make it as society changes, fear that they themselves will have to change or go away and die.

Whether your hair is long or your scalp shaved bald is not as important as having your head in the right place.

Bill Burger
Lowell, Michigan

OUR HIPPIE HERITAGE

As a student and a believer in individual liberty, I'd like to call your attention to an excellent editorial in *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution*, titled "R. E. Lee, the Hippie":

> An honor student of a high school in Florida did not make his talk as valedictorian because the principal did not like the speech he prepared.
>
> So much for the First Amendment.
>
> But the principal added that even had the young man prepared an "acceptable" speech, he would not have been allowed to participate in graduation exercises because he had long hair.
>
> This kind of incident is occurring with revolting regularity these days. It makes us wonder if some judges and educators aren't traveling under the assumption that short hair for men was written into the Constitution.
>
> If they do believe that, let us be among those who can assure them that, in fact, most of the signers of the Constitution had long hair. And some of them even wore wigs—powdered wigs. We are not aware that the length of their hair lessened the value of our nation's basic document.
>
> Having long hair did not make Washington less a President or Jefferson less a statesman or Lee less a general. And Ben Franklin did all right for himself despite the hippie length of his tresses.
>
> We think these judges and school people would be making sounder contributions to these times if they looked to the substance of a man and not to the length of his hair or the growth of his whiskers.
>
> It is ironic that at this hour, the images of three bearded, long-haired men [Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson] are being carved into the surface of Stone Mountain. On a clear day, that mountain is visible from the courthouse, where recently a young man was singled out for special attention because of his hirsute appearance.

Peter L. Irwin
Athens, Georgia

THE STATE OF THE NATION

How *can* my good friend and respected colleague, Poul Anderson, claim (*The Playboy Forum*, July) that "police brutality is a minor problem compared with criminal brutality"? You might as well say that bribery among judges is a minor problem compared with bribery among protection gangs.

The morning of the day I write, the London papers are headlining the death of a suspect at the hands of the British police. It's the third time such a thing has happened this century (the other cases were in 1911 and 1951). Wanted in connection with a murder investigation, the man fired over 100 rounds at random from a rifle and a sawed-off shotgun. The police in Glasgow—one of the roughest, toughest cities in Britain—apparently fired only two shots and nobody but the gunman himself was killed. I hold no special brief for the Glasgow police (having been manhandled by them during a peace demonstration), but I don't regard a British policeman as dangerous. I've been told repeatedly, however, on visits to the States, that friends of mine there do so regard the badly trained, badly paid, badly educated and trigger-happy American police. And I must say that if I saw an angry man coming at me with a loaded pistol, believe me, I'd regard him as an enemy. My friends don't behave like that.

But I fear Poul's entire letter exemplifies an all-too-common attitude, generally termed conservative but more aptly described as petrified. This attitude can be summed up in a single sentence: What we did last time didn't work, but it should have, so we'll do it again—only more so!

Thus, prowl cars didn't solve the problem of urban unrest, so next time it'll be armored cars. Night sticks didn't fix things, so we'll issue gas grenades. And so on, up to the proposition advanced by Colonel Robert B. Rigg, formerly of U. S. Army Intelligence, in *Army* magazine for January 1968, that "Army units must be oriented and trained to know the cement-and-asphalt jungle of every American city."

People with Poul's cast of mind dismiss any evidence that contradicts their preconceptions as anomalous or irrelevant. Yet, Denmark abolishes its obscenity laws, and, funnily enough, less pornography is sold. Britain suspends the death penalty, and, funnily enough, fewer murders are committed. A local police force here pulls men out of headquarters and police patrol cars and puts them back on the beat, unarmed but carrying walkie-talkies to summon rapid help; funnily enough, the crime rate in the town declines.

How many members of Cosa Nostra have been attacked with Mace recently, and how many peace marchers, black civil rights demonstrators and students? If it weren't for the fact that the forces of law and order were coming after them with guns and gas, maybe those students would be learning something they (and I) regard as really important—such as how to get on better with their fellow human beings.

John Brunner
London, England

John Brunner is a science-fiction writer whose books include "The Long Result," "No Future in It" and "Telepathist."

THE POLICE AND THEIR CRITICS

As a police officer, I wish to commend PLAYBOY for a very fine publication. I agree completely with the ideas in *The Playboy Philosophy*; there is no excuse, ever, for a law that infringes on the private behavior of consenting adults, as long as no innocent third parties are hurt.

I would like to add, however, that some of the attitudes expressed by certain letters in *The Playboy Forum*—and by Kenneth Rexroth in his article, *The Fuzz* (PLAYBOY, July 1967)—seem to me very unfair. Have Mr. Rexroth and

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these other police haters ever seen the tears in a policeman's eyes as he works desperately to revive a drowned child? Have they ever seen policemen leap from their cruisers, run into an overturned automobile and get badly burned in a desperate struggle to rescue the passengers? Do they know how an officer feels when he walks up to another car for a routine license check and finds the snout of a pistol being pointed out the window at him? Or what a young rookie thinks when he is rolled into the emergency room of a hospital to have a load of buckshot removed from his intestines? Or what it is like to walk into a dark house to arrest a man who has gone berserk and discharged his shotgun at his neighbor's children?

Sure, there are bad police officers, but why should we all be painted that way?

Let me emphasize, finally, that while everything else in America is changing, our police departments are not standing still. Most of us in the profession are constantly striving to educate and improve ourselves so that our service to the whole public will be better.

Sgt. Michael Douglas Martin
Eden, North Carolina

EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL

The following article appeared recently in the *Fort Lauderdale News*:

> A 21-year-old man convicted of robbing a Colonel Sanders Kentucky-fried-chicken store near Plantation is in the Broward County jail, sentenced to life imprisonment.
>
> Court of Record Judge E. Summers Sheffey imposed the sentence on Randolph Hopkins immediately after a six-member jury found him guilty Friday. The jury deliberated 20 minutes.
>
> Sheffey said he did not know whether Hopkins had been previously arrested and did not order a presentence investigation by the probation and parole department because "nothing would have changed my mind."

The sentence seems a bit excessive to me. I think there is, at least, a 50 percent chance that the young man is black, and a 100 percent certainty that he is poor!

John H. Allen
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

The defendant was both poor and black.

PRISON REFORM

In its early days, this country developed the practice of taking offenders against the law and caging them for specified periods of time. This system tends to reduce the offenders to vegetable life, unable to cope or compete successfully upon release, and it is increasingly expensive to the taxpayers. The cost of law enforcement is also steadily rising, together with court administration—mostly because of the new crimes these men commit after release, due to their improper preparation for re-entry into society. This has led sociologists and penologists to seek new approaches.

One new concept was introduced in the Maryland Penitentiary in the 1950s. Men were "separated" from the prison environment, while still wards of the state, and gradually reintegrated into free society as producing and participating members. Here in Louisiana, the practice is known as the Work Release Program and these men are, at all times, under the direct supervision of the warden of Louisiana State Penitentiary, or his representative. They are working at jobs competitively, earning a salary with which they support their families (thereby relieving the state welfare roles) and also paying the costs of their care and supervision. After working under these conditions, the men are gradually freed through parole or discharge, but—unlike most ex-convicts—they are, at that time, already established as working members of society, paying their own way and able to hold their heads up.

I am not yet on this program, but it gives me something to hope for—and hope is what a convict needs most.

George Pittman, Jr.
Jackson Barracks
New Orleans, Louisiana

THE SODOMY FACTORIES

I just finished reading J. C. Green's letter in your September *Playboy Forum*, and I would like to confirm what J. C. had to say. I was a convict in the Missouri Training Center for Men at the same time as J. C.; it's a training center, all right, but the things you learn there are not fit for a human being.

I know that J. C. was forcibly raped by older convicts and that, when he reported this, the authorities absolutely refused to take action and merely labeled him a troublemaker. In a way, though, he was lucky; others who brought similar complaints to the Man often had their heads smashed in.

Prison officials seem to lack the desire to help or rehabilitate, though older cons are eager to teach such useful arts as how to crack a safe, trip a burglar alarm or hot-wire a car. And the general public doesn't seem to give a damn about such matters. They will not open their eyes and realize that some of these prisoners are worth saving. They throw a human life to the dogs and pretend they are helping rather than hurting. Their blindness even jeopardizes their own best interests, because every young man corrupted by prison will eventually be released to prey upon them and their loved ones. I think the strongest opposition to prison reform comes from the politicians and the churches; I would like to ask them: Are *you* perfect? Have you never done wrong in your whole life? (On second thought, don't answer: You would only lie to yourself.) But those of you who are not so righteous: Please believe me—only some of the guys inside are really warped and beyond the reach of human communication. There are *more* guys who want and deserve help.

James R. Russell
Grand Junction, Colorado

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

As a family counselor, I wish to comment on your current debate about homosexuality. When I was but a slip of a teenage girl, doing homework to get all A's (as people said I should), I accidentally nudged my left nipple with a pencil dangling in my hand while reading a biology assignment about bugs. I received an immediate erotic response, which was nice.

Later, I discovered that boys were nicer, and tried them—and my love for reading, and bugs, and A's *and* autoeroticism took a back seat to heterosexual preferences.

All of us can respond, physically and erotically, to any kind of tactile stimulation. Thus, it seems that those who remain entirely "fixated" on either homosexuality, heterosexuality or the different forms of autoeroticism are people with emotional preferences, not physical preferences. The essential problem does not concern the rationality of these particular physical choices, because in terms of the choosing individual, all such choices are "rational." Rather, the crucial problem is why, *emotionally*, homosexuals cannot let themselves be touched and pleasantly stimulated by the opposite sex.

The real mystery, then, is not sex acts themselves but love. I never fell in love with a pencil, nor a biology book, nor a school grade of A. Perhaps sexual desire is, after all, totally separate from love and emotional need. People should try everything once and *then* form a judgment. How can one condemn other people's sexual preferences without any firsthand knowledge of what motivates these preferences?

Mary H. Malefyt
Elmira, New York

MORALITY AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

I've been following with interest the discussions between you and Dr. Franklin Kameny (*The Playboy Forum*, March and September) and other defenders of homosexuality. PLAYBOY, it seems, not only upholds the right of homosexuals to be first-class citizens but also upholds their right to defect, as it were, from the ranks by seeking change through psychotherapy. Dr. Kameny upholds the former right but says that the action of the latter group is a surrender to prejudice and is, therefore, immoral.

In his September letter, Dr. Kameny explicitly denies that he is imposing

bonny.

ONE FROM A COLLECTION: THE AUTHENTIC "MENZIES HUNTING" TARTAN IN CLAN COLOURS OF ANCIENT MADDER AND HEATH RECOGNIZABLY NOBLE IN PUREST WOOL THAT SPEAKS BREEDING AND SUPERIOR TASTE WHEREVER PROMINENT ATTITUDES GATHER. ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. GENTEEL, PROUD AND EXCLUSIVELY BY clubman®

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group solidarity on homosexuals. He argues that the homosexual should stay a homosexual, not out of loyalty to his group but out of loyalty to his own sexual identity and his moral integrity. It appears that both PLAYBOY and Kameny are upholding the individual's right to be true to himself. The question is: Does being true to yourself impose the duty of adherence to a characteristic you consider undesirable in yourself? Which is the true you—that which you are or that which you desire to be? It seems to me that the only one who can be trusted to find his way out of such a quandary is the individual involved. PLAYBOY appears to agree and is, thus, more true to individual rights than Kameny is, since you do not condemn the homosexual—whether he stays homosexual or turns heterosexual. You say the man is basically OK, even if he turns heterosexual out of fear of prejudice. Your view of individual freedom is, thus, more deeply rooted than Kameny's and, in my opinion, you're winning the debate so far.

Hank Brummer
New York, New York

THE NATURE OF HOMOSEXUALITY

I was, frankly, revolted by the letter from William Edward Glover (*The Playboy Forum*, August), in which he reproached PLAYBOY for its attitude toward homosexuality. As a homosexual, I wish to state that I consider your opinions 100 percent impeccable. Anyone who denies that homosexuality, in and of itself, regardless of social approval or condemnation, is a psychosexual problem is being hopelessly unrealistic. Beyond this, however, I am annoyed at the ingratitude of a person who should have been appreciative of your regular crusading for better treatment of homosexuals in a society that is still cruel to them in many instances.

When I was 19, I met a man who asked me if I was homosexual. When I admitted it, he said, "Ninety-nine people out of a hundred would have thought you were a decent boy." I remember this as one of the most inane sentences I've ever heard, representative of the attitude PLAYBOY has consistently rejected and opposed. Your reply to Mr. Glover was far more temperate than he deserved.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

PROTECTING NORMAL SOCIETY

I feel sorry for William McDonough, the mentally ill individual who wrote in the February *Playboy Forum* about his incarceration. After four admitted arrests for antisocial misdeeds, he still believes he is mistreated by normal society. He cannot realize that he put himself in his present position by failing to learn from his past experiences. He is not being punished for the misdeeds he might do but for his inability to conform to standards of behavior set by the majority of normal citizens for their own protection. He has had at least three chances, each of the three times he was released, to prove he was "innocent of any tendency to commit a crime in the future." He is fortunate to be adjudged mentally ill rather than a habitual criminal. Perhaps conditions at Patuxent Institution for Defective Delinquents should be improved, but, for the sake of society, McDonough and his kind should be kept there.

I speak as one who practiced medicine for 31 years. During a number of those years, I served as a medical examiner for hearings before a superior-court judge on allegedly mentally ill patients.

Harry N. March, M. D.
Tahiti, French Polynesia

Your opinion of this case doesn't answer the basic questions raised by it. Even four arrests and convictions do not justify society's treating a man in any way it sees fit. We do not agree that "failing to learn from his past experiences" is a crime justifying a possible life sentence. Your statement that McDonough is being punished "for his inability to conform" does seem to us a fairly accurate statement of this situation. The point is that this punishment, McDonough's indefinite incarceration, is labeled "treatment," and his offense is labeled "mental illness." Whereas punishment is clearly defined and limited to fit the crime, "treatment" can go on for the remainder of a person's life. Similarly, while the existence of a crime must be proved by the state, McDonough must prove the nonexistence of his "mental illness" before he can secure his release. Thus, because he has been relegated to this category of the mentally ill, McDonough has less recourse and fewer civil liberties than an ordinary criminal. Since you yourself have held a post that involved judging degrees of mental illness, your readiness to assume, just on the basis of his letter, that McDonough should be kept at Patuxent is a good example of the kind of thinking this man is up against.

SEX AT AN EARLY AGE

I'm a member of the younger generation who has already lost her virginity; however, I have no guilty feelings about this. My sex relations are solely with my steady boyfriend, whom I love very much and who loves me also; I have no intention of getting laid by any guy who comes along, either now or after my boyfriend and I break up. I'm sure many would argue that, at our age, what we feel for each other can't possibly be love, but I have come to realize that one encounters many different kinds of love in the course of a lifetime and our love is very real for us now. We both feel there is nothing wrong in what we do; we hurt no one and we respect each other immensely. I feel this experience has given me greater understanding of love and life.

Though premarital sex has been good for us, I do not advocate it for every girl and boy. Many girls wish to remain virgins until marriage; I understand their reasoning and respect their opinions. Many feel that a body that has never been touched sexually is a great gift to present to their chosen life partner. But for other girls, like myself, it is different.

I really wish our moralistic elders would end their condemnation of premarital sex. Those girls who wish to remain virgins until they are married will do so without being preached to. For others, who see nothing wrong with sex before marriage, this preaching just burdens us with extra emotional difficulties at a time when coping with reality is tough enough.

I live in a small, gossip-ridden town and must ask you to withhold my name and address to protect myself, my boyfriend and our parents.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

ON NEEDING ADULTERY

I am writing in reply to the *Newsfront* item published in the August *Playboy Forum* concerning Dr. Leon Salzman's statement that most married people escape "serious guilt" over their infidelities because these episodes allow them to remain married, in an "otherwise untenable relationship."

Somebody's got to be kidding himself. If there were no serious guilt, would there be any reason for such an excuse? And if the marriage is impossible without extramarital affairs—is it really a marriage? Does the fact that the license hasn't been canceled (via divorce) mean a marriage still exists? To me, a marriage license is a legal joke, especially since many people living with each other legally can't tolerate each other. The constitution of a true marriage is that two people can live together compatibly; whether or not these two people have a license sanctioned by our church and state is irrelevant.

Occasional extramarital affairs are nothing to be alarmed about (especially during the absence or illness of one's mate), but if the couple truly loved each other, they wouldn't "need" adultery to hold their marriage together.

Ken Taylor
Marion, Indiana

THE REAL OTHER WOMAN

So many letters have been published in your magazine and even more in women's magazines about how to keep a husband happy so he will not turn to "the other woman." I have had my fill; why doesn't someone write about the *man's* role and what *he* should do to keep his wife and family happy?

For years, I have read that the good

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THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

wife tries to keep an attractive appearance, maintains her figure, is an interesting individual, keeps a presentable home, creates a happy atmosphere for her husband to come home to, listens attentively, entertains friends graciously, raises healthy children, compliments her husband on his achievements, does not argue about money or in-laws, prepares favorite meals, makes a man feel like a man, acts like a lady and does not deny her husband's sexual desires, etc., etc., etc.

I read those platitudes and followed them because they fit my basic philosophy of marriage: If you treated a man like a king, he would treat you like a queen. Well, this philosophy is a lot of garbage. You are not treated like a queen; you are treated like a door mat. It is you, not his girlfriend, who becomes "the other woman." "Other" in the sense that everything else is more important than you: dining and drinking every night in plush lounges, engaging in activities with male friends, spending weekends away and eventually finding a girlfriend.

Maybe if someone had laid down a list of suggestions for a husband to follow, I would not now be seeking a divorce. But no one suggested that a man could achieve happiness and satisfaction at home, and no one wrote that a man should look at his wife and see the extra effort she expended only for him—the make-up, special dress and hairdo, favorite dinner and sexy nightgown. Our society tells the wife how to please the husband; it never tells him to try to please her.

Even now, society dictates that I raise my children alone and I alone explain why their father is not here. How do you tell a child his father prefers his fast car, his cameras and stereo equipment, his expensive clothing, his cocktail lounges and his girlfriends to his wife and children? How do you raise a five-year-old son to realize his own masculinity when he has no father figure to imitate? How do you teach a daughter about life and the wonders of marital love when you yourself know only disillusionment? How do you explain to children that you must find a job to help support them and then must leave them in a stranger's care? How do you erase the stigmas of being a divorcee and raising your children in a broken home? All the publications indicated that I followed the right marital road. Why wasn't there a road map for my husband?

And even now, to protect him from embarrassment, I ask that my name be withheld.

(Name withheld by request)
Boston, Massachusetts

ADULTERY, FRENCH STYLE

America is not the only country where moralistic opinions have undue influence on divorce legislation. Here in Paris, a French friend of mine is forced to go to unbelievable lengths to conceal the fact that, after she was abandoned without financial aid by her husband, she has taken a lover. Disclosure of this liaison would, in all probability, lead to her being judged the guilty party in divorce court, with the consequence that her children would be taken from her and placed in a state institution.

There is a need for *The Playboy Philosophy* in Europe, too.

Duncan Richards
Paris, France

THE CIVILIZED SOCIETY

PLAYBOY's readers, I know, are always interested to hear of social progress elsewhere in the world when the events are relevant to American society. A recent speech by Roy Jenkins, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, offered this thought-provoking summary of the ways in which British life has improved over the past ten years:

> Ten years ago . . . [we] still had capital punishment, not very frequently used, but attracting on the five or six occasions a year when it was, the most morbid picture of interest and horror throughout the country. We still treated homosexuality as a criminal offense. We did the same with abortion.
>
> Our divorce laws were a cruel hypocrisy. We had a theater censorship, carried out as an almost unbelievable anachronism by a court official who had been given the powers in the early 18th Century in order to exercise political control. Our literary censorship was just in the tentative process of change from being based upon a highly restrictive judgment of 1868, but there was no knowledge of how the courts would interpret the new law. Our licensing laws were out of line with every other European country. And our support for the arts, for cultural activities generally, was niggardly in the extreme.
>
> What is the position today? Of the eight points, six have been dealt with, five in the last two Parliaments, and a seventh—the need for a new divorce law—is on the point of being met.

Jenkins then dealt with the puritanical types who are fighting a rear-guard action against greater social freedom by declaring that it leads to a "permissive society" that is both decadent and disorderly. Jenkins answered the charge thus:

> The permissive society—always a misleading description—has been allowed to become a dirty phrase. A better phrase is the civilized society, a society based on the belief that different individuals will wish to make different decisions about their patterns of behavior, and that, provided these do not restrict the freedom of others, they should be allowed to do so within a framework of understanding and tolerance.
>
> And the idea that our moderate progress toward giving the individual a greater freedom from the law in matters of social conduct is responsible for the troubles of modern society is plain nonsense. By keeping the law out of touch with enlightened, naturally law-abiding opinion, you do not increase respect for it where it really matters. You diminish it. You do not reduce crime. You are more likely to increase it.

Charles Tyrell
London, England

SEX-EDUCATION CONTROVERSY

I read in our local newspaper that a psychologist has estimated that only about 25 percent of all American marriages are happy. Meanwhile, our local John Birchers are trying to have sex education driven out of the schools.

As the female partner in one of the 75 percent of wretched marriages, I just want to say that the primary cause for marital incompatibility is sexual ignorance. If my husband had received a good sex education when he was young, he would not be the incompetent clod he is.

(Name withheld by request)
Anaheim, California

I received a letter from the Reverend Billy James Hargis of Christian Crusade, warning me that sex education "breaks down the pure, wholesome, God-given attitude given us in the Scriptures" and asking for a contribution "of $100, $50, $25, $10, $5 or even $1" to combat "this evil influence." The following is my answer to him:

> You ask if I have children. Yes, I have two of them and love them dearly. That is why I plan to protect them from the likes of you and to see that they receive a good, adequate sex education, despite everything your Christian Crusade does to prevent it.
>
> Sex education is extremely important, and I wish I had had more of it when I was growing up. Therefore, I cannot support your efforts to turn back the clock and no contribution is enclosed.

John E. Bregger
Silver Spring, Maryland

I quote from a recent issue of the *Houston Chronicle*:

> The Reverend Francis E. Fenton, a Catholic priest and member of the National Council of the John Birch Society, says sex education belongs in the home only and must be

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taught with a strong belief in God and the unchanging moral law of God.

In a news conference, Fenton charged that the sex-education movement in public and parochial schools is a Communist plot "to make sex a common practice and destroy the ruggedness of our youth."

What makes the good Father think that sex is not a "common practice" with or without sex education? Any biology text will indicate that it is, indeed, quite common in every species of plant and animal above the unicellular level; Kinsey's statistics, common sense, ordinary observation and a reading of the classics, all tend to indicate that it has been "a common practice" among mankind throughout our entire history.

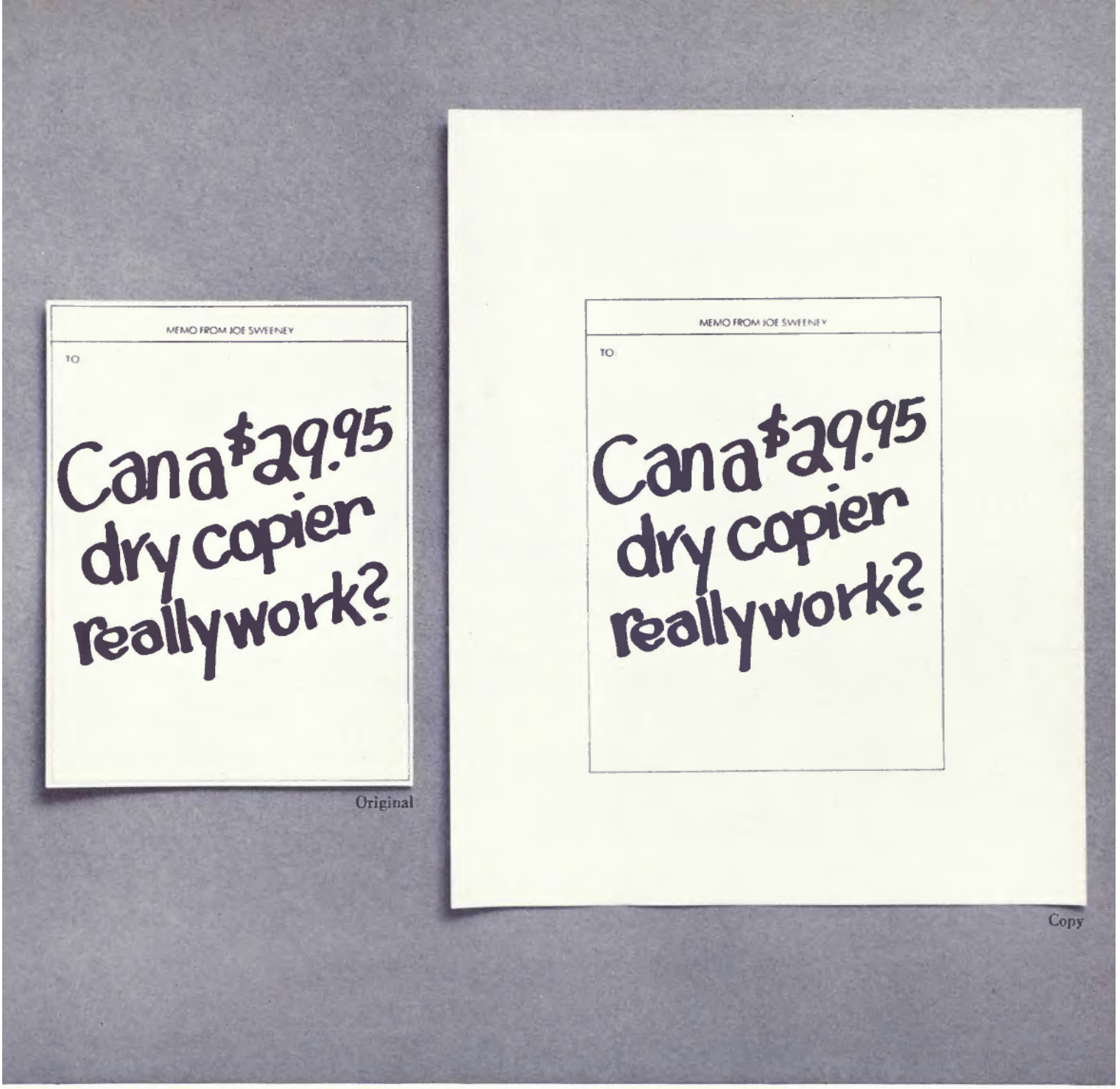
And I doubt very much that sexual activity, in humans or in any of the other animals, destroys "ruggedness." The most recalcitrant horses, after all, are the stallions; geldings are comparatively docile. The same is true with steers as compared with uncastrated bulls—which is why steers are never used in the bull ring. The laziest and least scrappy cats I have ever seen were always toms that had been "altered" (as the euphemism has it). And among humans, the most eunuchal and least rugged specimens I have noted were among the professional celibates, a fact that Father Fenton should ponder long and hard.

Bart Masters
Mexico City, Mexico

Your coverage of the new right-wing delusion that sex, sex education, pornography, etc., are Communist plots is interesting and amusing. According to *The Times Literary Supplement*, one of the groups most opposed to the recent legalization of pornography in Denmark is the Danish Communist Party, which "proclaimed that 'pornography is the opium of the people,' with the same insidious role among the working class as cheap liquor played a hundred years ago."

Janet Cooper
Boston, Massachusetts

I noticed an interesting juxtaposition of topics in the July *Forum Newsfront*. One item is headed "Sex as a Communist Plot," another is "Sex as a Capitalist Plot." Both of these viewpoints turn out to be equivalent, asserting that sexual freedom is an insidious device of the other side. Both the capitalist Western regimes and the Communist Eastern regimes are characterized by a willingness to use force and violence and by government intervention in private affairs of all kinds. Why is sexuality an anathema to authoritarian mentalities in both camps? Because sexual activity is manifestly the behavior of individual free agents acting in the case of mutual self-interest. Sexual freedom can never be condoned by



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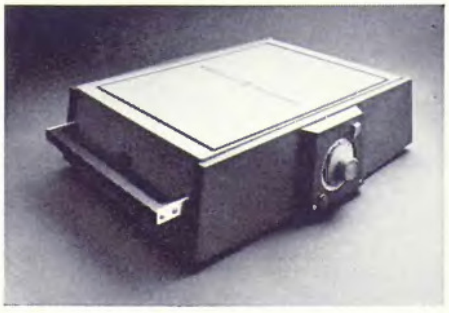

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the fascist elements in the West or by the totalitarian socialists of the East, because sexuality is a celebration of individual happiness and efficacy and thus makes the individual supreme. Sex is no good to totalitarian collectivists except for purposes of reproduction, preferably devoid of joy for the participants. So these two items in *Forum Newsfront* add new entries to the age-old list of condemnations of human sexuality by miscellaneous moralists of every form of religious and secular statism.

Carl T. Helmers, Jr.
Rochester, New York

After witnessing a long bombardment of indigestible drivel in pamphlet form from such ultraconservative groups as the John Birch Society (concerning sex education and its relationship to just about everything from illicit drug traffic to a purported Communist conspiracy to overthrow our Government), I can no longer remain silent on the subject.

First, let me say that I am not, by nature, a crusader; I belong to no organizations other than a labor union. I am merely the father of a small boy (whose welfare is of great concern to me) and I have a certain sense of civic responsibility. Until recently, I found it inconceivable that any group of reasonably intelligent Americans could fall prey to the same type of mass hysteria that accompanied such memorable events as the Inquisition, the Salem witch trials and Nazism. I see now that I was much too naïve.

I feel very strongly that sex education should be a required course of study in the schools across our nation and that the instruction should go deeply enough into the subject to be truly enlightening. In my opinion, it is absolutely necessary for people—particularly pubescent youths less able to control their emotions than we stalwart adults—*to* be fully aware of the biological function of their bodies.

Just as it is our responsibility to see that our children learn to read and write, it is also our responsibility to see that they are made aware of all the possible physical, psychological and legal consequences of all forms of sexual activity, both normal and abnormal.

Robert J. Manson
St. Louis, Missouri

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOE NAMATH

a candid conversation with the superswinger quarterback

Last January's Superbowl victory by the New York Jets over the Baltimore Colts was by far professional sports' most dramatic event since Bobby Thomson's ninth-inning home run won a pennant for the New York Giants 18 years ago. The Jet win was doubly meaningful: It not only proved that the American Football League had achieved parity with the older N. F. L.; it also vindicated Jet quarterback Joe Namath, who boasted before the game that his 17-point underdog team would vanquish the supposedly invincible Colts. In an era when athletes are no longer averse to publicly assessing their chances of victory, it seems ludicrous that Namath's cockiness could have so outraged the sporting world and the public at large, but it did —and does. Namath scoffs at the selfless stoicism America demands from its athletes; his hedonistic, almost anarchic approach to life turns his fans on as sharply as it turns his detractors off. But at least one fact of Namath's life is beyond contention: He is easily the most flamboyant—and probably the premier —quarterback in football today.

He is also sports' most publicized figure; seldom has America been as interested in an athlete as it is in Joe Namath. Transmogrified from grid superstar into cult hero, he now finds himself cast as a kind of Belmondo with a jockstrap. And Namath's off-the-field activities—centering mostly on sexual conquests—have assumed the dimensions of modern myth; he is already rumored to have befriended and bedded more women than Casanova in his prime. Even his most irrelevant idiosyncrasies—growing a goatee, owning a black mink coat (which was stolen from him) or having a few drinks—have become causes célèbres *in the popular press. That any young man should be the focal point of such approbation and abuse is remarkable; that it has happened to Joseph William Namath is truly extraordinary.*

Certainly, nothing in Namath's background seems to have qualified him for the image he's acquired—and cheerfully accepted. Born on May 31, 1943, in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, a small steel town 30 miles west of Pittsburgh, Joe was the youngest of four sons in a Hungarian household that included an adopted daughter. His father was a steel-mill worker who, like many men in the area, wanted his boys to make it in the world through athletics. Joe's brothers, all of whom were athletes, studiously schooled their kid brother, until, by the time he was 18, Namath had become an outstanding basketball, baseball and football player. And an unforgettable local character, as well: Namath's flashy skintight attire was topped off by a black beret, sunglasses and a toothpick carried jauntily in the right side of his mouth. In his senior year—the only full season Joe played quarterback for Beaver Falls High School—he completed 85 of 146 passes for 1564 yards, led his team to a Conference championship and had virtually every major college scout in the country hanging around the family home.

After a long selection process, Namath finally enrolled at the University of Alabama, where he was coached by Paul W. (Bear) Bryant, who—by reputation, at least—makes the Washington Redskins' disciplinarian Vince Lombardi seem a veritable brownie scoutmaster. In his sophomore season, Namath soon established himself as a quarterback par excellence by completing 76 of 146 passes and displaying the kind of deceptive ball-handling finesse that can be gained only through arduous practice. "On the field," recalls Namath, "the motto was kill or be killed. I worked for that man. I even played defense; would you believe it?" Anyone who knows Bryant, of course, would; on his office wall, there hangs a sign reading WINNING IS NOT EVERYTHING, BUT IT SURE BEATS ANYTHING THAT COMES IN SECOND. *Bryant remembers Namath as a socially unsure youngster who matured enormously at Alabama: "When Joe first came to our school, he was timid and shy. But he never lacked any confidence on the football field—and by the time he left here, he was a well-poised young man. I think Joe is the most talented player I've ever been around."*

In his junior year, a maturing Namath showed he could think like a fox, run like a deer—and drink like a fish: With several teammates, he broke the squad temperance rule one night and was promptly suspended for the last two

"The important thing is how long you're able to make love. With the right girl, a guy can go just about all night long. And there have been times I've done just that. I'm a great believer in sex."

"There wasn't a single shred of fact in any of the charges made about Bachelors III. The reasons I sold had nothing to do with the bar—and everything to do with the fact that I love playing football."

"I'm 26 now; by the time I'm 27, I don't think I'll have the quickness I have now. I don't know if I'll be as good as I was last year, because I don't know how my legs are going to hold up."

games of the season. "He made a mistake," Bryant said at the time, "but if he's the kind of person I think he is, Joe will prove worthy of another opportunity." Namath accepted the suspension without involving the others with whom he had been drinking. Even though Bryant didn't really appreciate Namath's first goatee (Joe sensed his displeasure and shaved it off) nor the fact that Namath once began a frug on the side lines while a marching band performed on the field, the coach and his superstar grew steadily closer; and in his senior year, Namath went on to become an All-American—completing 64 percent of his passes on the gridiron and probably even more than that with Alabama's comely contingent of Southern belles. But Namath's continuing, whispered adventures as a Lothario only added to the heroic stature he had achieved throughout the state.

Though injured in the fourth game of the season, Namath grittily kept playing, despite a torn cartilage in his right knee; he wasn't about to let an injury squeeze him out of a fat professional contract. In practice several days before Alabama's 1965 Orange Bowl date with the University of Texas, Namath's damaged knee suddenly collapsed, and he was slated to sit out the game; but he was called on to play when the team's substitute quarterback couldn't get the offense moving. Joe responded by connecting on 18 of 37 passes—and was named the Orange Bowl's Most Valuable Player.

With the last game of his college career behind him, Namath began weighing offers from the two teams that had drafted him—the A.F.L. Jets and the N.F.L. St. Louis Cardinals. At the time, the leagues were involved in a talent-buying contest and the younger league, with little prestige to recommend it, had to put its money where its ambitions were. Sonny Werblin, then head of the Jets, was searching for a quarterback with a personality fans could latch onto. Said show-business-oriented Werblin (formerly president of the Music Corporation of America): "I needed to build a franchise with somebody who could do more than just play. So we went down to Birmingham and the minute Joe walked into the room and lit it up, I knew he was our man." After much deliberation, Namath signed with New York for a reported $427,000.

He was rechristened Broadway Joe almost immediately, and comments about his unprecedented contract ranged from the caustic to the coy. (Said Bob Hope, "Joe Namath's the only quarterback in history who'll play in a business suit.") Before entering the Sunday wars, however, Namath first had to enter Manhattan's Lenox Hill Hospital for knee surgery. All the cartilage in Namath's right knee was removed, but the operation was a success. Soon afterward, he was found physically unfit for military service, and a huge public outcry erupted, with the result that Namath was reexamined—only to flunk the physical again. "How can I win, man?" he said later. "If I say I'm glad, I'm a traitor, and if I say I'm sorry, I'm a fool."

Since then, precious little about Namath's life has gone unreported: In 1965, Joe moved to Manhattan, where he installed himself in a luxurious East Side apartment. Decorated at a cost of $25,000, Namath's penthouse pad features such sybaritic touches as Siberian snow-leopard throw pillows, brown-suede sofas, an oval bed, a black-leather bar and the pièce de résistance, a wall-to-wall white llama rug. Namath instantly became the darling of New York's media—and of a significant segment of its most striking young women as well. And when autumn arrived, Joe showed he was worth every penny of his pay check: In his first pro season, he threw 18 touchdown passes, was voted Rookie of the Year and the A.F.L. All-Star game's Most Valuable Player. Jet receiver Don Maynard, an All-Pro in his own right, remarked during Namath's first year, "The big thing about him is his coolness under stress. I don't think you can do anything to make this guy lose his poise. He also knows his football."

Since 1965, Namath has steadily honed his gridiron skills to a fine edge and last year, in leading his team to the Eastern Division title, A.F.L. championship and Superbowl victory, proved beyond any doubt how accomplished a quarterback he is. Off the field, meanwhile, his activities have added spice to the mystique that already surrounds the 26-year-old superpro. In 1967, several months after another knee operation, Namath ducked out of training camp one night and allegedly (Namath says it didn't happen) got into a bar brawl with Time magazine sports editor Charles Parmiter; then he grew the only Fu Manchu mustache ever to become a national controversy, and finally shaved it off—for a fee of $10,000 from the Schick Electric Razor Company. And the girl talk escalated: He was supposedly cavorting with hordes of socialites and celebrities, from Kay Stevens (which he denies) to Mamie Van Doren (which he doesn't).

Then, in the midst of last season, Namath and former Alabama teammate Ray Abruzzese put up the cash for an East Side Manhattan cocktail lounge they called Bachelors III (partner number three was Joe Dellapina, who managed the bar). In the afterglow of the Jet Superbowl championship, Namath held court almost nightly at his club, which quickly became Manhattan's toughest nightery to get into. All was copacetic for Namath, it seemed, until June sixth, when he shocked the sporting world by announcing at a hastily organized press conference that football commissioner Pete Rozelle had ordered him to sell his interest in Bachelors III because mobsters were reportedly frequenting the bar; after weighing the facts, said Namath, he concluded that the allegations were untrue and he had, therefore, chosen to retire from football rather than sell out. Seven weeks later, after a series of meetings with Rozelle—and amid a rash of purple prose in the press, most of which agreed with Rozelle's charges—Namath came out of his short retirement, agreed to sell his half ownership in Bachelors III, again maintained that the bar was free of Mafia clientele and finally got down to the tough business of training for the current football season—his last, according to Joe, because of his worsening knees.

PLAYBOY Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman, who conducted this exclusive interview with Namath, reports: "I met Joe a week after his retirement announcement—at midnight in Bachelors III. The bar was filled with couples; it's a pleasant, quiet spot to drink, and unremarkable in every way. A few minutes before 12, the pace of the place suddenly quickened. I turned in time to see Namath entering with a gorgeous blonde on his arm and a drink being placed in his free hand. He cuts one hell of a striking figure: today's fashions are tailored for men of modest physique; Namath, at six feet, two and 185 pounds, has a boxer's build—slim at the waist, broad through the torso—and this night, in a white-lace body shirt and broadly striped bell-bottom slacks, he was Errol Flynn swashbuckling his way into the hearts of every girl in the club. They really come on with him, and vice versa.

"After a quick introduction, I was able to tear Joe away from friends and celebrity touchers, and we went downstairs to discuss the interview in his cramped office; on the way, we passed the men's room and Namath shouted in, 'I don't mind if you guys use the pay phones, but do me a favor, will ya? Call your bookie from somewhere else.' Much chortling from the urinals. We arranged to meet that Friday morning in Boston at the Sheraton.

"Namath arrived half an hour after I did; and that evening, the same blonde who'd been with Namath when I met him in New York flew up to spend the weekend with him. I had hoped to monopolize Namath's attention for the interview, but I was clearly overmatched. We spent the night dining and drinking at Gino Cappelletti's The Point After restaurant; and the next morning, retired Boston Patriot

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receiver Jim Colclough and his wife, Namath and his girl, along with me and my tape recorder—still unused—flew in a Lear jet to oceanside Provincetown.

"After arriving at our hotel, we went into town and the first thing we did was buy a football; the second thing we did was buy two bottles of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch; the third thing we did was hit the beach, where we threw the football and drank the Scotch. In the evening, Namath disinterestedly taped some background information for me while watching a televised college All-Star football game. We finally talked informally for an hour when we got back to the hotel, and then caught the jet back to Boston. But I still had no interview; so, several weeks later, after Namath had returned to football, I dropped in unannounced at Hofstra University in Hempstead, New York, where the Jets were holding their pre-season training camp. It had been raining steadily for the better part of a week and he and I—at long last—were able to talk productively for many hours over the course of two days. Namath's return to the Jets was less than a week old at the time, and the Bachelors III controversy was still being played up in the press. Since the entire affair so obviously rankled him, it provided the logical opening for our interview."

PLAYBOY: Although you sold your half ownership in Bachelors III, your last word on the subject was that the Manhattan night spot was *not* a hangout for mobsters. Are you absolutely sure about that?

NAMATH: Damned right I am. There wasn't a single shred of fact in any of the charges made about Bachelors III. The reasons I sold had nothing to do with the bar itself—and everything to do with not disappointing a hell of a lot of people I know and the fact that I happen to love playing football. If you'd like to hear what really happened, I'll tell it to you.

PLAYBOY: We're listening.

NAMATH: I and Ray Abruzzese, my roommate in New York and a former teammate at Alabama, decided we wanted to buy a bar in Manhattan and use it as a place to hang out in—a place where we could meet our friends and feel comfortable. So we got a list of available bars from realtors and we walked around Manhattan for about six months, checking places out. We finally decided on the right place, called it Bachelors III and opened for business last November. We weren't looking to make money or lose money on it; once it opened, though, Bachelors III showed a profit—not a big profit, but we were more than satisfied with it. It was just extra gravy.

PLAYBOY: When did you first learn that Bachelors III was being investigated?

NAMATH: The first word of any kind I

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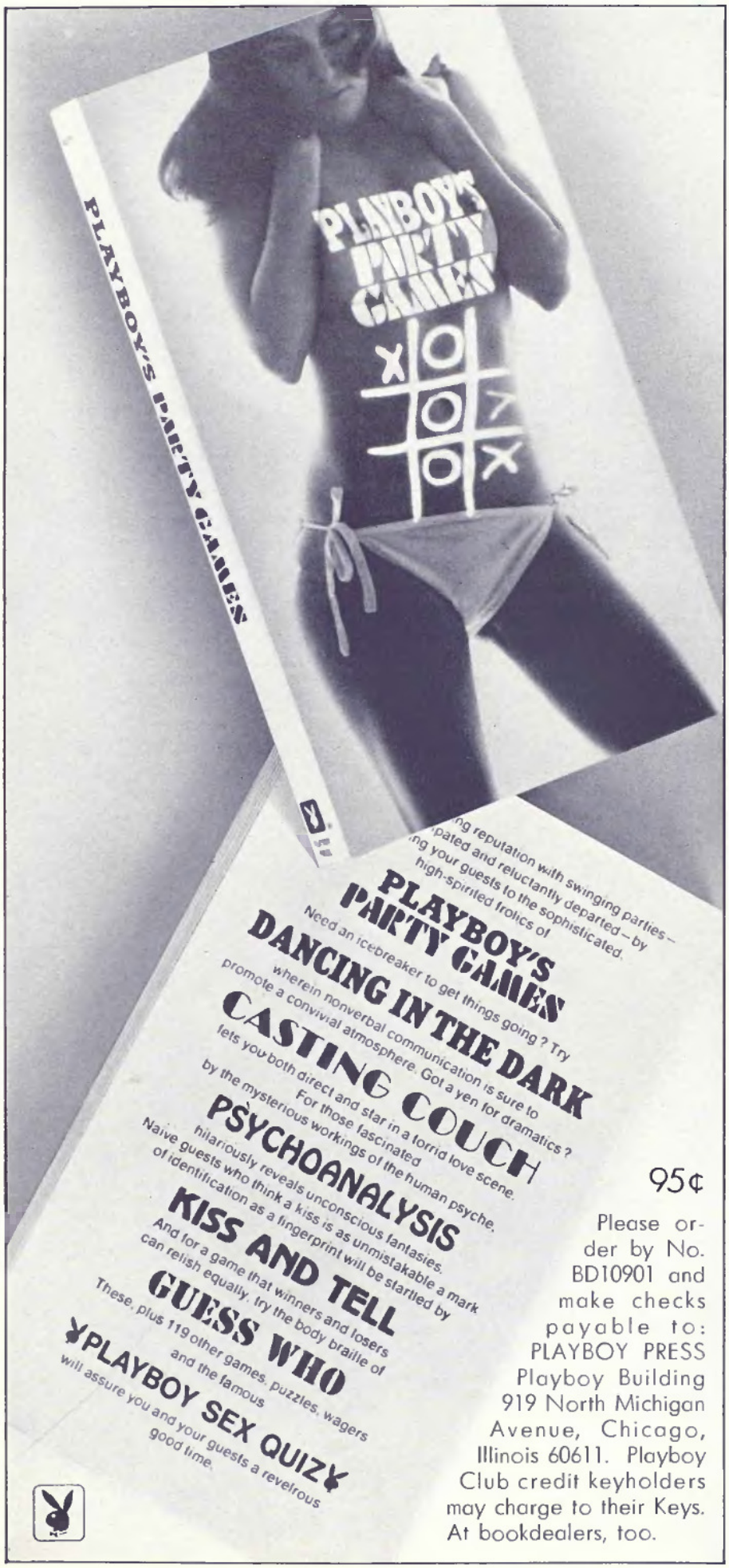

received about the place came in February, when someone in the New York Jets office handed me a list of nine names and told me that the men on it were "unsavory characters" who were hanging out at Bachelors III and who could be a source of trouble for me. Well, the first name on that list was one of our managers and the second was one of our attorneys. Both of these men are straight-ace guys; and although I sure didn't think much of that list, I had it sent down to the district attorney's office. Detectives there promised to tell us if anything was happening—if mob guys were coming in. Well, they investigated and told us we had nothing to worry about, so we didn't. That was in February. Then, in June, at the Football Writers Association banquet in New York, a couple of guys from N. F. L.-A. F. L. security—after taking us to a private room—told coach Weeb Ewbank and me that Bachelors III was going to be raided and closed up the following day and that the league wanted me to sell out that night. I couldn't even answer them, man. I didn't know *what* to say—or think. I immediately called up my lawyers, Mike Bite and Jimmy Walsh, and they drove right over to talk about it with me. To tell you the truth, we didn't know what the hell to do. Then, right after the banquet, Pete Rozelle called me to say there was no need to sell that night, because the raid had been postponed, and to meet with him the following morning, a Wednesday. Jimmy Walsh and I met with Rozelle and two guys from league security, who told us that Bachelors III had been under surveillance almost since we bought it. The word from dependable sources was that Bachelors III was going to be closed down on Friday—and that I definitely had to sell by then.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to all this?

NAMATH: The news really caught me by surprise. I mean, we'd checked the thing out in February and didn't think anything more about it. Anyway, here it was, Wednesday, and I had to sell before the raid took place on Friday. Well, my lawyers and I got straight to the heart of the thing in a hurry. It wasn't right that I had to sell, we all agreed on that, but it was certainly the logical thing to do —logical in that if Bachelors III was to be closed down by the police, they must have reasons for it; and even if I felt that there were no reasons, they obviously had the inside track. But I couldn't come up with any indications from any of the local law-enforcement branches that Bachelors III was in trouble. So I asked a few guys for advice. One of the people I talked to was Tom Marshall, president of the Broadway Joe restaurant

That wet day in September.
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chain. Tom was really straight with me: "Listen," he said, "you have to do what you feel is right. I know it'll hurt the company some, it might hurt the stock; but, damn it, you have to live with yourself, not us, so don't get hung up about the company." That helped me out a lot. Anyway, by Friday, the day of the great raid, instead of selling, I retired.

PLAYBOY: And was Bachelors III raided?

NAMATH: Hell, no. Like I told you, there was never any reason for the place to be closed down, and it never was. Meanwhile, we kept checking with the law and nobody knew anything about a raid being planned for Bachelors III. If you'll excuse the expression, I run a clean joint.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

NAMATH: What happened next is that I met with Rozelle and this time caught *him* by surprise. I found out—as I told Rozelle—that his information came from an A.F.L.-N.F.L. security guy, who told this story to several people: About four years ago, this guy supposedly came over to my table at a restaurant, pulled out his identification and told me the people I was with were mob guys, that I shouldn't be seen talking to them and that he didn't *want* me to talk to them. I supposedly told him, "Listen, when I'm not on a football field, I hang with whoever I want to hang with; and as long as it doesn't affect what I do on the field, you can just go fuck yourself." Since he supposedly was with a couple of people at the time, he took that badly and got very, very upset.

PLAYBOY: You say this confrontation "supposedly" took place. Did it or didn't it?

NAMATH: Maybe it did, maybe it didn't; I can't remember all the people I've talked to over the past four years and what I've said to 'em. Anyway, ever since then, this guy has carried a vendetta against me and was dumb enough to admit it to several of the Jets. He told them how I'd told him to go fuck himself, that I was bad for the game and that as long as I stayed in pro football, I'd be a thorn in his side. This man started everything. I'm not going to give you the names of the Jets he talked to; but when Rozelle came out to our training camp in June, he was told about this conversation. Johnny Sample, who isn't with the Jets anymore, asked Rozelle a very direct question: How can he allow a man to work in the security office when he admits to having a tremendous grudge against a ballplayer? Aren't the security guys supposed to help us, protect us, rather than going all out to screw us up?

After first springing all this on Rozelle, I asked him for about the 9000th time to document one single charge against Bachelors III. I told him if I was in the wrong—if Bachelors III was being frequented by mobsters—then I'd sell immediately, because I wouldn't want any part of it. I mean, I know where my number-one thing is at: That's football, and I don't want to put it in jeopardy. But damn, they couldn't show me *one* thing wrong. Just lots of talk about, "Well, I'm acting on reliable information." I asked Rozelle, "*What* reliable information? We have reliable information that your reliable information is unreliable." But Rozelle said he had different people in all the law branches telling him different things than they told me. It seemed like everybody was getting into the act, but there was no action taken against Bachelors III. Even so, Rozelle wasn't about to be budged.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel *he* was out to get you, too?

NAMATH: Definitely not, man. Our talks were very friendly and we got along well. But he felt he had to act on the information he received from his security people; it just happened to be the wrong information. Meanwhile, I was getting slaughtered by the press: *Life* magazine and *Sports Illustrated*, the bastards, wanted some juice to sell their magazines, so they started writing all kinds of shit about me. Well, Rozelle said the matter had now become so exposed to the public that it was all out of proportion. He felt that between the magazines and various screwy people, there had been about 25 charges brought up—things like somebody using our Bachelors III telephones to call in bets, "undesirable" guys coming up to hold crap games in my apartment, etc. "With all those accusations, if only one or two turn out to be right," he said, "then you've got to be in the wrong." "I agree with you," I said, "but none of them are true."

PLAYBOY: Could you elaborate on that *Sports Illustrated* story about crap games with mobsters in your apartment?

NAMATH: I think *Sports Illustrated* might check out their stories a little more closely before publishing them. If they had, they would have discovered that my next-door neighbors are three FBI agents sharing a pad. Somehow, I don't think it would be very wise for mobsters to hold big crap games in a location like that. Actually, when I first read the story, I thought, shit, this is kinda funny; but then I got properly pissed off. I mean, they're implying that old Joe is tied up with Mafia people. In an issue some weeks later, they implied it again—only this time they had it in parentheses that Namath himself was never in the apartment when the crap games were going on. I think they were simply trying to back off. Beats the hell out of me how they got the story, but the son of a bitch who wrote it ought to be working for Looney Tunes. We're deciding whether or not to go ahead with a lawsuit.

PLAYBOY: What finally made you decide to sell your interest in Bachelors III and go back to football?

NAMATH: Well, up until the day I did it, I really didn't think I would ever play again. Rozelle and I were meeting and he said that even though I might agree to sell the bar, from now on, I also had to *stay out* of Bachelors III. Well, I wouldn't give him my word on that, because some night I might just want to drop in, with a girl or solo. My friends were there and I just wasn't going to stay away permanently. And then he said, "You know, Joe, if you really want to, you can do it. You gave up smoking like that. When you put your mind to something, you do it." And I said, "What the hell is this all about? I don't want to sell—so I'm not selling." We'd been meeting for two and a half hours and, man, I knew what was right and I *put* my mind to it: Do what the hell you want to do and, if you haven't hurt anybody, then you're OK. Well, at that point, Mike Bite and Jimmy Walsh and Rozelle sat down to talk for an hour and when they came back, we talked for another hour, concessions were made and finally I said—ah, the hell with it. So I sold. But I wouldn't have sold if it were just me involved.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it just you involved?

NAMATH: No. First of all, I had a whole lot of teammates to think of. One man doesn't even come close to being responsible for a football club's success, but quarterback's an important position and, if I stepped out on them, the Jets would be hurt—and there are a lot of guys on the team, myself included, who think we can win another Superbowl. Secondly, there were other business partners who were getting hurt financially while this thing was going on: Stock in Broadway Joe's fell more than four points. My lawyers were nervous wrecks, all because of me. But mostly, it was my mother. She'd read all those damned lies in the press and got really upset, and as many times as I told her not to believe that stuff, I knew she was still thinking that if it wasn't true, how come it was there in black and white? When I retired, I did it because I felt one way about the whole thing: Fuck the money and everything else. I was *right*, man; there was nothing wrong with Bachelors III. But finally, with the concessions and all, the point just didn't seem all that important.

PLAYBOY: What kind of concessions?

NAMATH: First, let me tell you why there *had* to be concessions: I think Rozelle was right in the way he acted, in that it's his job to keep football above suspicion. That's why he's commissioner. When all

'Tis the season to be Tuesday.

Problems. Problems. Our Managing Director recently pointed out that Christmas won't fall on a Tuesday until 1973.

And the entire world now knows (he continued) that we have selected Tuesday as the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.

Are we possibly depriving some good people (he pursued) of one of the traditional joys of Christmas?

Well, look at it this way, sir (we hazarded). Through a peculiar bit of luck, Twelfth-night will fall on a Tuesday this year. By celebrating Twelfth-night somewhat in advance–say December 25th–all inconvenience should be avoided.

The Old Gentleman appeared considerably relieved and has authorized the publication of the above. Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la la!

Teacher's Scotch

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

the magazine stories were out, the public was wondering just what the hell was going to happen. Well, I realized then, as I do now, that to answer the public and keep any question about football's integrity from even being raised, getting me the hell out of Bachelors III was the only answer. So he was right in doing what he had to do—and I was right in doing what *I* had to do, which was to retire. But Rozelle didn't want me to quit football almost as much as *I* didn't want to quit, which is why we had meetings and why there were compromises on each side—with my main concession being to sell Bachelors III in New York. By selling and having pro football take me back, I think it indicates that I wasn't involved with any person or establishment or with any crap games and things like that. If his information had been factual, I think there's no doubt they would have told me to stay out of football or at least given me a year's suspension. Furthermore, Rozelle and I agreed that even though I'm selling the New York Bachelors III, I'm free to open up other Bachelors IIIs with the same management—which we've already done in Boston, and plan to do in L. A. and Miami. If Bachelors III was bad, they certainly wouldn't allow me to stay in business with the same people. Finally, I'm glad Rozelle helped me "unretire." Sports has done everything for me; it's been my life since high school and probably even before that.

PLAYBOY: Were you what sportswriters call a "high school phenom"?

NAMATH: I was—but not in football, at least not right away. Until my senior year, baseball and basketball were my best sports; and even when I was a senior, I still wanted to play baseball professionally. But the family wanted me to go to college and I guess I agreed with them or else I would have accepted some of the offers I got.

PLAYBOY: How many were there?

NAMATH: Four teams were interested in me. The St. Louis Cardinals wanted to sign me for $15,000 when I was a junior in high school. When my dad asked me what I planned to do with the money, I told him I'd seen this great-looking convertible; he didn't exactly think it would be such a great idea if that's all I wanted. Anyway, the Orioles and Kansas City A's wanted me, too; but the big offer I got was in my senior year, when the Chicago Cubs offered me $50,000.

PLAYBOY: What had you done to attract all this attention?

NAMATH: Nothing in particular; I was just a really outstanding, power-hitting outfielder. I could throw and I could hit. I have no idea what my batting average was in high school, but I know it wasn't below .450, and that's pretty good hitting where I come from.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could have gotten as far in baseball as you have in football?

NAMATH: No. I think I could have become an outstanding professional baseball player, but I don't think I could have reached the heights that I have in football—being one of the very top players in the game, being a world champion. I might have been part of a team that won the World Series, I guess, but I don't think I would have gotten the acclaim that I've gotten so far in football.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you finally passed up the baseball offers?

NAMATH: No. Shoot, when I got those offers, I sure as hell wanted to take the money and run. But, like I said, my mom and dad wanted me to go to college; so did my three older brothers.

PLAYBOY: Were they athletes, too?

NAMATH: Yeah, and starting about the time I was six, they'd get out every day and work with me. My brother Bobby was a pretty good quarterback, but he never finished high school. He was three years behind my brother John in school and when John went into the Service, Bob had to quit in order to work and help Mom and Dad out. Bobby was never able to put the time in athletics that he needed to. My brother Frank did well in high school and got a football scholarship to Kentucky. When he went to Kentucky, though, Frank didn't know he'd had a baseball offer: My father had been contacted by a major-league team that wanted to sign Frank, but because he wanted Frank in college, he just didn't tell him about it. Frank later found out when he was in college, got very upset and ended up quitting school and working.

PLAYBOY: Did this cause a serious break between them?

NAMATH: Yes, but they've made up. Frank moved from Detroit to Beaver Falls a few months ago, has a nice family and is doing very well in the insurance business. Anyway, my father didn't want to go through something like that again, so he told me about my offers and left it up to me. Football only happened in my senior year; in my sophomore year, I was the smallest guy on the team and played two minutes during the season, on defense. In my junior season, I started the first two or three games at quarterback and must have caused around 93 fumbles. It was really ridiculous, man; I couldn't play worth a flip. But before my senior year, we practiced all summer; and in the fall, we beat everybody and won the western-Pennsylvania championship.

PLAYBOY: How good did you think you were by that time?

NAMATH: I rated myself best in the country, and that's the truth. I made all-state and I felt I could play better than anybody else in that position. And then, of course, I got all those college scholarship offers, which were proof to me that I knew what I was doing on a football field.

PLAYBOY: How many offers were there?

NAMATH: I usually say 52, but it was more than that. Athletes today get a hell of a lot more offers than that, because more colleges are offering more scholarships than they did in 1961, when I graduated from high school. But it was strange coming out of high school and having colleges offer me as much money as my father made in a year—and they did just that. This softened my disappointment on the baseball thing, because the schools were going to pay me.

PLAYBOY: Which schools made the biggest offers?

NAMATH: I'm not copping out, but I don't think it would be right for me to name them, because this stuff took place eight and a half years ago; and if I told you the schools, a lot of them could be under different systems now. Things could have changed and telling you would only be detrimental to them. I'm not saying things have changed, only that they *may* have changed. But I will tell you that the two schools I finally got serious about—Maryland and Alabama—were the only colleges that offered me a straight scholarship and the standard $15 a month for laundry. I got around the country a lot before I boiled it down, though: I visited Arizona State, Minnesota, Iowa, Miami, Indiana, Maryland and Notre Dame.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide not to play for Notre Dame?

NAMATH: Two reasons: I talked with their coach, who at the time was Joe Kuharich, and I wasn't very impressed by him. More important was the fact that there were no girls at Notre Dame. Man, they told me they had a women's college right across the lake. What was I supposed to do—swim over to make a date? Anyway, when I finally decided where I wanted to go to school—the University of Maryland—I couldn't get in. My college-boards score was five points below their admission requirements.

PLAYBOY: And Alabama was your second choice?

NAMATH: No; at that point, I hadn't been in any contact with them at all. What happened was that Tom Nugent, Maryland's coach, got on the phone to Paul Bryant at Alabama to tell him that I was still loose and to come after me. I found out later that he called Alabama because Maryland never plays Alabama and Nugent didn't want me to wind up on a

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team he'd be facing someday. I guess the reason I finally chose Alabama was because my brother Frank had played under two of Alabama's coaches when they were at Kentucky and another of Alabama's coaches had been a senior at Kentucky when Frank had been a freshman there. He liked the guys and thought it was a good idea for me to go down there. By that time, I was so disgusted with the whole recruitment business that I just said screw it and agreed to go to Alabama. I hadn't even visited the campus.

PLAYBOY: How did you like it when you arrived?

NAMATH: It was hell, man. I was a Northerner and 99 percent of the guys were Southerners. It was really lonely for guys from up North. We had a kid from Cleveland, one from Silver Creek, New York, one from Dayton and one from Rhode Island; but in our freshman year, they all quit.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NAMATH: Partly because they couldn't cut it on the football field, partly because of scholastics, but mostly because they were just plain homesick. When I got to my sophomore year, only one other "Northerner" was on the team—and he was from Virginia. At that time, coming from the North and going to school in the South was rougher than it is today.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

NAMATH: The race thing. It was really out of sight, man. My family lived in a part of Beaver Falls that was called the Lower End, a low-income part of town. It was a predominately black neighborhood and the guys I hung out with were black. Like, in high school, I was the only white boy on the starting basketball team and the four other guys were black; they were all friends of mine from the neighborhood. The only time I'd ever run into any kind of race thing had been when I was little, when me and a black kid went into a pizza place and got thrown out. The lady who ran it just told us to get the hell out, so we both left. But when I got to the University of Alabama—wow! Coming from where I came from, I couldn't believe it. Water fountains for whites were painted white; there were different bathrooms for whites and blacks; blacks had to sit in the backs of buses and whites had to sit up front. I just couldn't understand it.

PLAYBOY: Were there any black students there at the time?

NAMATH: When I first got there, no. They integrated in my sophomore year, right after George Wallace, who was governor then, stood in the doorway and tried to keep them out.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get into any arguments about race?

NAMATH: Nope. Not a *rough* argument, anyway. But I did get the nickname Nigger, and that, of course, had to do with race. In my freshman year, I was sitting in my room doing something and one of the fellas picked up a picture of the Beaver Falls High School football queen and her court. My girl at the time was the football queen and the crown bearer was a black girl. The guy asked, "Hey Joe, is this your girl?" and I answered yes, thinking he was pointing at the queen. But he was pointing at the black girl. He said, "Oh, yeah?" and ran out and told everybody he could find that I was dating a black girl; so they started calling me Nigger. I had a lot of bad times in the beginning, but it all changed. They got to respect the way I felt and I think I might even have turned some of them around on a few things. In my senior year, they voted me captain of the team; and when I think about it—about me mixed in with a bunch of guys from Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida—I consider it a very high honor.

PLAYBOY: By the time you left the University of Alabama in 1965, did you see any evidence that race attitudes had changed?

NAMATH: Oh, I think they're getting more liberal in the South, I guess because they're getting more educated. But I don't think the South will ever be completely integrated; in fact, we probably won't live to see complete integration anywhere in America. The problem is stronger in the South, because that's where it all originated, but I see plenty of segregation everywhere. Even in New York, there's a lot of restaurants that don't like to admit black people. It's going to take a long time before the race problem gets straightened out, but it's changed plenty since I first got to Alabama.

PLAYBOY: Why were you the only Northerner who didn't quit during that first year?

NAMATH: I wanted to quit about 15 times during my freshman year. I wanted to quit and play professional baseball. But I talked to a guy named Bubba Church, who used to pitch for the Philadelphia Phillies. He was living in Mobile at the time and coach Bryant knew what I was thinking and, since he didn't want me to quit, he asked Bubba to come up and talk to me. Bubba explained that I could still play baseball after college and that getting an education was something I'd never regret; whereas I might look back afterward and be sorry I hadn't stuck in school. But I told him I didn't care, I just wanted to go home. Well, right then and there, Bubba just pulled some money out of his wallet and said, "You fly home. You can stay there if you like, but I think it would be better for you to come back." Well, after I got home, I decided maybe Bubba was right, and I decided to stick it out.

PLAYBOY: How much did Bryant contribute to your development as a quarterback?

NAMATH: A hell of a lot. I guess most coaches know a good deal about the technical side of the game, but only a very few of them are able to demand and receive 110 percent effort from each of their players. This is true about coach Bryant. In the years I played for him, he taught me that on the football field, you play to win and to hate even the *thought* of losing. He's a man I totally respect. Coach Bryant also gave me good advice when I was drafted by both the American and National football leagues in my senior year.

PLAYBOY: What kind of advice?

NAMATH: Well, after the last game of my senior year, he came into our dressing room and said, "Joe, you know these pro-football people are going to be coming around to see you. Do you have any idea how much money you're going to ask for?" Shoot, I didn't know. He told me to ask for $200,000. "You might not get $200,000," he said, "but it's a good place to start from, and maybe you'll wind up with $150,000 or so." The first team I talked with was the N. F. L.'s St. Louis Cardinals; when they asked me what I wanted, I was embarrassed, but I told them—$200,000. They agreed to it.

PLAYBOY: Did that surprise you?

NAMATH: I almost had a coronary right there. But I hadn't yet talked to the Jets, so I decided to see their people, too. Actually, the final sums offered by both teams were about equal and the quarterback situations were about the same: The Jets needed a quarterback bad and so did the Cardinals, because their guy, Charley Johnson, had a two-year Service obligation to fulfill, although he didn't finally go into the Army until two years later. I signed with the Jets because of two people: Sonny Werblin, who was then head of the Jets, because he seemed genuinely interested in me and convinced me that the A. F. L. was going to be better than the N. F. L. in a short time; and the Jets' coach, Weeb Ewbank. Mr. Bryant told me that over the years, Weeb had impressed the hell out of him, that his coaching records had been outstanding and that he was in every possible way a good football man. So I signed a Jet contract.

PLAYBOY: For how much?

NAMATH: It was $427,000, to be paid out over a three-year period, and it was broken down in various ways so that I could get the best tax breaks possible. Man, I didn't know what the hell to do with all that bread. In fact, that's about all I knew: that I wasn't capable of handling any big financial matters. So I had to get people who specialized in

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those things, whose advice could be trusted. I'm learning about business now, but it'll be a long time before I go into any heavy investments without checking on the opinions of associates. But at the time I signed, I really wasn't thinking about all those things. I was just happy.

PLAYBOY: Did you know that your contract was the biggest ever given to a football player up to then? Most veteran pros, in fact, reacted in much the same way as former Cleveland quarterback Frank Ryan, who said, "If Namath's worth $400,000, I'm worth a million."

NAMATH: Then all I can say is that I hope he got his million. Sure, there was hostility, but I hoped a lot of it wouldn't be directed at me. I sort of thought that other players could point to my salary to justify asking for raises of their own; after all, I wasn't taking any bread out of their mouths.

PLAYBOY: What was the reaction of your Jet teammates?

NAMATH: Well, some of the guys resented it; but I can understand that, too. That year, though, we had a couple of other high-paid draft choices: John Huarte of Notre Dame got $200,000 and Bob Schweickert of Virginia Tech got $150,000. Anyway, I felt that if I could do the job on the field, then nobody had any right to gripe about my salary, even if they paid me $2,000,000. But the publicity the contract caused didn't help me get settled in with my teammates.

PLAYBOY: Were they also upset about the fact that nearly every word being written about the Jets seemed to be about you?

NAMATH: Sure they were; and I can't really blame them for that, either. Shit, before I came to camp, it was football as usual; and then, all of a sudden, it became like a show-business thing, with all kinds of photographers and writers around. It wasn't all bad, though. One of the things rookies have to do is sing their team fight song in front of the rest of the guys; but when I got up, everybody started singing *There's No Business Like Show Business* and it was a good gag. But I could see where it could be upsetting to them, like that Broadway Joe thing.

PLAYBOY: How did the nickname come about?

NAMATH: In 1965, *Sports Illustrated* ran a story about the Jets' highly paid rookies; as I said, I was only one of 'em, but *Sports Illustrated* ran a cover photo of me standing in the middle of Broadway —in uniform—at about 8:30 in the evening. We were in the locker room the day the magazine came out and offensive tackle Sherman Plunkett looked at it, kind of shook his head a little and said, "There goes Broadway Joe." And it stuck.

PLAYBOY: And grew to legendary proportions. What do you think of all the publicity that surrounds you?

NAMATH: Not much, believe me. I don't pick up a newspaper every day, because there have been so many dumb things written about me—by so many people who haven't even talked to me—that it's just ridiculous, man. As far as football writers go, I don't think one of them *really* knows what's happening on the field—why the team has to do one thing more than another at a particular point in the game. They simply don't spend enough time around the ball club to be well educated about the technical side of the game, and football is very complicated. It's not going to happen, but teams should give football writers in their cities weekly clinics on what the hell the game is about, so that the press could be more than fairly well-informed spectators. Another thing that happens to almost every ballplayer is that quotes get jumbled up something fierce. Usually, even if reporters get the words right in a quote, they screw up the emphasis, and the next morning, you discover you've said something you just never said. In general, I think most sportswriters want to do a good job, and if they talk straight to me, I give them straight answers. But about the only writers I speak to regularly are all in New York—guys like Dave Anderson of *The New York Times*, Larry Merchant of the *Post* and Murray Janoff of *Newsday*. Mostly, I don't dig the press.

PLAYBOY: Because they're not football experts?

NAMATH: No, because the press doesn't care how much it hurts people like me, so long as there's a good headline. Look, I realize I wouldn't be where I am without the press, but after a while, you can't help getting annoyed over the bullshit papers print about you. I'm not going to go into what they were writing about me during the Bachelors III thing again; but another good example happened last year in Miami, when I was stopped for speeding. The front page of *The Miami Herald* ran something like "NAMATH ARRESTED IN CAR CHASE," but the only chase that took place was in that headline and in a lot of headlines in papers all over the country. The whole thing was so stupid. I was tagged for going 15 miles above the speed limit; it was either 50 in a 35-mile zone or 55 in a 40-mile zone. The officer also tried to give me a reckless-driving charge, but all I did was swerve out of one lane—which had construction blocking it—into another. The officer said I was drunk and I called him a damn liar, and then he got pissed off and I got pissed off and I wound up taking a drunkometer test three times and passed it all three times. Well, they dropped that charge and the reckless-driving charge. But because the prick had to give me *something*, he gave me a speeding ticket—although he had no proof of that and I don't see how he could have, since he was about a half mile away when the speeding supposedly took place. So I wound up with a $50 fine; and after all the headlines about drunken and reckless driving, there was a little paragraph hidden in the Miami papers that said something like "Namath drunken-driving charge dropped." Period. No apology for all their crappy so-called reporting. I always think of it like the Pueblo thing—how innocent we were and what bad cats they were to capture our ship; but five months later, on the third page of *The New York Times*, about the sixth column over and four lines from the bottom, we find out that the Pueblo was spying on the North Koreans, just as they claimed. Well, shit, that's what papers are like, so why should you believe what they print? When I read about myself and know flat-out that they're writing nonsense, why should I take their word on anything else, particularly when they keep screwing up? Talk about credibility gaps, man; the American press has any politician beat by a long shot.

PLAYBOY: Is the Broadway Joe life style simply a myth manufactured by the press?

NAMATH: Parts of it are, parts of it aren't. For instance, there are a lot of stories about me trying to be flamboyant by wearing white football shoes. When I was playing at Alabama, our football shoes felt too light on my feet, flimsy; and when I ran, they would turn out on me. So before every game, I taped them up for support, which made them heavier, until they felt like they were kind of part of me. Well, the one game I didn't tape them up was in my senior year against North Carolina State, when my knee collapsed. I wasn't hit on the play; my knee just went. So I've been taping them up ever since, including when I got to the Jets. But one day, when I got to Shea Stadium, a pair of white shoes was in my locker; I never asked for 'em, but there they were, so I started wearing them.

PLAYBOY: The Broadway Joe legend also pictures you as one of the great womanizers of our time. Do you think your reputation for amorous exploits is merited?

NAMATH: I think it's merited, in the sense that I'm young, single, I have some money, I'm in the press a lot, and so I do all right with the ladies.

PLAYBOY: What about the thousands of sexual conquests that have been attributed to you?

NAMATH: Oh, I wouldn't put the number *that* high.

PLAYBOY: How high would you put it?

NAMATH: A conservative estimate?

PLAYBOY: That would be fine.

NAMATH: I'd say at least 300—but that's a conservative estimate. Probably *too* conservative, because when I was in boring classes at Alabama, I used to start making out lists to see how well I was doing and I guess I was pretty close to 300 by the time I graduated.

PLAYBOY: You say that with a great big

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smile. Are those fond memories?

NAMATH: They sure are. And the older I get, the more I enjoy sex—and the more I learn about it. For instance, when I was younger, the aim of making love was simply to reach a climax, achieve your own satisfaction and not even worry about your partner's. Well, as you grow up, you start understanding that sex is a two-way street and that it's much better for both of you to be sexually satisfied. Once you realize this, you should really go all out and make a sincere effort to make 'em happy, because then sex becomes a very beautiful thing.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like the kind of pep talk Vince Lombardi would give if he were coaching a team in the Sexual Freedom League. There are thousands of guys—some of them fairly glamorous celebrities—who feel the same way about giving as well as getting sexual satisfaction. But they don't make out like you do. What's your secret?

NAMATH: I really like women. But I'm not a very forward guy. There are so many times when I see a girl I'd love to get to know, but I won't approach her. I usually don't feel like going over and introducing myself, because right after I say something like, "Hello, my name is Joe Namath, what's yours?," there are too many times when I get a quick stare that says, "So what?" I mean, a lot of girls get antagonistic, man. If expressions could talk, I'd be hearing things like, "You think you're such a big deal. You expect me to go to bed with you just because you're Joe Namath; but I won't, because I'm different!" Hell, I don't expect to go to bed with every good-looking girl I meet. I'd like it, but I don't *expect* it. All I want to do is get to know them and *hope* to get sexually involved with them.

PLAYBOY: What do you do when you meet a girl who's intent on putting you down?

NAMATH: I immediately drop back 15 yards and punt. Why waste my time and hers?

PLAYBOY: How do you like to spend your time with those who like you—aside from the traditional way?

NAMATH: Well, I don't like going out on a date unless I know the broad a little bit beforehand. By the way, broad to me is not a detrimental term for women; it's simply another word for female. Anyway, I don't really go out a whole lot, because there aren't many girls I like to take out and spend a whole evening with—at least not an evening in public. I enjoy staying in with a girl much more than going out. Mostly, I prefer just meeting a girl at a nice, quiet bar, where we can get to know each other. That's one of the reasons I guess I got into Bachelors III. It was a good way to meet girls, and it still is.

PLAYBOY: Are there any particular types of girls that especially attract you?

NAMATH: I dig fairly tall, blonde-haired girls—I mean, they just flat turn me on. That's not saying I don't like brunettes; it's just that when I see a blonde, she doesn't have to be beautiful for me to look two or three times when she walks by. Also, I'm a leg man more than a chest man. I like a quiet girl, as opposed to a talkative, laughing, boisterous extrovert. I mean, I don't hold it against a girl if she talks a lot or if she laughs a lot, but I enjoy myself better, I feel more comfortable with a soft-spoken girl.

PLAYBOY: According to reputation, you've sampled girls from every region in America. Is there any area you prefer?

NAMATH: I like Southern girls. For some reason, they seem sweeter, gentler. They're not as hard as New York girls, simply because they're not confronted with the things that girls in Manhattan are confronted with every day: vulgar language in the streets and a toughness caused by fear of all the sex crimes that take place in New York. New York girls are more hardened than Southern girls, but as I said just after the Jets won the A. F. L. championship, I want to thank the broads in New York for all they did for me last season. They really helped build my morale.

PLAYBOY: Do you get many propositions from female admirers?

NAMATH: Sure; I've received letters that were just out-and-out sexual invitations on several occasions. But I don't remember ever following any of them up.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

NAMATH: Well, I don't find it strange for a girl to *write* a letter like that, but it would certainly be strange if she expected me to answer her. I mean, if it's on her mind and it'll make her feel good to let me know, I appreciate it. I guess if I really dug a broad or felt like I did, I might send a letter to her to find out if we could get together; possibly, we *could* get together. But I don't like answering those requests, because you never know what's in back of them. It could be a practical joke or it could be a plan to get me into some kind of trouble. You don't know what it's goin' to be, man; it could end up in a bad deal, and I have enough trouble without having to go look for it. If I happen to run into a girl who feels that way about me, though, it can be a different story.

PLAYBOY: Does that kind of thing happen to you often?

NAMATH: I don't know how often it happens, but it happens. And most of the time, I don't even mind if they're interested in me just because I'm Joe Namath. If that's the way they come on and they can swing with it, I guess I can, too.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're as good in bed as you are on a football field?

NAMATH: I can't honestly answer that question, because in football, there are comparisons you can make, but I don't think you can do the same with sex. First of all, you're only at your best with a girl who really turns you on. It's a total thing that has to do with how much feeling she has for you and how you feel about her, and that's more important than if she's beautiful or well built. You certainly can't measure your performance by the number of climaxes you reach, because after the first few times, you just can't expect to keep having orgasms. I think the important thing is how *long* you're able to make love. With the right girl, a guy can go just about all night long. And there have been lots of times when I've done just that. I'm a great believer in sex.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed that. One of sports' great traditions decrees that the night before the big game, the athlete goes to bed early—and by himself. Do you?

NAMATH: No. I spent the nights before the Jets' two biggest games last year—for the A. F. L. championship and the Superbowl—with girls. But I don't consider that bad or foolish of me. Look, I'm a football player, and that's my number-one thing; I'm not about to take a chance on how I perform by breaking my own schedule. But I've been playing football for a long time, and by now, I know what I should do and shouldn't do to stay ready at all times. The night before a game, I prepare myself both mentally and physically for the next day. I think a ballplayer has to be relaxed to play well; and if that involves being with a girl that night, he should do it. If some ballplayers don't feel that way, they shouldn't do it. But *I* feel that way.

PLAYBOY: Do you make a *point* of going to bed with a girl on the eve of a game?

NAMATH: I try to; it depends on how I feel that night. Before one game last year, I just sat home by myself and watched television, drank a little tequila to relax and went to sleep fairly early. But most of the nights before games, I'll be with a girl. One of the Jets' team doctors, in fact, told me that it's a good idea to have sexual relations before a game, because it gets rid of the kind of nervous tension an athlete doesn't need.

PLAYBOY: Did the doctor relay this bit of medical advice to Weeb Ewbank?

NAMATH: No, he didn't; and if he ever does, I don't think Weeb will go out and hire 40 prostitutes to make sure the Jets are pro football's most relaxed team. Since a lot of the guys on the team are married, I want their wives to know that when we're on the road, the married fellas really mope around the hotel all day and all night. But I don't.

PLAYBOY: In line with your much-reported fondness for Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch: Has drinking ever taken anything away from your performance on the field?

NAMATH: Excessive drinking could. But I

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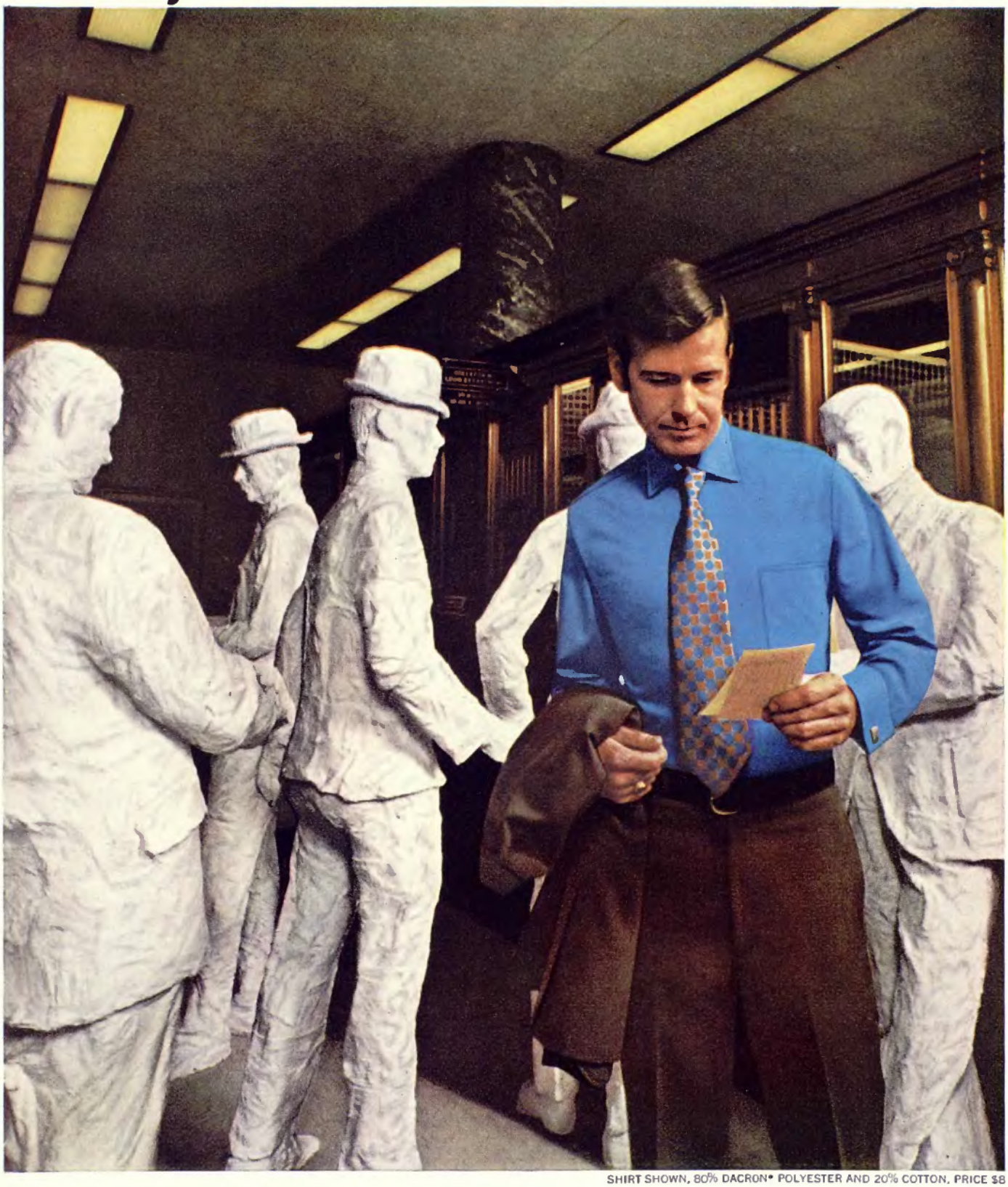

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don't drink too much. I know my drinking limits and I rarely take a third drink the night before a game.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever played high?

NAMATH: No, but I do remember the only game I wasn't prepared for. In 1966, we were playing Boston in the last game of the season, and it didn't matter at all whether we won or lost, as far as our place in the standings was concerned, but Boston needed to win to tie for the Eastern Division title. Well, the night before the game, I was up late, after clowning around and drinking a little more than I usually do. I had a hell of a headache in the first half, but I was feeling no pain after halftime: We won, 38 to 28. Last year, though, I decided to give up drinking entirely before the Buffalo game. It turned out to be our worst afternoon of the season: we lost, 37 to 35. A little later in the season, before we played Oakland, I told a couple of teammates that I was thinking of knocking off drinking again. Dave Herman, a guy I wouldn't want to mess with, came up and said, "If you don't want to drink, I'll grab you and pour it down your throat myself." So I haven't given up booze and I don't plan to.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the league frown on ballplayers who drink in public?

NAMATH: Yes, but I think it's childish, in the sense that we're all at least three times seven, and if we didn't know by now how to handle our bodies, then we wouldn't be capable of playing—and if a guy can't do his job, he should be fired. The owners may worry about the public's reaction on seeing a player out drinking, but I sure as hell don't. Rules like that are really hypocritical and outdated. In a standard player contract, there are at least a half-dozen fool rules that the team doesn't even enforce. One rule, for instance: Players must at all times wear coats and ties while in a hotel lobby. Hell, that's not important at all. And then there's this whole insane reaction to a guy if he doesn't keep his hair cut short.

PLAYBOY: Whose reaction are you talking about?

NAMATH: People in professional sports and the majority of the public. Look, I've dedicated myself to football; I've played the game for a long time now and I am absolutely positive about one thing: My hair does not slow me down. But I've read so many times that you can't play football or baseball with hair that's the least bit long. Well, if coaches feel that way, their minds are getting away from the game. I think if they just concentrate on the sport and forget a guy's hair style or clothes, everybody will be better off, man. Too many times, we judge a person by the way he dresses or cuts his hair.

PLAYBOY: Has a lot of that kind of criticism been directed your way?

NAMATH: Last year, when I had a mustache, I got hundreds of letters, saying it's bad for the image or it's bad for children to see a ballplayer with sideburns and a mustache. Who tells the children it's bad? Parents—they're the ones at fault, because they tell their child that mustaches and long hair are only worn by freaks. Where else does a kid get the idea that mustaches shouldn't be worn and that a man can't have more than a crewcut? As soon as that child looks at our history books and sees all that hair on our forefathers, he's gonna wonder what the hell kind of history we've *had*.

PLAYBOY: Do you think of yourself as a rebel?

NAMATH: I've been reading things and hearing people say I'm a rebel, that I have a noninstitutional personality and such, but that's not true. If I don't believe in something, though, I'm not gonna go along with it; it has nothing to do with being anti-establishment or whatever; it's just that if it's not right for me, then I can't go along with it. I'm not trying to fight society—I'm just trying to be myself and do what I think is best. I don't bother anybody and I don't want anybody to bother me. And I don't think I do anything wrong—at least I try hard not to. Oh, sometimes, I might hurt someone's feelings by refusing an autograph; but even that doesn't happen often, if I'm in a place where there aren't going to be too many to sign. I just don't dig people who think I have to go along with things I don't want to do.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you'd like to do that you don't or can't?

NAMATH: Yes. I'd like to be able to run the way I used to; but for that, I'd need new knees. When I was in college, I fitted right in with coach Paul Bryant's offense: Quarterbacks did a lot of running at Alabama, because our most effective play was usually the run-pass option. Before I was hurt in my senior year, I was able to cover 40 yards in 4.7 seconds, which is pretty fast for a quarterback in uniform. It's lucky for me that running isn't necessary for a pro quarterback today; the only time you run with the ball is to try to make a first down on a broken-pass play or, if it's the only thing you can do, move the ball out of bounds.

PLAYBOY: How seriously are your knees injured?

NAMATH: Pretty seriously. I've had two operations on the right knee, one on the left, and I have more coming up. But I'm not looking for any sympathy. I think that for a quarterback, I still have good mobility. I can drop back to throw a pass faster and deeper than most quarterbacks. But during a season, my knees hurt my effectiveness, because after a game, they swell up and get sore for a few days and I can't practice very much during the week. Practicing just puts too much pressure and strain on the knees. During a game, it's all pain; but except for running laterally, my movements aren't affected all that much, and that's the important thing. Of course, I have a definite weakness: If I were to get hit with a direct shot to the knee, then I would be out of the game for good. But anyone, even with good knees, can be in trouble if he gets hit that way.

PLAYBOY: Do your knees give you trouble off the field as well?

NAMATH: They sure do. Going up and down stairs is a problem for me, once the season is under way, and even walking bothers me. But it's something you just accept; shit, that's the way it is. You're lucky if you have legs at all, and if they hurt, they hurt. I know that by the time I'm 50, I'm really going to have problems walking; but there isn't anything I can do about it, so there's no sense in tying up my mind with shit like that.

PLAYBOY: How do you relieve the pain?

NAMATH: Fluid is always collecting on my knees, so when they hurt too much or the flexion is decreased, I get the fluid drained. Before a game, I usually get shots of cortisone and butazolidin, and afterward, I'll have a few stiff drinks; alcohol helps as a painkiller.

PLAYBOY: Do a lot of pros go through the same physical pain you do?

NAMATH: You just don't play football today without being injured. I know very few players who are really healthy, especially during the season. Many, many guys play even though they're hurt; and after the game, they hurt all the more. Lots of us couldn't play at all without various medications; I know I couldn't play at times without the shots.

PLAYBOY: Did you undergo the same kind of physical punishment in college?

NAMATH: No, because in college, you play about half as many games, if you count pro exhibition games, and you're younger and better able to recuperate from getting hit. And the guys who are hitting you aren't 275-pound linemen. Learning to put up with pain is part of becoming a pro; and if you don't have terribly serious injuries, it's a very easy part, compared with what you have to learn—and learn quickly—in order to stick with a pro team.

PLAYBOY: Is professional football really that difficult for a collegiate All-American to master?

NAMATH: It's difficult because in college, you can be the best ballplayer in the country; but when you come out, you're playing against professional guys with a hell of a lot more experience. And they're not going to make the errors you're going to make; they've been there that many times more. Also, pro defenses are so much more sophisticated, just as offenses are, than in the college game. For instance, a pro lineman today doesn't merely hit his man; he has to hit and move his opponent almost to the exact spot the coach points to. The precision

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involved in pro ball—where you have to be of All-American caliber just to sit on the bench—makes it much tougher than the college game.

PLAYBOY: What was the toughest part of breaking into the pros for you?

NAMATH: Learning how to read the other team's defenses and calling the proper audible—changing the play at the line of scrimmage. In college, we never ran any real audibles; me and two other guys on the team would exchange signals if the play was being changed, because coach Bryant felt that real audibles would provide too much chance for error on a college team—that one of the 11 guys on the field would miss the play or goof up.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any doubts when you joined the Jets that you'd become a good pro quarterback?

NAMATH: I guess so. At first, it didn't seem too hard, especially at the beginning of my rookie season: I wasn't starting and I wasn't playing. But when I finally did start playing—damn, it was really a tough job to figure out.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

NAMATH: In *every* way. I remember playing against Kansas City and having one strong impression—of bodies movin' all *over* the place. But the only way a quarterback learns is by playing. He can look at all the films he wants to off the field, and he can practice all day long out there on the field, but the only time he's going to be tested is when he gets into that live battle. When those guys are coming at you, they're going to do a *job* on you—if they get to you. And the other guys are playing a defense you're not familiar with. You can watch them all you want on film, but you still have to be out there to get the experience that counts.

PLAYBOY: What was the first time you proved to yourself that you could really make it in the pro ranks?

NAMATH: In my rookie year, we were playing against the Boston Patriots in a close game. Boston was using a stunt defense; a lot of the time, their linebackers and some of their linemen would shift around, making it necessary to change most of the plays at the line of scrimmage. They were only three points behind the Jets, with eight minutes and 40 seconds left; but we started an offensive drive and wound up holding the ball for that long—and scoring a touchdown to clinch the game. Well, when we controlled the ball against the Patriots that long, I was very pleased; the play calling, which had to do with figuring out their defenses and reacting to them on the spot, was good. After that game, I felt I was a real pro quarterback.

PLAYBOY: How long does it usually take a college star to become a good pro quarterback?

NAMATH: Well, I thought I was good in my first year, but I wasn't what you could call topflight, because I was only a damn rookie; I just didn't have the experience. Daryle Lamonica of the Oakland Raiders said a while back that it takes a good college quarterback five years to become good in the pros, but that's a bunch of shit. I was a good quarterback in my third year.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think is the best quarterback currently playing?

NAMATH: Naturally, I think I am. I could say someone else, to be polite, but no one else is better than me. You have to take into consideration, though, that I also feel every player should think he's the best man at his position.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you're pro football's number-one quarterback?

NAMATH: A lot of things go into being a quarterback. The most important: You have to be able to throw. I think I can throw better than anybody else. After a couple of other abilities—like calling the right plays and reading defenses—the next most important asset of a quarterback is his attitude, and I think I have the right attitude and the right temperament.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

NAMATH: Knowing that you're going to win and getting it across to the rest of the players. When I say something about winning, I think the team is going to believe me—they do now, anyway. And that attitude spreads. When a guy like Winston Hill tells me he can block his man, I know he can block him; he won't tell me he can do something he can't. When a guy like Don Maynard tells me he can get open on a pass play, he can. And does. Pretty soon, nobody says they can do something just because of anxiety. That's a big part of a winning attitude.

PLAYBOY: Are there any outstanding football players who don't have this attitude?

NAMATH: If there are, I don't know them. Hell, I think how much you want to win has practically as much to do with playing as ability does. As long as you're in good physical condition, attitude is just about the biggest part of your game. Sometimes, people wonder why an underdog occasionally beats a heavily favored team, the way Denver and Buffalo beat us last year. Well, they had more desire to win than we did. The Jets went into those games half-assed and lackadaisical, and Denver and Buffalo didn't. They jumped on us with both feet; and in pro football, when you give *any* club a head start on you, they're hard to catch up to. So when your team is a 20-point favorite, you've got to watch out for a letdown.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever find yourself having to manufacture that all-out will to win in such a situation?

NAMATH: Yes, because sometimes, when you play a really weak team, you can't help playing a sloppy game. But in that situation, you tend to wake up as soon as you look at the scoreboard and see it's not the way it should be. The Buffalo and Denver games I mentioned were about the only two games I remember not being mentally ready for, and by that I mean not having the top anxiety and top enthusiasm about playing the game.

PLAYBOY: Is there an aspect to quarterbacking that you find you have to work on especially hard?

NAMATH: No, not anymore. I work on everything fairly hard, but there's not one phase of the game I think I have to stress over other things. I practice throwing every day, reading defenses, ball handling and footwork. I have no problem dropping back various ways, backpedaling, turning and going back.

PLAYBOY: Even though you've already quarterbacked a championship team, do you think you've yet to hit your peak as a pro?

NAMATH: I really don't know, because I'm a guy who believes young people are better. I'm 26 now; by the time I'm 27, I don't think I'll have the quickness that I have now. I don't know if, by the end of this season, I'll be as good as I was last year, because I don't know how my legs are going to hold up. The one phase of quarterbacking that I know I've improved on, though, is play calling. In fact, last year I began approaching the game differently.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

NAMATH: I suppose I began to get more conservative. In our loss to Buffalo last year, I did a very dumb thing: There was no reason for the Jets to be going out there and trying to score like crazy. Instead of passing as much as I did, we could have gone out there and run three plays and punted to Buffalo and let *them* make the mistakes, because they didn't have a quarterback; the starter and the back-up passer had both been injured. They had no offense at all, so we should have let them commit the errors. But I kept getting us in trouble by having passes intercepted, and we kept getting out, and we finally ended up blowing the game, 37 to 35. After that, I got conservative to a certain extent: I knew our defense could hold the other team and that we could wait for their mistakes. You've got to do whatever it takes to win and after those two bad games, we did.

PLAYBOY: You went from 28 intercepted passes in 1967 to 17 in 1968. How did you manage that?

NAMATH: There are always reasons for interceptions. Out of the 17 last year, 10 came in two games. Some of them were just downright good defensive plays, some of them were downright stupid plays on my part and some of them were breaks of the game—a ball bounces up off a guy's hands and into an opponent's. Again, I think knowing that our defense was so tough stopped me from worrying about scoring early and often in a game. So if my first receiver was covered and if

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my second also hadn't gotten free, instead of going to the third or fourth and taking a big chance on having the pass intercepted, I'd just throw it away or keep it. A couple of years ago, I read that Johnny Unitas once said, "When you know what you're doing, you don't get intercepted." That year, he just about led the league in interceptions. I remember thinking that was a pretty stupid thing for him to say.

PLAYBOY: There's been a great deal written about your "quick release"—your ability to get rid of a pass quickly. Do you think it's a vital asset?

NAMATH: No question about it. The quicker you can get rid of the ball, the fewer times you're going to get caught with it—and the faster the ball gets to the receiver. I'd say I save at least two tenths of a second, and probably even more than that, on a pass play. That's worth a lot, when you consider that on a pass play, the quarterback would like to have four seconds from the time the ball is snapped until he throws it. You'd *like* to have four seconds, but you don't always get it. Pro football is a lot more complicated than most people think: In those few seconds, you have to pick from among four or five receivers, locating them and judging instantly how well they're covered.

PLAYBOY: At the same time, 280-pound defensive linemen are trying to get to you before you pass the ball. When your receivers aren't free for a pass and opponents are about to tackle you, how do you brace yourself?

NAMATH: I don't. You know you're going to get hit, but you can't do anything differently, because then you'll just screw up. By that I mean that you'll rush a pass, and that's usually when you get intercepted. So you have to ignore the guys coming in and if you get hit, well, you get back up again.

PLAYBOY: When was the hardest you ever got hit on a football field?

NAMATH: Well, I hate to give the bastards credit for anything, but when I was in college, Georgia Tech really creamed me in a game. I didn't know one of their guys was coming at me and he just about crunched every bone in my body; I mean, he really knocked the hell out of me. I was almost completely out.

PLAYBOY: How hard did Ben Davidson of the Oakland Raiders hit you when he broke your cheekbone?

NAMATH: Hard enough to break it but not hard enough to put me out of the game. The thing about getting hit—even like that—is that it doesn't bother you while you're still on the field. While you're moving around, the adrenaline is pumping. But it really gets bad after you cool off; that's when you feel the aches and pains and discover all the bruises. I don't think the game is too physically demanding, but it's really something else to see such big guys in such great shape coming at you. A lot of pro linemen are six-six and six-seven, run just as fast as the little guys, are very, very agile, weigh close to 300 pounds—and can really slam you.

PLAYBOY: As a key to the Jet offense, do you ever feel that opposing linemen would like to sideline you with an injury rather than simply tackle you before you get rid of the ball?

NAMATH: Of course. We want to get their quarterbacks out of action, too. You get the quarterback out and you got a good shot at winning the game.

PLAYBOY: How cleanly is this done?

NAMATH: Well, I know *our* guys don't do anything dirty—but they do try to kill the other quarterback. When there's an interception, for instance, our guys are still supposed to find the passer and hit him hard.

PLAYBOY: What do you do when *you* throw an interception?

NAMATH: Backtrack; I look around pretty good. But everybody knows the other guy is making a living and that if you play dirty, you get paid back—and so will your quarterback. Because the other team can hit just as hard and play it any way you want to play it. So if a guy starts taking cheap shots at someone, the other team is going to look him up in a hurry. That doesn't happen very often; it's about the ugliest part of the sport.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider—for you—the best part of the game?

NAMATH: Winning; that's the best thing about it. After that, it's feeling I'm the best of anybody at my job, and that's the most satisfying thought I have about football. And then putting it all together and being on the best team and becoming world champions. That's what you have to strive for: to be the best.

PLAYBOY: To the amazement of most football experts around the nation, the Jets proved they were just that by beating the Baltimore Colts in the 1969 Superbowl. When did you first think your team could win the championship?

NAMATH: Well, certainly not in training camp; it's a long season, and the thing we were really trying to do was to win our division; and then, if we won the A. F. L. championship, great, we'd be in the Superbowl. But it was a long road to get there. I think it started happening right after we beat San Diego, in the 11th game of the season. The week before, we had lost to Oakland when they scored two touchdowns in the last nine seconds; but we recovered from that and beat San Diego pretty good. That's when I knew we had a good football team; I guess that's when we started thinking about going to the Superbowl.

PLAYBOY: In the two Superbowls prior to this year's, the Green Bay Packers twice soundly defeated A. F. L. championship teams. Most people felt those victories were indicative of N. F. L. supremacy. Did you?

NAMATH: No, I thought that was a stupid way to think. Hell, the Packers beat just about everybody they played that bad. I know they had a couple of tough games with the Dallas Cowboys, but they always beat them. All I thought about the two Packer Superbowl victories was that Green Bay was just better than any other team in pro football—something they had shown all year long. But that didn't say anything to me about the strength of the two leagues. The thing everybody kept conveniently forgetting was that the A. F. L. has been drafting its players from the same source as the N. F. L. and getting top talent for a lot of years. In pre-season games last year, A. F. L. teams kicked hell out of N. F. L. teams and nobody wanted to believe it. It was there in front of them all the time. It kind of bothered me that not only were the teams in the A. F. L. downgraded but so were the players.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you have in mind?

NAMATH: I have A. F. L. quarterbacks in mind. Look, before the Superbowl, a lot of people thought I was bum-rapping Earl Morrall of the Baltimore Colts when I said there were four guys in the A. F. L. who were better than he is. Well, I wasn't putting him down. But when you talk about quarterbacks, you've got to put John Hadl of San Diego, Bob Griese of Miami, Daryle Lamonica and myself right up there. Sure, you can't take anything away from N. F. L. quarterbacks like Sonny Jurgensen and Roman Gabriel and Bart Starr and Johnny Unitas. But the point is that no one wanted to recognize that the A. F. L. has more than its share of topflight quarterbacks. A lot of people still don't want to, but because we won the Superbowl last season, they *have* to.

PLAYBOY: In Miami, just a few days before the Superbowl, you bragged, "The Jets will win Sunday. I guarantee it." Certainly, the Colts had to be among the strongest teams you faced all year; were you really that confident, or was that remark intended to boost your teammates' morale?

NAMATH: Well, it may have had that effect on some people, but a whole lot of Jets were almost as sure as I was that we were going to beat the Colts. You know, there were a lot of writers coming around and advising me not to say anything, because the Colts were going to read what I'd said and really get up for the game. Well, I knew—and I'm sure they did, too—that if they needed something like that to get them fired up for a ball game, then they were in big trouble. In a championship game, you don't need to build up incentive to want to win: The championship is enough. We had a lot of faith in ourselves, and if I seemed to have more faith than anybody else on the team, it was because of what I saw in the films of Colt games—and what I

You've got to be an old friend
to be welcome everywhere.

Everyone welcomes Johnnie Walker
That's why it's the largest selling
scotch whisky in the world.

a short story by Ray Bradbury

The Hour Of Ghosts

It was the finest hour.

It was the most delicious hour in the day.

It was the Hour of Ghosts.

In Timothy's room, an extraordinary mist spun round, took shape.

In Ralph's room, a second phantom of incredible size and mysterious mien reared up.

In Alice's hideaway, across the hall, a third and mournful stranger wove itself from shuttling light, air, and pollens of dust.

In the parlor, below, Father enjoyed *his* Visitation.

And Mother? She moved and worked in the kitchen while the Brewing Witch leaned near upon the warm bake-oven air, pointing to spices, riffling cookbooks, advising mixtures.

You would have had to thrust out your hand to find which was real. Your fingers would have gone right through the Wise Old Thing. Your fingers would have stopped on summer flesh: the Lady of this house.

"Gosh, this is great!" cried Timothy.

"You can walk all the way round them!" said Ralph.

And this was true.

And they circled all around their Ghosts, the private electronic miracles beamed into their rooms.

"They're *real!*"

"And yet not *quite* . . ."

"Say it all again," said Alice to the bright air.

"Yes," said the boys. "Speak!"

And in Timothy's room, Marley's Ghost shook his money-box chains, grieved for his lost soul, and fixed the boy with a pale oyster eye:

"O woe is me! I wear the chains I forged in life! . . . No rest. No peace! Beware, Ebenezer Scrooge!"

While by Ralph's bed, the spectre of Blind Pew clutched a bit of paper with a dark circle inked thereon and cried:

"The Black Spot! I'm doomed!"

And sank in a half-swoon as, from the shadowed corners of the room, came the bang, step, bang, the tread of a one-legged man striding a dark road by some far-off sea.

Alice was in raptures.

Her Ghost, a young woman, hair blowing in the wind, tapped at a snow-blind window and called a wild man's name:

"Heathcliff!"

And swiftly, in the midst of the air, a door swung wide on the winter's night. A man, answering, plunged out and vanished away from Wuthering Heights, lost in blizzards of white that fell to touch the bedroom floor and melt without trace.

©Ray Bradbury, 1969

"Holograms," whispered Timothy. "Telecommunications. All done with laser light and extra special machines. . ."

"Don't!" said Ralph, younger but wiser. "I mustn't know that. I just want to *see!* Ghosts are the greatest things ever. After Blind Pew I got King Tut and the Phantom Rickshaw and—heck! why not *now!?*"

He stabbed a button. The laser light rewove its tapestry. Blind Pew unraveled and fled, pursued by a one-legged tattoo.

Out of moorland fogs, in a crack of lightning and a drizzle of rain, a Hound with fiery eyes rose up and bayed.

"Good old Hound," said Ralph. "Good old Baskervilles!"

In the parlor, the ghost of Hamlet's father mourned:

"List. O List! Hamlet . . . remember *me!*"

"One cup of cooking sherry," said the Cooking Ghost, the computerized memory of how to work well between oven and table. "Two . . ."

"Much obliged," said Mother, and touched a switch.

The Kitchen Ghost, obedient to lightning, vanished.

"Dinner!" called Mother, in the hall.

"You," said Timothy-like-Scrooge, "are nothing but a blot of mustard, a fragment of under-done potato . . ."

At which old Marley collapsed upon his bones with a final despairing cry, and was no more.

"Come back at eight!" said Ralph.

And the Hound hid deep in the moorlands grass of the carpet.

"Oh, such lovely Ghosts." Alice wept as the figures of Heathcliff and his love ran away through the walls.

At Elsinore, dawn lit the parlor airs. Hamlet's Father withdrew. And the father of *this* house stood up and went to dinner.

As did all the real children, drawn by a real mother with real food.

The hour of Ghosts was done.

The dusk of laser Visitations was through.

But night lay fresh ahead. And waiting in their rooms, after homework, after studies, other spectres stood alert. The Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, Future abided in the walls. The Phantom Signalman beckoned his spirit lantern at the top of the stairs. The house was indeed Haunted. . . .

"I've taken the liberty," said Father, "of inviting Plato and Aristotle to dinner . . ."

"They talk too much!" said Ralph.

But suddenly, the two old men were there, gently, at their elbows.

"How goes the Republic?" asked Tim.

"Well . . ." And Plato told him, sweetly, fine, and true.

And even Ralph was astounded after awhile and sat up, blinked, and said, "That *last*. Tell it again."

And Plato told.

And it was *almost* as good as Blind Pew and the whine and bark of the far Hound on the moors . . . .

• • •

Are these the Ghosts of Christmas Future?

Yes.

Not so far off across the sill of Tomorrow, three-dimensional holograms will 'visit' your house.

These friendly Phantoms, invited in through your telecommunications system, will delight, edify, and educate. Or, if Mum's the Word, be still, as you wish.

These are such stuffs as dreams are made of.

Built upon the very fabric of light and air in any room. View them from north-south-east-west. Walk around them. They'll have as many sides as you have angles.

Watch for these friendly spirits.

Ray Bradbury

In the science fiction of today lie bits and pieces of tomorrow's reality. A reality that all of us in the Bell System are planning for today. AT&T

knew I could do to them if I was on my game.

PLAYBOY: What was it you saw?

NAMATH: That they used a lot of various safety blitzes. I was absolutely confident that if they tried that stuff against us—and they had to, because it was their game—we could move the ball on them, score on them. First of all, we have excellent blocking in the backfield along with the line; our line is one of the very best in pro football. George Sauer and Don Maynard and Pete Lammons and I, along with the backs, read defenses very well; so I felt that as soon as any of our guys detected a weakness, we would move with it. It was obvious to us early in the game that the Colts had to use double coverage on Don Maynard to protect against the long pass. Don had had a pulled muscle, and if I'd known it was still sore, I don't think I would have overthrown him when he shook free and was all alone for a touchdown. This left single coverage on George Sauer, and he's too good to be guarded by one man; George probably runs the best pass patterns in football today. Anyway, we knew before the game that we would figure out their weaknesses. We knew that guys like Winston Hill and Bob Talamini—I was sorry to see him retire this year—could be depended on to block their men. I was sure Matt Snell was going to have a fine game, and it didn't come as a surprise to me when he had a *great* game. So we thought we could pass on them, we thought we could run on them, but we didn't know what we'd be able to do best until the game actually started. The one thing we knew, though, was that we could get some points up on the board, enough points to win. Actually, I think we could have gotten more points. I threw only 28 passes against the Colts all day; hell, I've thrown more than that in a quarter. But I wasn't about to take any chances. We played to win—and we did. And by winning, we showed that the A. F. L. doesn't have to take a back seat to the N. F. L. and that we were and are the best team in pro football.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Jets can do it again?

NAMATH: If everybody stays healthy, I *know* we can do it again. When you've won a championship, you have a lot of confidence going for you. You know you did it, did it as a heavy underdog and under pressure that was supposedly only on us, not on the Colts. This year, I think we should make fewer mistakes and so be that much better. The one thing that could stop us is this new damn A. F. L. two-game play-off for the championship. If we finish first or second in our division, which we'll do, we'll still have to play two tough games back to back before we qualify for the Superbowl. At the end of a season, a lot of guys are worn down physically; I know it's true for the other teams as well, but it still means that we won't be at the top of our game.

PLAYBOY: There are many fans and sportswriters who think that the Jets' Superbowl victory was a fluke. How do you feel about it?

NAMATH: People can tell us we had a lucky year, but athletes know better. They can say our victory was a fluke, but the fact is that we did it. They can talk about Baltimore coming back and getting revenge by beating us in 1970. Well, they might come back and they might beat us, but last season's Superbowl is going to be something they'll remember for the rest of their lives; they know they can't take that away from us. January 12, 1969, belonged to the Jets and Baltimore can't ever get even for it. They lost it; they got beat.

PLAYBOY: How many more seasons do you think you'll be able to play?

NAMATH: I honestly don't know. Sometimes, I think not more than another year, which is why I'm investing my money in different things and looking out for what's ahead.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of money, how much do you earn a year, all told?

NAMATH: Again, I honestly don't know. Conservatively, about $200,000 in ordinary income—salary and different phases of contracts. That's just a base; I also have a few percentage things going. The nice thing about having this kind of bread is that when I'm through with football—something I don't usually think about—I can take my time getting into something new.

PLAYBOY: Last summer, you appeared in *Norwood*, a film starring Glen Campbell. Are you planning to do what former Cleveland fullback Jim Brown has done—pursue an acting career after retirement?

NAMATH: I don't have any strong ambitions about it at this stage, because I don't know enough about acting yet. I don't know whether or not I really like it and what kind of talent I have. But until I make up my mind either way, I'm going to ride with it. Now, I know damned well that right now I'm no actor; I never even acted in grade school or high school. But a lot of people have been talking to me about more films, and there's a gas of a comedy that I've agreed to play the lead in, called *The Sidelong Glances of a Pigeon Kicker*.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of your acting in *Norwood*?

NAMATH: I saw rushes last summer, when I was in California for the film. I liked the way I photographed, but I felt like a fool watching myself talk. It didn't seem very natural to me. It's hard to know if I was good or lousy in the movie, because I'm not sure that the movie people I've talked to aren't saying nice things just to make me feel good. About the straightest thing I can go on is that they want me to do some more; if they're willing to bank money on me, it indicates that they're happy.

PLAYBOY: Is there any aspect of acting that you dislike?

NAMATH: Yes, the schedule: I don't like the idea of getting up at five or six in the morning and going out for a long day's work—which, in movies, means sitting around most of the time.

PLAYBOY: Did that timetable cut into your night-owl rounds during the filming of *Norwood*?

NAMATH: Absolutely not. I wouldn't let it. I'd hate to think about a future in which my work would cancel out seeing women.

PLAYBOY: Would you also hate to think about a future that might include marriage?

NAMATH: Not at all. I've been going out with a girl named Suzie Storm for a few years and I feel that someday I'm going to marry her. But I'm not ready to get married yet; I don't think I could be faithful. It's very idealistic and seldom true, but when you're married, I think you're supposed to be married and that's it—no clowning around. Now, I'm not saying that when I get married I'm going to be that way; but I'm going to try my best not to clown around, because, believe it or not, I really don't want to. If you're going to play those games, then you've got to expect your wife to do the same, and I don't think any man wants to put up with that. *I* sure don't. I'm not saying that when I get married, I won't ever see another girl for sexual reasons, but I'd try not to do that. And right now, I can't honestly say that I'm ready to be true to one girl. Suzie is very understanding about it. And I think that as far as the two of us are concerned, time is on her side.

PLAYBOY: And what do you see for yourself in time?

NAMATH: I've got a good thing going. I don't think I'll ever have to worry about being able to support a family. It's really nice having money, but only so that you don't have to think about it. I don't have any extravagant tastes; I don't have any expensive hobbies. I spend my dough on girls, clothes and good times, and I don't need more to enjoy myself. If I get hurt playing football tomorrow and I can't come back, it's good to feel that I won't have to change the way I live. I can look around until I find something to do with my life that turns me on. The bread and all the fame hasn't loused me up, and I don't think it ever will. I've always been my own man, always been *free*. I live my life according to one rule: As long as you don't hurt anybody and you don't hurt yourself, do what you want to do. That's just what I'm going to do.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

An outgoing guy whose flair for giving great gifts makes pretty faces light up all year round. And especially during the holidays. An expansive shopper, he's the first to go first class whenever he buys, for others or for himself. Facts: PLAYBOY leads all major media in percentage of men who are very heavy buyers of new products. PLAYBOY is also tops in men who are very heavy purchasers of premium-priced brands. Today's gift market? PLAYBOY wraps it up. (Source: *1968 BRI*)

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fiction By ELDRIDGE CLEAVER FROM EACH OBSTACLE encountered and conquered, Stacy sapped fresh strength with which to confront the next; and from that next conquest, his depleted drive was again restored and poised to meet the latest oncoming task. Life to him was an endless series of regularly spaced hurdles he had to leap over. This was the form of his imagination—not that he was in any big hurry to reach some particular goal in life. But life was motion and motion required a direction and Stacy was young and saw the years stretched out before him as he sprinted down the track of his days. He hated dead ends and stagnation and wanted always to see ahead ample room for maneuver. He thought of himself as having no fear, as a strong, rough cat who would become even more so, because in the world he knew, strength seemed to have the edge.

He was lord of his gang and his word was law. He was light and quick on his feet, and a fierce, turbulent spirit drove him on, like a dynamo imprisoned in the blood, flesh and bone of his body. He set the pace. It was not that his gang did only the things Stacy did best but that everything they did he seemed to do better. The others deferred to him as though he were a prince among them, with mysterious powers of a higher caliber than theirs, as if somehow he was born with a built-in gun and they with built-in knives. They did not question or resent this. To them, it was life, nature. They were glad to have Stacy as one of their own and they followed his lead.

Stacy was conscious of the role he played, but he did not prance before the grandstands. It could be said that he was humble in his way and bowed low before the others even as he bullied them about, because there was always absent from this bullying that ultimate hostility of which they all knew he was so capable when up against cats from other neighborhoods. Among them, there was knowledge of each other, the thick glue of the brotherhood of youth, of their separate selves bound into one. If Stacy made a decision, it was only the summation of their interests as a whole, because as far as they wanted anything, they all wanted the same things. He was the repository of their youthful collective sovereignty. Perhaps, then, it is incorrect to say that Stacy's word was law. Their law was that of a roving band owing allegiance to itself alone. Stacy occupied his peculiar place among them precisely because he knew the restraints and sanctions implicit in the mechanics and spirit of a functioning gang. Had he been less skillful in his choices, less willing to risk all on the curve of his instincts, it would have been their loss as much as his. Together they formed a unit, clinging to one another for support. What he had he gave to them and the others did the same. There was nothing premeditated about it. It just happened that Stacy had the power of the endearing smile, the rebuking frown, the assenting nod, the admonitory shake of the head.

• • •

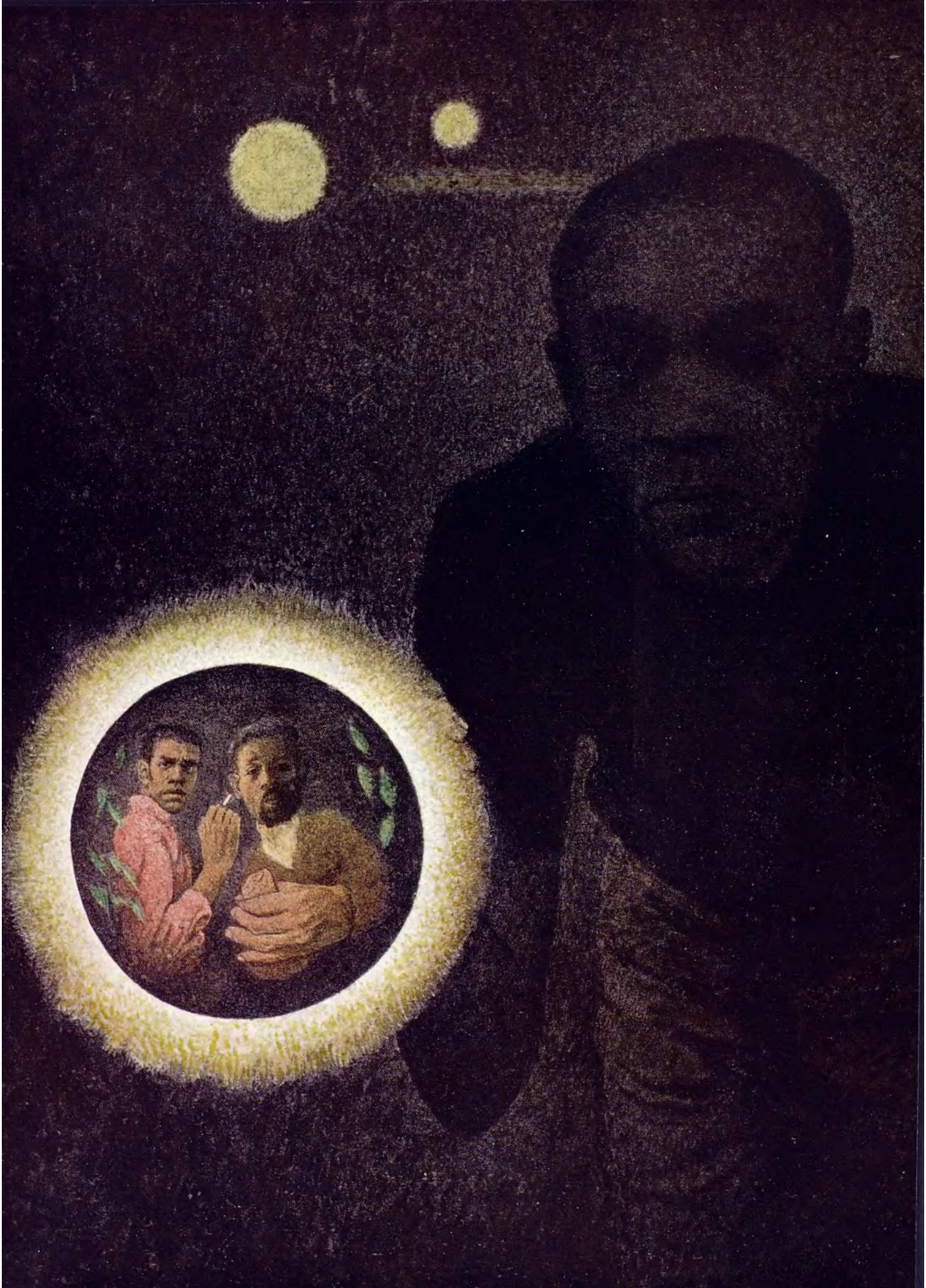
Of late, however, Stacy was growing friendlily disgusted with the others, primarily because they seemed content to continue in the same rut. He was beginning to feel miserably trapped

THE FLASHLIGHT

it was both his prized possession and something that possessed him—a metallic tube that held the mysteries of his future

and hemmed in by the thick futility of the very things he had loved and pursued with satisfaction and a sense of fulfillment. Only a few weeks ago, he could still draw delight and deep contentment from the raids they threw on El Serrano, from kicking in a window and ransacking a store, from stripping the hubcaps, wheels and accessories from cars, from stealing the clothing from clotheslines or from breaking into a restaurant or café after it had closed and eating up as much food as they could hold in their guts and taking away with them all they could carry. These things no longer filled him with a warm glow after they were all over; rather, he would feel dejected and somehow disappointed in himself and the others, as if it all had been a big waste of time. When he went on a raid now, it was only because he knew the others depended upon him and that they would be angry and confused if he refused to go with them. Besides, he did not have anything else in mind to do, and he was not the type to enjoy doing nothing.

Stacy liked the money and the extra clothes that thievery brought him, but he was burned out on the ritual of these raids. As far back as he could remember, they had been a part of his



life, and he knew from neighborhood lore that the practice of the raids existed as a tradition in Crescent Heights long before he or the others came along. It seemed natural for the youth of Crescent Heights to steal whatever they could from the white people of El Serrano. At this time in Stacy's life, Crescent Heights was separated from El Serrano by two miles of unimproved vacant lots that ran up to the top of a hill, so that from Crescent Heights, El Serrano could not even be seen. The long slope of the hill was a wall between the Negroes and Mexicans who lived in Crescent Heights and the whites of El Serrano.

On a clear night, the lights of El Serrano could be seen against the sky from Crescent Heights; but from El Serrano, the sky over Crescent Heights looked black and unbroken, even by the moon and stars. Stacy was fascinated by this contrast. Many times, either when setting out on a raid or on his way back, Stacy would pause at the top of the hill and brood over it. The darkness in which Crescent Heights was wrapped seemed familiar and safe to him, warm and protecting, while the lights of El Serrano held both a fascination and a terror for him. He was principally aware of the lights because they were central to the ritual of the raids. It was a maxim to his gang that "where there is light there is wealth." They often repeated this to each other when searching through El Serrano for things to steal.

Each neighborhood had its own school. The police station and fire department servicing both areas were located in El Serrano. El Serrano was a thriving community with a frisky business section, while Crescent Heights was a residential slum devoid of any business except for a few corner grocery stores, liquor stores, gas stations and beer joints.

The only swimming pool and motion-picture theater in the region were in El Serrano, and during the summer, the kids from Crescent Heights hiked over the steep hill, paid their money and went in for a swim. On Saturday and Sunday, they'd go to the movies and, on their way home, fan out through El Serrano, looking for loot. By bedtime, the wealth of Crescent Heights was certain to have increased in proportion to a corresponding decrease in that of El Serrano's. Stacy's gang not only picked up things on the way back from the swimming pool or movies but two or three times each week, they'd wait for nightfall and then trek over the hill to throw a raid.

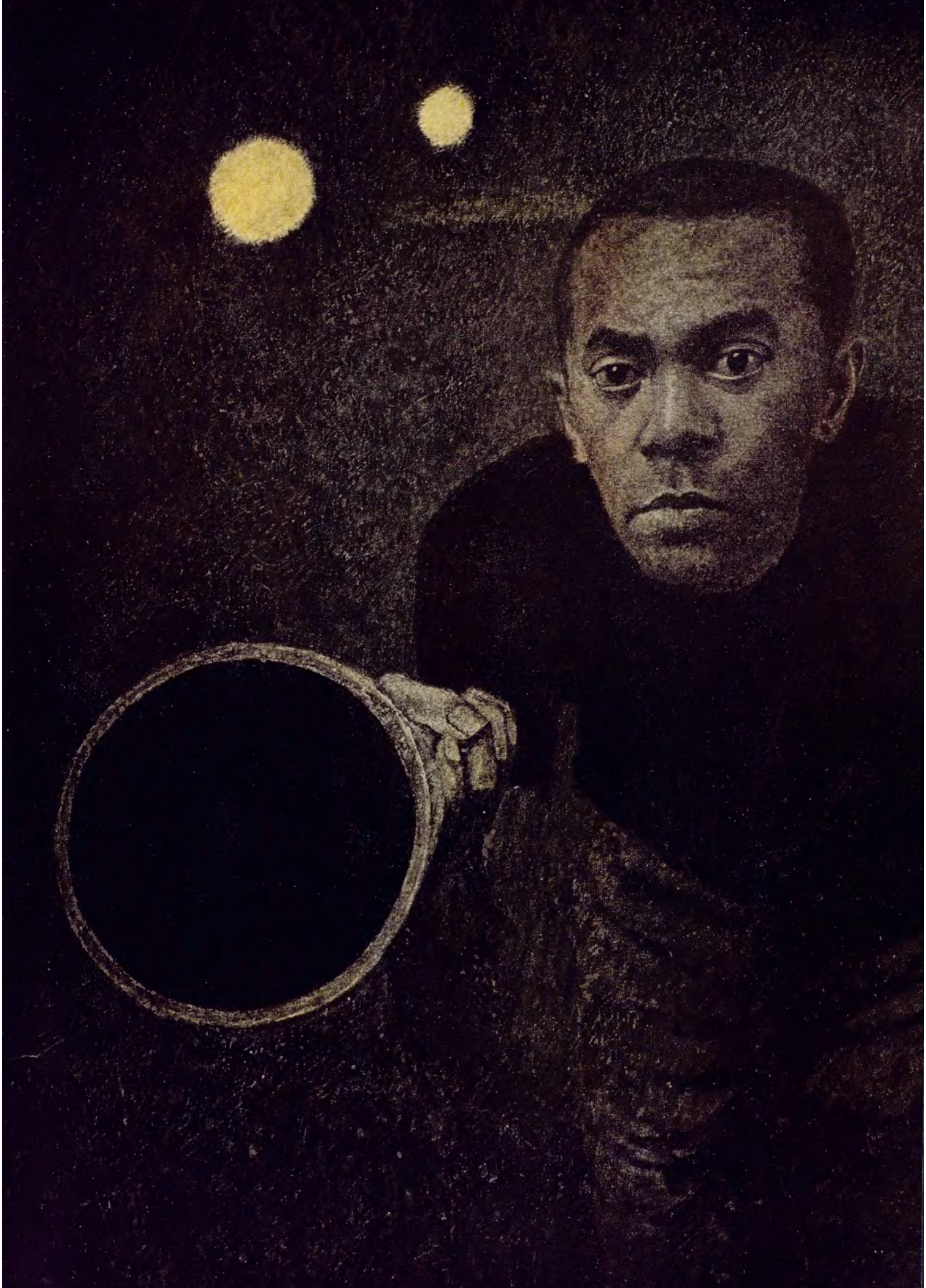
All this seemed so futile to Stacy now. He could feel that a change had to be made—just what, he could not tell. But he knew that something would happen and a way would open up for him. In the meantime, he continued to lead the raids and, although he would be just as systematic and cautious as ever, it was no longer a pleasure. It was a task.

• • •

Stacy loved Crescent Heights. He did not feel comfortable or secure anywhere else. When he ventured out of the neighborhood, on infrequent trips downtown or to the East Side or to Watts, he was always relieved when the trip was over and he was back among the familiar sights and sounds of Crescent Heights. Even school was still far enough away from his part of Crescent Heights that he felt alien and uncomfortable until he was away from the school and back on his own stamping grounds. He hated the teachers at Crescent Heights School for their way of talking down to the Negro and Mexican students and the superior attitude he saw reflected in them. He hated most of all the discipline they imposed upon him, the authority they tried to assert over him, to which they wanted him willingly to submit but which he resisted and rebelled against. The school seemed to him more like a prison than a school, the teachers seemed more like custodial guards than instructors and the atmosphere seemed more like that of a battlefield than of a place of learning. Stacy never got into fights with the teachers, as some of the others did, but he let it be known that if any of the teachers ever hit him—if the boys' vice-principal, for example, ever took him into his office and tried to force him to bend over and look at the rainbow colors drawn on the lower part of the wall, while the v.p. swatted him on his ass with his huge perforated paddle, as he did some of the others—there would be blood. Understanding this, the teachers would turn their heads from certain infractions when committed by Stacy, while they would pounce on other students for precisely the same transgressions. Sometimes, in the dreams of his heart, Stacy longed for one of the teachers to lay a hand on him, so that he could work him over. In his mind, he saw himself grabbing a teacher and beating him down to a bloody pulp. The teachers, sensing something of this desire in him, left him alone.

Stacy loved the freedom he found in Crescent Heights. He felt he was losing it each time he set foot on the school grounds. It was not that he found the schoolwork difficult—he found it easy and was quick to catch on—but the whole situation repelled him. He felt that books and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARVIN HAYES



the knowledge in them were part of a world that was against him, a world to which he did not belong and which he did not want to enter, the world of which the hateful teachers were representatives and symbols. After school each day, it took several blocks of walking before he was free of its field of force. Then he blossomed, felt himself. His pace quickened and became his own again.

Stacy's loyalty went to Crescent Heights. To him, his neighborhood was the center of the world. Isolated somewhat from the rest of Los Angeles, in the way that each part of that scattered metropolis is isolated from every other, Crescent Heights was a refuge. If Stacy had been captured by beings from another planet, who cast him into a prison filled with inhabitants from all the planets, and if he were asked by the others where he lived, he would have said:

"I'm Stacy Mims from Crescent Heights."

"Crescent Heights?" they would ask, puzzled.

"Oh," Stacy would remember, "Crescent Heights is the name of my neighborhood. I'm from Planet Earth. Crescent Heights is on Earth. It's in the United States of America, in the state of California."

• • •

The nucleus of the neighborhood was the Crescent Heights housing project, a low-rent complex of 100 units, laid out in long rows. They looked like two-story elongated boxcars painted a pale yellow or a weak pink, the colors alternating row by row. At the center of the project was the administration building and in back of it was a large playground. Behind the playground was a huge incinerator with a chimney that towered high above the buildings of Crescent Heights. Tenants from all over the project brought their trash to the incinerator to burn. The project sat down in sort of a valley formed by hills on three sides, with the fourth side wide open and leading down to Los Angeles. All traffic entered Crescent Heights through this side. As one traveled farther up into the valley, the streets ran out of pavement and asphalt and became dirt roads. The dirt roads turned into well-worn footpaths; the paths tapered into intermittent trails; the trails evaporated into the rolling hills, which the people of Crescent Heights regarded with a peculiar love. And while the county of Los Angeles had built the housing project with its drawn-to-scale playground laid out scientifically—basketball court here, volleyball court there, horseshoe pits here, swings there, slide over there, monkey bars and ladder here, tetherball there, hopscotch here—Stacy's playground and that of the members of his gang had always been the hills of Crescent Heights.

Scattered throughout the hills surrounding the project were the ramshackle houses of the old families, the houses Stacy and his gang grew up in. There was a subtle distinction between the old families, who lived in the hills, and the inhabitants of the project. It was not that the houses in the hills had been there long years before the project; there had been similar houses on the site where the project now stood. The owners of those houses had been evicted by the county and state authorities after a bitter fight, which was lost by the homeowners before it ever began. The memory of it was still fresh, and there was a lingering undercurrent of resentment at this encroachment. The project itself was a symbol of the forces that had gutted the old neighborhood against the will and desire of the people, breaking up lifelong friendships and alliances, demolishing the familiar environment and substituting a new one. Although this prejudice was not as strong as in former times, it lingered on in the lore of the people.

The major point of difference was that most of the inhabitants of the project were women with small children, women who had not grown up in Crescent Heights but who had come there from other areas of Los Angeles, whose ties were with friends and relations who were strangers to the people who had lived in Crescent Heights all their lives. The names of these women had popped up on the Housing Authority's long waiting list downtown and, eager to get the apartment for which they might have been waiting for a year or more, they accepted a vacancy in Crescent Heights, sight unseen. These were unwed mothers on state aid, divorcees, women who had been abandoned by their men and the waiting wives, living on allotment checks, of Servicemen stationed always somewhere far away. The turnover was rapid among residents of the project; someone always seemed to be moving in or out. But no one ever moved out of the surrounding hills. There, whole families lived. Most of them, like Stacy's family, owned the little plots of ground on which they lived.

• • •

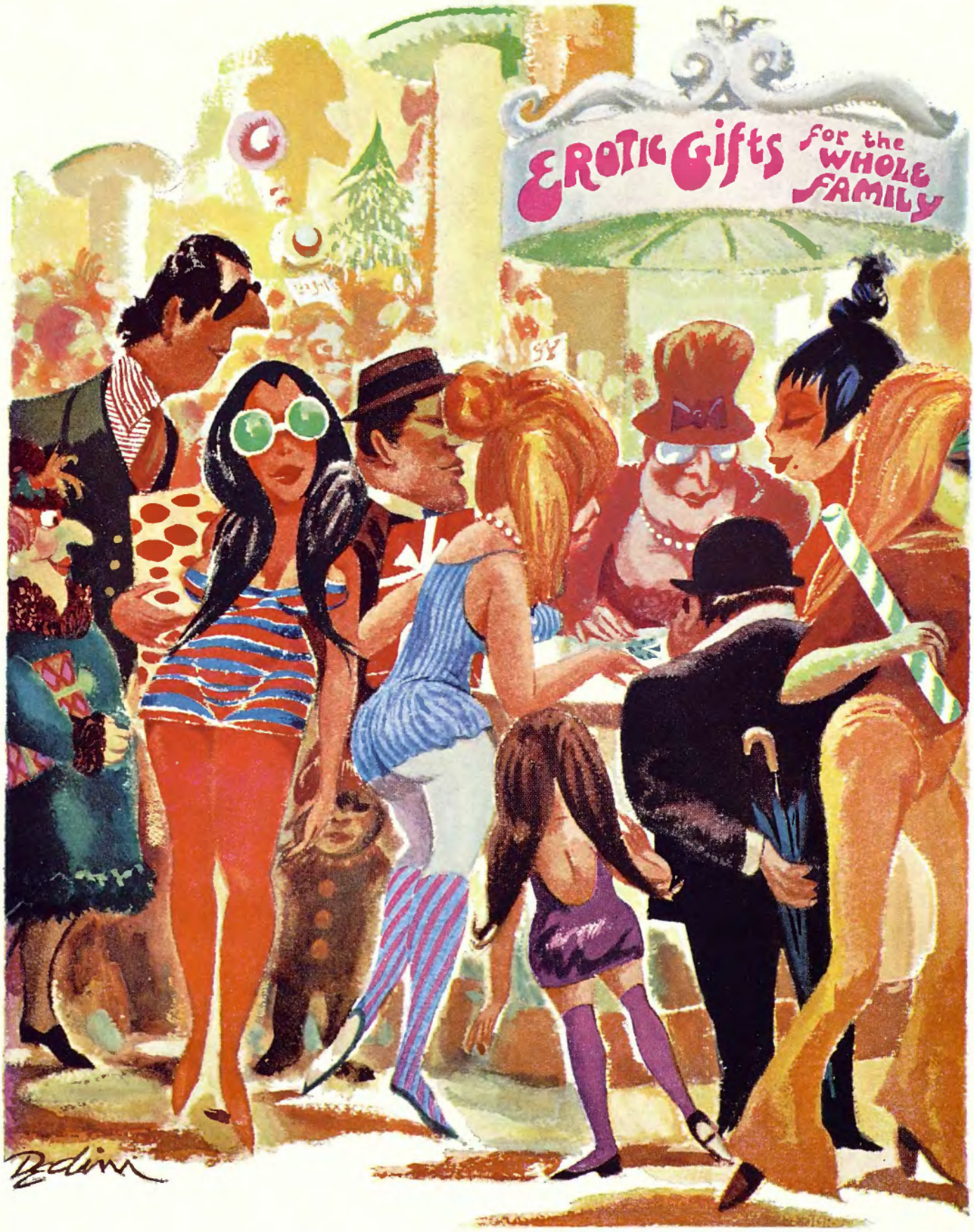
After school each day, and after they had eaten their evening meals and performed whatever chores they had to do, Stacy's gang used to meet at the playground in the project, pouring down from the hills, drawn there like moths to a light. On weekends and holidays, they usually hiked deep into the hills. They would take along their slingshots to shoot at the doves, pigeons and quail, which were plentiful in those hills. Sometimes they would return home in the evening with fowl for their mothers to cook. Or they would give the birds to women in the project, who always received them gladly, sometimes giving the boys some small change in return. In season, they would collect wild walnuts from the trees, and there were wild peaches, apricots, pears, figs, loquats and quince. Wild berries grew in patches here and there. Old Mexican men plowed sections of the hills and sowed them with corn, squash and sugar cane. There was always plenty for all who took the trouble to help themselves. Stacy and the others would sometimes harvest large quantities of this corn and sell it to the women of the project.

Those hills were the soul of Crescent Heights. Old-timers spun out legends concerning them. They told how somewhere in those hills was hidden an ancient Indian burial ground and that the graves were filled with priceless treasures. There was gold, intricately worked by artisans and set with splendid jewels, goblets encrusted with precious stones. The old-timers would talk and the youngsters would listen. A curse would fall on anyone who went looking for the treasures; to reach them, one had to disturb the sleep of the dead. It was said that many people had gone into those hills and were never seen or heard from again. Under this ominous cloud, Stacy and the others would test their courage by roaming deep into the hills, their eyes peeled for signs of an Indian grave, half expecting to be pounced upon by supernatural guardians of the dead, deliciously savoring the sweet taste of fear defied. With a gentle breeze waving the tall grass, they walked barefooted under the sun, drawing strength from each kiss of the soil on the soles of their feet.

Once in a while, shepherds from out of nowhere would appear, bringing huge herds of sheep to pasture and graze there for a few months. From his house, Stacy sometimes looked out to see the dark, undulating mass of shaggy creatures sweeping in a rolling wave across the hills, the bells tinkling round the necks of the leaders and the sheep dogs running back and forth, keeping the strays in line. The shepherds would be seen with long sticks, trudging along with their flocks. It always reminded Stacy of scenes from the Bible. Only the style of clothes had changed.

During summer, when the grass on the hills dried out, sometimes it would catch on fire, by the working of the sun through the prism of a broken wine bottle. Sometimes Stacy and the others grew impatient with the sun and would, out of sight of everyone, toss a match or two and wait for the fire trucks to come racing over from El Serrano. They would hear the sirens screaming in the distance, listening tensely as they came closer and closer, until finally the huge red engines would swing into sight and the firemen would go into action. With guilty knowledge or not, Stacy and the others would watch the firemen and sometimes would even help them. Sometimes, to avoid inconvenient surprises and possible disasters, the county would send out crews and deliberately set a fire and control

(continued on page 287)


EROTIC Gifts for the WHOLE FAMILY

ARTICLE BY ROBERT GRAVES

GENIUS

A POET-SCHOLAR'S THOUGHTS ON THE MOST RARE AND MYSTERIOUS OF HUMAN ENDOWMENTS, WHICH—BEYOND LOGIC AND INTELLECT, CRAFTSMANSHIP AND SKILL—CREATES MANKIND'S ENDURING MASTERPIECES

THIS IS an embarrassing subject. Genius is so irregular, disputed and uncontrolled a phenomenon that writing about it is like discussing unidentified flying objects. To have seen a UFO oneself does not make the task any easier, especially if it has landed in one's own garden and little green men with antennae have emerged. But at least geniuses silently recognize one another by the way they come into a room and sit down.

The word genius in its modern sense first appeared in 18th Century England. This was presently exported to Germany, there blown up romantically and reimported to England in the 19th Century. It implied an incommunicable power of inventive thought found among a few very unusual people who somehow did not depend on academic education for their discoveries or performances. Fielding first used the word so in his *Tom Jones* (1749): "By the wonderful force of genius only, without the least assistance of learning. . . ." Genius in this sense is now contrasted with mere talent, which means the intelligent exploitation of discoveries made by genius.

Not long ago, I overheard a group of American professors wondering about the small Greek state of Fifth Century B. C. Athens. It seemed impossible, they agreed, that an equal percentage of historically important figures could appear today in any part of the United States, despite the recent massive increase of educational facilities. But why? they wondered. One of them hopefully suggested that the title genius is too grudgingly awarded nowadays; so that most of the numerous first-class physicists working in the States, whose technical know-how would have staggered Pericles, Socrates, Plato, Alcibiades, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Anaxagoras, Zeno and all the other Athenian geniuses, are denied the title. But these professors seemed to me to be confusing historical importance with scientific talent, and scientific talent with the unfathomably original way of thought now associated with genius. For example, Franklin, Watt, Marconi and Edison were men of unusual scientific talent and attained considerable historical fame; whereas Clerk-Maxwell, Rowan Hamilton, Thompson (of the genes) and Rutherford, whose work displayed all the signs of genius, remain almost unknown to the general public. Periclean Athens, of course, fascinates modern Americans. Pericles first democratized Athens by breaking the power of the ancient religious aristocracy and glorified his own name by an expansion of the Athenian fleet and colonial empire; also by fostering art, industry and commerce.

Yet I associate genius with the Athens of Pericles largely in a negative sense. His mercilessly dictatorial government, however neatly disguised as democracy, implied the exploitation of a large, industrious slave class and the deliberate rejection of ancient religious myths that had thitherto guided the social conscience, in favor of an oversimplified political logic. He made Athens a loveless city of agnostics, famed for its prestige architecture, statuary and philosophy and sadly lacking in political honor.

Plato, who was born two years before Pericles' death, proved himself a notorious enemy of genius by barring poets from his ideal republic: I suppose because poetry at its most intense and memorable transcends logical argument, he dismissed it as "madness." Even today, the dead hand of Plato compels students to think logically; and as more and more universities are losing their independence through being financed by the state or business corporations, the more and more logical does the educational system become. This illiberal trend explains the marked decline in native American genius since the turn of the century; for Platonists hold that nothing that cannot be logically proved is true, and this includes genius.

The original sense of genius was a far simpler mystery to accept and handle than the present one. The word genius is not Greek but Latin. Other Latin words of the same formation are progenitor, generate, engender and genitals. But genius had a spiritual rather than a physical sense and implied the primitive creative power with which a man is born and which accompanies him throughout life as his highest spiritual self, his protector, his oracle. A Roman who behaved evilly or foolishly was said to have "defrauded his genius." Genius was his primitive male dignity, his sense of love and his power of instinctive thought, the preservation of which was his constant duty. Because such genius was considered noble and inspiring, the adjective generous, which in Latin implied a family tradition of honorable dealing, was formed from it. A similar formation was genial, which implied the incessant and comforting radiations of genius on a man's equals and subordinates. Yet another formation was genuine, meaning the authenticity of this power. Horatius' inspired defense of the Tiber bridge against the whole Etruscan army was quoted as

a typical example of personal genius. The Greeks, however, rejected this concept by philosophically opposing the good genius with an evil one. The imported Greek notion of opposing demons fighting for the possession of a man's soul weakened the Roman's simple confidence in a mystic power that took possession of him in times of crisis.

What we now call genius cannot be wholly separated from its original Roman sense, even though the structure of modern society has become hostile to it. In a plutodemocracy, the state provides compulsory education of a logical, secular and wholly impersonal sort; all professors, from the college principal down, have their knives into any student who cannot conceal his individualism; they are required to diagnose either a criminal tendency or mental ill health.

Scientists have tended since the days of Lombroso (1836–1909) to equate genius with madness—a view natural to all who pride themselves on their logic and for whom madness means illogical thinking. But what, after all, is logic? In Greek, *logikē* meant no more than "verbalization," the power of thinking in an ordered sequence of words, rather than in direct imagery, sound and sensation, as animals do. Since, however, most words are no more than increasingly abstract generalizations, they can never convey the full, singular essence of any particular object, feeling or happening. Logic is to real thought as corned beef and canned beans are to the natural products. Moreover, Greek logic came to be used as a means of forcing opinions on the listener by arranging words in such a sequence that their conclusion seemed uncontradictable; not letting the victim realize how insecure these generalizations were if compared with whatever act, fact or experience they were verbalizing. From logic developed rhetoric—the art of persuading people by a deliberate slanting of logic that a good cause was a bad cause, or vice versa.

The concept of good and evil genius is a contradiction in terms. Genius implies truth and love naturally pursued. Evil is a talented logic that challenges love and truth by arguing that since all human beings are by nature selfish and fallible, any pursuit of virtue must be hypocrisy. Modern scientists incline toward evil by refusing to accept "good," "beautiful" or "honorable" as acceptable scientific terms, or to offer more than a polite supercilious bow to truth and love. They do not even foster the natural beauty of their own bodies, as Pericles' Greeks did, and tend to think with a morbid logical intellect, never with the "sane mind in a healthy body." They hold that nothing has reality that cannot be recorded either in words or in conventional scientific symbols. This is precisely why the work of genius is never strictly logical. Geniuses when at work think largely in pictorial images, and the consequent exactness of their thought tempts logicians to dismiss them as liars, guessers or madmen.

But poetry is composed of words alone: Is there, then, no genius in poetry? The difference between prose logic and poetic thought is simple. The logician uses words as a builder uses bricks, for the unemotional deadness of his academic prose, and is always coining newer, deader words, with a natural preference for Greek formations. The poet avoids the entire vocabulary of logic, unless for satiric purposes, and treats words as living creatures, with a preference for those with long emotional histories dating from medieval times. Poetry at its purest is, indeed, a defiance of logic. In art, the equivalence of madness and genius is easier to defend wherever the artistic impulse is symptomatic of schizophrenia. Vincent van Gogh, an untalented academic artist before he turned schizophrenic and thus lost what biologists call his "color compensation," became famous for his startling records of how schizophrenes see such common objects as chairs or sunflowers. But schizophrenia is a splitting of the mind and schizophrenic art in its later stages becomes wholly detached from reality; in genius, the mind always retains its health and integrity.

Genius in its startling modern sense seems, indeed, to imply genius in the Roman sense: a confidence in a spiritual guardian that can foreknow and deliver the otherwise impossible and that goes straight to the answer, without recourse to logical argument or its equivalent in mathematics or music. It seems that man, in his gradual ascent from rudimentary forms of life, has elaborated successive mechanisms of thought, the most recent and by no means the most effective of these being the logical use of cause and effect that is solidly linked with the cramping notion of measurable time and now rules the materialistic world.

In sleep, the mind reverts to primitive thought mechanisms that occur on increasingly deeper levels, from light trances to so profoundly drugged a condition that its dreams convey images untranslatable to the waking intelligence. Sudden reversion in waking up to a prehominoid level of thought as the result, for example, of shock caused by a blockbusting explosion, can send a group of professional men scrabbling for escape on a tile floor, rather than, as would happen under a lesser shock, merely running away or having hysterics. Some of us inherit a primitive sensibility to signs of danger that evade our educated senses, but of which cats, dogs and horses are often conscious; others are, from time to time, granted clear visions of future events, ghosts of ancient history or happenings at a distance, no doubt induced by an equally primitive thought mechanism. Yet all such psychic phenomena are rejected by scientists because they are plainly not subject to repeatable experiment.

Below the rational level of consciousness, then, lie dream levels. The deeper the sleep, the more difficult it is for the dreamer, on waking, to recall his dreams; their archaic imagery confuses him. It has now been agreed that the need to sleep is simply the need to dream: in other words, the need to store up the day's conscious experience by translating it into dream language for one's memory files. When one sleeps on a problem and wakes up with a satisfactory answer, personal genius has obviously been at work and has diagnosed the situation. Bad dreams are warnings that danger is about; the genius has pricked up his ears at some element that the rational mind had missed. The trance into which a genius falls during the creative act gives him access to the whole treasure house of personal and inherited memory. Since modern abstract painting began as an attempt to recover and record genuine dream experience, a nonfigurative painter is not necessarily the impostor that logicians assume. But neither do his paintings deserve to be described as "pure art"—art being by tradition informative—if they record personal messages that have lost their coherence even for himself. Genius will thus include the power to interpret a dream that would seem absolute nonsense if told out of context at the breakfast table.

When Kekulé von Stradonitz (1829–1896) made his most sensational chemical discovery, it came to him in comic dream form. As I wrote in the *Marmosite's Miscellany* (London, 1925):

The maunderings of a maniac signifying nothing
I hold in respect; I hear his tale out.
Thought comes often clad in the strangest clothing:
So Kekulé the chemist watched the weird rout
Of eager atom-serpents writhing in and out
And waltzing tail to mouth. In that absurd guise
Appeared benzine and anilin, their drugs and their dyes.

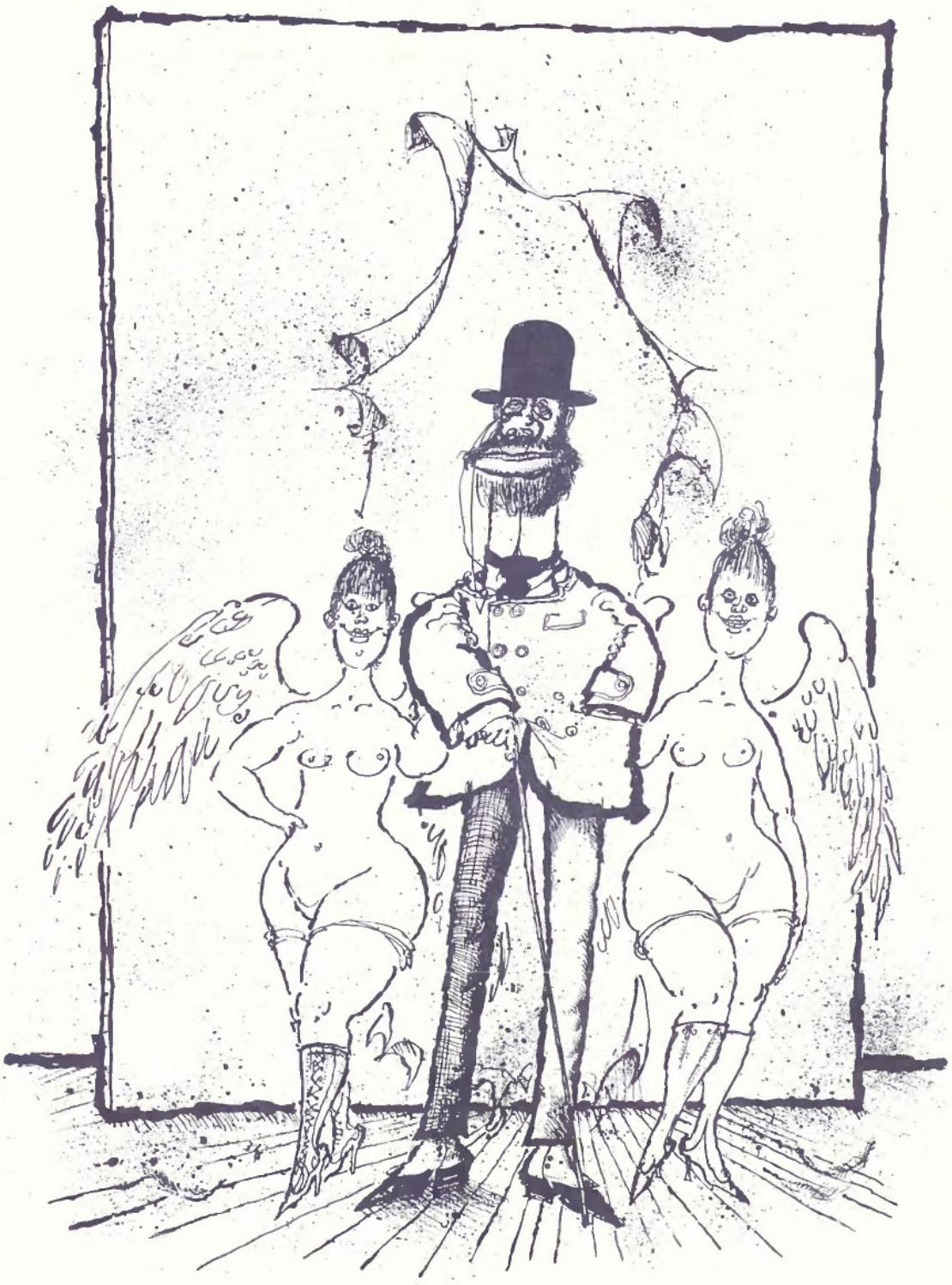
Plato was worried by the logical crux that if we know the solution of a problem, then there is no problem; whereas if we do not know the solution, we do

(continued on page 276)

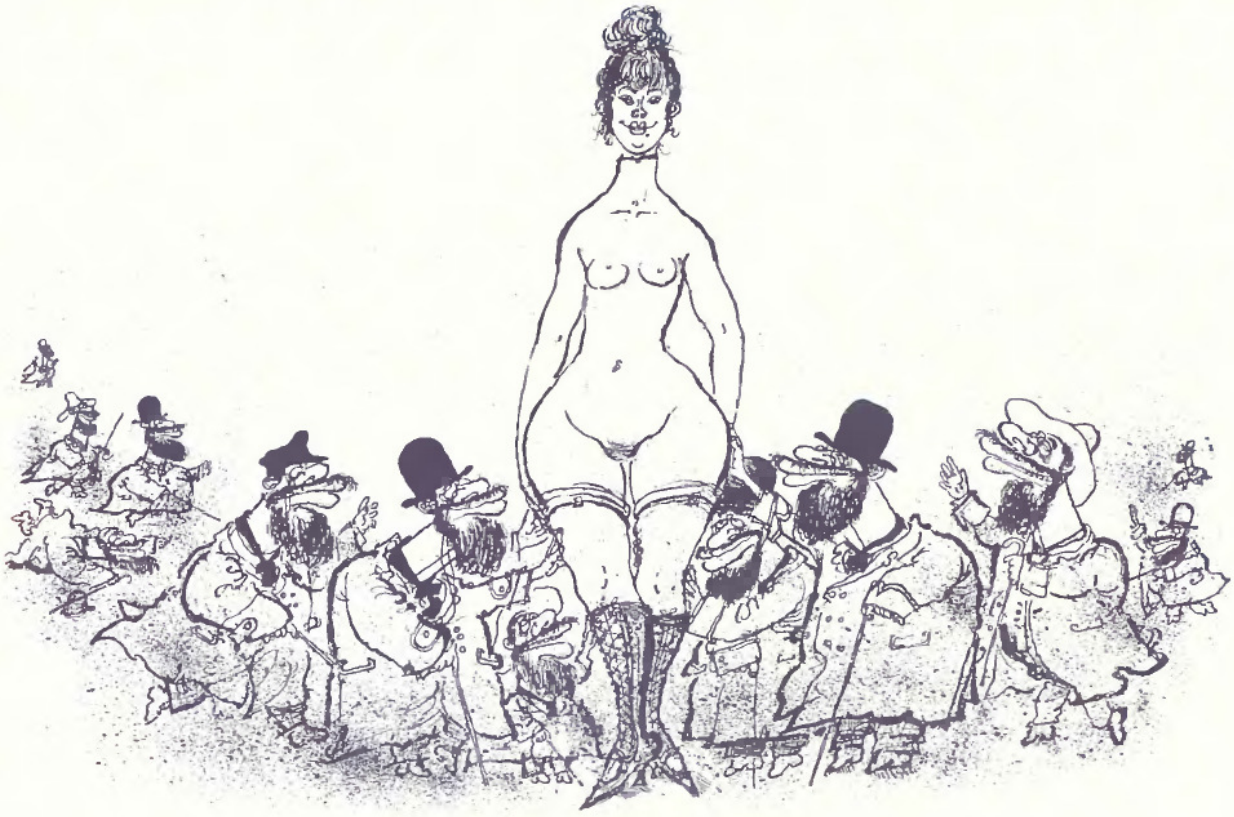
HOMAGE TO TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

england's estimable master of graphic satire pays lighthearted tribute to the greatest delineator of the demimonde

By Ronald Searle



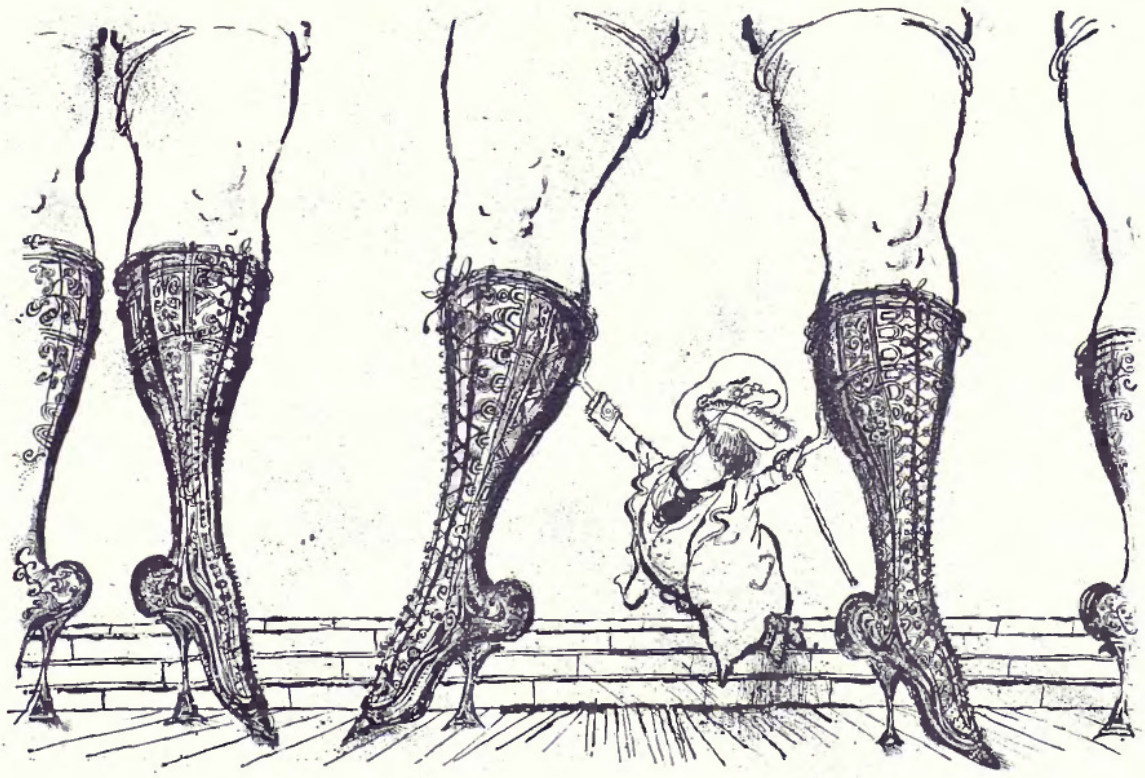
THE SECOND COMING OF THE ARTIST



SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC was a tragic figure—ugly, crippled, addicted to alcohol, dead at 37—but tragic figures often have a way of achieving greatness, and Lautrec's output stands as a monument to his enormous talent. Lautrec brought an incredible originality and excitement to his paintings; he roamed the night clubs, brothels, courtrooms, circuses and hospitals of Paris in his search for subjects that he could use to mirror and interpret the contemporary scene. For some 15 years, he wielded his brushes and pastels, until he finally died a drunk in 1901. Among his other successes, he took the poster and illustration and raised them to the level of art. Perhaps it was inevitable, then, that Ronald Searle—a renowned British cartoonist and caricaturist—should have developed an affinity for Lautrec and his work. Searle first thought of honoring Toulouse-Lautrec in 1961, when the small publishing house of which he was director was preparing to bring out a biography of Lautrec. Searle combed the artist's old haunts in France, in an effort to unearth material for use in illustrating the book. He discovered, among other things, a cache of previously unknown photographs and—in Toulouse—a gentleman in his 90s who told him how he had been a close companion to Lautrec during the painter's ramblings around the Moulin Rouge and music halls of Paris. As Searle proceeded with his search and accumulated more details and insights into the artist's life, he found himself visualizing an *hommage*, or tribute, in the form of a pastiche based on photographs of Lautrec's girls. Last spring, after seven years, the project finally began to take shape. Searle made some 50 drawings and settled on six to be printed in black and white by stone lithography. Alain Digard, owner of the Galerie La Pochade in Paris and proprietor of *Edition Empreinte*, offered to publish the lithographs and drawings as a combination book and catalog to accompany an exhibition of the work, and a special portfolio of the six lithographs (limited to 100 copies, signed and numbered) was prepared. The stones were then destroyed. Lautrec's girls, as Searle has emphasized in the lithographs shown here, appear to have been a pretty plain lot at best. Often small-breasted and broad-hipped, these women hardly could have appealed to Lautrec's artistic and occasionally lustful eye on the grounds of beauty alone. They must have been warm-blooded creatures, indeed, to compensate for their lack of physical charm, just as Lautrec himself reputedly made up in virility what he lacked in attractiveness and height. Perhaps the most delightful aspect of this *hommage* to Lautrec is Searle's insistence on showing the artist not at an easel or in a café but cavorting with a collection of lusty girls. Ronald Searle has imaginatively ignored the clichés, choosing instead to portray Lautrec as the man he was—a cripple who overcame his deformity to leave a lasting impression on the world of art, a dwarfed creature whose tremendous vitality and vaunted sexual prowess made it possible for him to find at least a modicum of pleasure in life before his untimely death. This unusual tribute to an artist, by an artist, honors not only Lautrec the painter but Lautrec the man as well.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS



SAMSON DEMOLISHING THE TEMPLE

THE LABORS OF HERCULES

JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL

TWO PATHS TO THE TOP

GUIDELINES TO HELP THE BUDDING EXECUTIVE DECIDE WHETHER HIS FUTURE LIES IN BIG BUSINESS OR SMALL

ARTICLE **BY J. PAUL GETTY**

THIS PAST FALL, it was estimated that there were some 120,000 millionaires in the United States —105,000 *more* than there had been in 1948. This astounding 700 percent jump in the number of American millionaires in 21 years forcefully underlines what I have so often reiterated in my articles in PLAYBOY: There is more opportunity to achieve success in business today than at any previous time in history.

Countless business leaders agree, predict even bigger and better things yet to come and are banking immense amounts of capital on their predictions. The essence of all such prophecies has been boiled down into two simple, but striking, sentences by Charles Bates ("Tex") Thornton. "There's really no place to stop," he has declared. "We will never reach our destination."

Thornton's statements can hardly be taken lightly. He is the head of Litton Industries, a titan of the business world that, according to published accounts, "made him a millionaire 40 times over . . . and made millionaires of 20 other Litton executives" in a single decade.

It should be obvious what these statistics and prognostications mean for the beginner in business. Today's college graduates and budding executives can embark on business careers confident—if a play on words is permitted—that in this space age, the sky is no longer the limit.

Not only does our present era offer unprecedented opportunity but the tyro is given an infinite choice of immediate opportunities for starting and building his career. The worried college grad of yesteryear who, diploma in hand, wandered forth from the groves of academe to search desperately for a job—almost *any* job—is but a faded memory. Nowadays, corporate mountains come to seek matriculated Mohammeds long before graduation day. Management recruiters for the nation's executive-hungry companies are familiar figures on college campuses—and they scrutinize likely candidates as covetously as professional-football scouts eye star quarterbacks.

A promising young man can all but write his own ticket. A dozen or more firms will vie for his services, offering him starting salaries that may well go into the five-figure range. There is certainly no need for him to grab blindly; he need only accept the offer that attracts him most.

On the job, the novice may expect to receive every aid and assistance, not only in acclimating himself to his new environment but also in training and grooming himself for rapid promotion. If he demonstrates ability, he soon finds other companies and executive headhunters wooing him with promises of more pay and perquisites, greater responsibility and better prospects for even further promotion.

In over 50 years as an active businessman, I've never seen anything to equal the currently prevailing climate of opportunity. But there is little need for additional prefatory comment. I assume anyone reading this article is already aware of the range and number of employment opportunities available to young executives.

However, although the ointment is rich and practically fly-free, the tyro *is* confronted by one very important choice even before he gets up to the starting line: Is he a big- or a small-business type? It is this problem—which has received comparatively little general attention —that I intend to explore.

Where would the budding executive function best and most fully realize his potential—in the highly organized, structured work situations found in most giant corporations or in the less formal environment usually characteristic of smaller companies?

These questions are seldom asked and even less frequently *(continued on page 142)*

THE GIRLS OF HAIR

AMERICA'S TRIBAL LOVE-ROCK MUSICAL IS TURNING ON AUDIENCES THE WORLD OVER—AND TURNING OUT A FREEWHEELING ARRAY OF FEMALE PERFORMERS

FLORENCE ROLLIN OF PARIS (INSET) AND DÜSSELDORF'S DONNA LEE SING IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES, BUT BOTH OPT FOR PEACE AND LOVE.

DESPITE the quibbling of a few critics and the indignation of several staid first-nighters, the New York premiere of *Hair* in April 1968 blew a gaping hole in the Irving Berlin Wall and threatened to demolish the cherished "no-business-like-show-business" conventions of the Broadway musical. Since then, successful productions in Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco have made producer Michael Butler's "American Tribal Love-Rock Musical" a left-field, contemporary addition to Old Glory, Mother and Apple Pie. But using its harmony-and-understanding message as a passport, *Hair* has also played to enthusiastic audiences in England, France, Germany, Yugoslavia and Australia, issuing a multilingual declaration of independence for young people throughout the world. The cast members, hand-picked in each city from literally thousands of hirsute hopefuls, often develop a communal, mystical group spirit, and collective decisions are frequently influenced by astrological considerations. Having consulted our own star charts, we present this pictorial galaxy of the loveliest, hippest girls of *Hair*.

SHELLEY PLIMPTON (TOP), ONCE DESCRIBED AS "A PRETTY DUNGAREE OF A GIRL," IS AN ORIGINAL MEMBER OF THE BROADWAY CAST; DARK-EYED LYVIA BAUER (ABOVE) GRACES THE DÜSSELDORF PRODUCTION.

JUTTA WEINHOLD (ABOVE) IS A TURNED-ON FRÄULEIN WHO BOASTS MEASUREMENTS OF 95-60-90 (CENTIMETERS, OF COURSE).

FAIR-HAIRED HANNY KIRCHHOFF (ABOVE), ANOTHER OF DÜSSELDORF'S ASSETS, ENJOYS "SWIMMING, SKIING AND LOVING"; CAROLYN BLAKELY (CENTER) OF THE NEW YORK CAST PROVES THAT BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL.

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD LEATA GALLOWAY (LEFT) SOUNDS AS GOOD AS SHE LOOKS, HAVING ACQUIRED BOTH SINGING AND ACTING EXPERIENCE AT NEW YORK'S WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL; SHE HOPES TO FOLLOW HER STAGE WORK ON BROADWAY WITH A RECORDING CAREER. BETTY BERR (BOTTOM LEFT) IS A STRIKING *JEUNE FILLE* WHO COMBINES ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT POLITICAL VIEWS WITH TYPICAL PARISIAN ROMANTICISM; AND IN DÜSSELDORF, ELISABETH BERGER (CENTER) SPENDS HER SPARE TIME LISTENING TO *"KLASSISCHE UND SOUL MUSIK."*

NEW YORK'S LYNN KELLOGG (ABOVE) HAS ALREADY BEGUN A SUCCESSFUL SINGING CAREER; AND CHRISTINE GUENTHER (RIGHT) HOPES TO ACT IN THE UNITED STATES WHEN SHE LEAVES DÜSSELDORF. *PARISIENNE* VANINA MICHEL (BOTTOM RIGHT) MANNED THE BARRICADES IN THE MAY STUDENT REVOLT.

ALICE OTTAWA (BELOW LEFT) ENJOYS DANCING IN THE DÜSSELDORF COMPANY AND HEARTILY SUPPORTS THE ANTI-POLITICAL, ANTI-WAR THEMES OF THE SHOW. NEW YORK'S SALLY EATON (BOTTOM LEFT), LIKE MANY CAST MEMBERS, MAKES ASTRAL PROJECTIONS FOR HER FUTURE (HER OWN SIGN IS ARIES WITH AQUARIUS RISING). GAYLE HAYDEN (BELOW RIGHT) OF THE SAN FRANCISCO COMPANY IS A LIBRA BORN IN NEIGHBORING PALO ALTO.

BESPECTACLED CORINNE BROSKETT (BELOW) IS DOING HER THING AT THE AQUARIUS THEATER IN TOM SMOTHERS' LOS ANGELES PRODUCTION OF *HAIR*.

TWO PATHS TO THE TOP

(continued from page 133)

probed and analyzed to the extent they deserve. Each year, very large numbers of men leave college and go automatically into big business.

"One reason why seniors prefer big business is that the big companies go after them and the small ones don't," William H. Whyte, Jr., has written.

Furthermore, it has been my experience that both executive job seekers and recruiters are often prone to ignore varying individual potential quotients vis-à-vis big versus small business.

True, there are many men who, because of their nature, intellectual and emotional patterning and a host of other factors, are best fitted to work for large corporations. They function more efficiently, advance more rapidly and are personally more content in structured work situations, interacting with others as part of a complex organization. They are content to be cogs until they can become progressively larger gears—and, hopefully, at last the generator—in the intricate machinery.

There are multitudes of fine big-business executives, and innumerable large and eminently successful companies would not consider employing managers of any different stripe. Like it or not, the combination of organization man and structured organization *does* often work very well. Some of the nation's most tightly compartmented corporations are among the ones that show the highest earnings and profits and continue to grow steadily.

An able executive suited to structured work situations has an excellent chance of achieving success in a large company. If nothing else, the depth and definition of the vertical lines on the organization chart guide his course, preventing him from straying into unmapped—and, for his nature and temperament, alien and hostile—terrain. Although I have no statistics, it is a certainty that a sizable number of America's millionaire businessmen reached the magical seven-figure bracket step by step, via the strictly structured path.

On the other hand, there is a diametrically opposed species of individual much more likely to succeed in a small business environment. The Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration is one leading educational institution noted for recognizing and encouraging men of this type. Its Student Small Business Placement Program (S. S. B. P. P.) has done yeoman work separating the small- from the big-business types and helping the former find their way into work situations for which they, their personalities and potentials are best fitted. The underlying principle of the program is that many an executive whose qualities would make him an outstanding small-business manager is stultified and rendered impotent in a big-business atmosphere.

S. S. B. P. P. spokesmen argue there are three general categories of small-business executives: those who excel in small business per se; those whose forte is small management, in big business or small; and those who'd do best buying equity in a small firm and managing it themselves.

Professor Myles L. Mace, of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, maintains that many business students abhor the thought of "becoming nothing more than serial numbers in a large organization." And, he says: "They have an abiding fear that they will not have a chance to demonstrate their abilities in an environment that will recognize their contributions. They don't think this can be done in a large company. . . . It is not entirely true, but . . . they think it is."

Frank L. Tucker, dean of the Faculty for External Affairs of the same institution, declares: "It is my firm belief that some people were born to be in small business. They have a certain kind of personality that wants a wide scope for its abilities . . . a strong desire for freedom and independence and, at least sometimes, a desire to make a lot of money fast."

Obviously, every aspiring executive cannot attend the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration and benefit from its Student Small Business Placement Program. However, just about any intelligent neophyte manager can go a considerable way toward determining for himself whether he is best fitted for big business or small.

He may avail himself of the sophisticated aptitude and psychometric tests that can provide insights into the size and kind of business operations that would be most compatible and offer the greatest degree of dovetailing corporate and personal needs and motivations—and, hence, the best milieu in which to grow. These personal audits, voluntarily and privately taken, are a very far cry from the automated and mechanized tests that seem to reject men of independent spirit and, instead, favor specimens of that stock figure, the organization-man drone.

In any case, the tyro should make a careful, detailed—and, above all, honest—study and appraisal of himself. During the five decades of my own business career, I have frequently observed that all too many men know less about themselves than they do about almost any subject under the sun. And, whatever knowledge they *do* possess about themselves, they are virtually inarticulate when it comes to describing or discussing it. Long ago, I hit upon a variant of an old childhood game to gain some insight into the personality of applicants for executive positions. Once an interview with an individual began, I asked the following question:

"If you were required to describe yourself and your views and attitudes on business in three sentences and no more, what would those sentences be?"

The answers I have received have run an encyclopedic gamut, and space doesn't permit the digression that would be necessary to discuss them even in the sketchiest manner. However, they provided reliable indications of the individual's true personality and innermost thoughts—if for no other reason than that it is human under such circumstances to state first things first. And the replies generally showed whether the applicant was basically more inclined to thrive in structured or in less formal work situations.

An aspiring business executive's personal inventory should be complete. For, as one management consultant was quoted in *Nation's Business* as saying: "If you do not have a carefully detailed career plan, and most people don't, you will do well to analyze all phases of your situation as objectively and completely as possible."

And, I might add, the analysis should be examined in light of the two contrasting work situations offered by big business and small. Naturally, if the personal inventory is to have any value, the individual must be familiar with the key characteristics of each sector of business. I've already touched upon a few. It might be well to examine these and some others more closely.

Let's start with big business. Unquestionably, large companies offer more safety, security and shelter than small ones. All other things being equal, it stands to reason that a corporate behemoth with annual sales of a billion dollars is less likely to have worries about the future than a firm that grosses, say, $1,000,000 a year. The former is better fixed than the latter to roll with the punches of temporary setbacks or to ride out economic storms.

The security factor extends all the way down to the most junior executive. In many giant corporations, even a manager of mediocre ability may enjoy a considerable degree of job security. Being one among many, his faults and failings will not be too noticeable. In some huge companies, an executive who survives his first two years or so just about enjoys job tenure. He may not get very high on the ladder, but he can cling to some rung with relative ease. Then, many large firms offer virtually automatic pay raises, bonuses, profit sharing, long vacations, stock options, hospitalization plans, retirement plans and other benefits appealing to the security minded. Admittedly, some of these aren't of paramount interest to truly enterprising men, but there are more positive attractions for them.

(continued on page 281)

"That telegram he sent to the North Pole. . . .
You don't suppose. . . ."

what with helping my aunt smuggle an astonishing amount of money and becoming involved with a sexy, pot-smoking teenager on the orient express, life was becoming a bit thick

crook's tour

Part II of a new suspense comedy

By Graham Greene

SYNOPSIS: Dahlia-growing Henry Pulling had been retired as manager of a London bank for only two years when his mother died. At the crematorium, he was surprised to bump into her sister, whom he hadn't seen in over half a century. Aunt Augusta looked like a slightly updated version of the late Queen Mary, but when she invited Henry to her flat to share some sherry, he soon discovered there was much more to the old girl than met the eye. The first in what proved to be a continuing series of surprises was Wordsworth, her very large black "valet." Henry was nagged by the suspicion that Wordsworth supplied services beyond the normal household chores but refused to let his mind dwell on the odious possibilities. On leaving his aunt's flat, Henry realized he had left behind a parcel containing an urn filled with his mother's ashes. When Wordsworth returned it to him and Henry noticed the package had been tampered with, he felt even less kindly disposed toward the valet. The feeling was compounded the next day, after the police paid Henry a visit and it was revealed that Wordsworth had replaced over half the contents of the urn with pot; the humor of that combination was lost on Henry. Events moved quickly after that. Wordsworth disappeared and Aunt Augusta suddenly commandeered Henry to accompany her on a journey to Istanbul, the first leg of which involved a flight to Paris. In the lounge at London's Heathrow Airport, Aunt Augusta regaled Henry with descriptions of various forms of thievery and, on the flight, imparted a knowledge of sex practices around the world that astonished him. It also became apparent that his aunt was very anxious that a red suitcase of hers should get through customs undisturbed, a task that, as the plane landed at Le Bourget, she assigned to Henry, saying, "I think it better if we pass through customs and immigration separately. My red case is rather a heavy one and I would be glad if you would take that with you. Employ a porter. . . . And show in your manner that the tip will be a good one before you arrive at the customs. There is often an understanding between a porter and a douanier. *I will meet you outside."*

The man who came to see my aunt Augusta was not my idea of a banker at all. After I took her the red suitcase, I left them alone, but not before I saw that the case seemed to be stacked with ten-pound notes.

I HAD NO CLEAR IDEA what my aunt intended by her elaborate precautions. There was obviously little danger from the *douanier*, who waved me through with the careless courtesy that I find so lacking in the supercilious young men in England. My aunt had booked rooms in the St. James and Albany, an old-fashioned double hotel, of which one half, the Albany, faces the Rue de Rivoli and the other, the St. James, the Rue Saint-Honoré. Between the two hotels lies the shared territory of a small garden, and on the garden front of the St. James I noticed a plaque that tells a visitor that here Lafayette signed some treaty or celebrated his return from the American Revolution, I forget which.

Our rooms in the Albany looked out on the Tuileries gardens and my aunt had taken a whole suite, which seemed rather unnecessary, as we were spending only one night before we caught the Orient Express. When I mentioned this, however, she rebuked me quite sharply. "This is the second time today," she said, "that you have mentioned the subject of economy. You retain the spirit of a bank manager, even in retirement. Understand once and for all that I am not interested in economy. I am over seventy-five, so that it is unlikely I will live longer than another twenty-five years. My money is my own and I do not intend to save for the sake of an heir. I made many economies in my youth and they were fairly painless, because the young do not particularly care for luxury. They have interests other than spending and can make love satisfactorily on a Coca-Cola, a drink that is nauseating in age. They have little idea of real pleasure: Even their lovemaking is apt to be hurried and incomplete. Luckily, in middle age pleasure begins, pleasure in love, in wine, in food. Only the taste for poetry flags a little, but I would have always gladly lost my taste for the sonnets of Wordsworth (the other Wordsworth, I mean, of course) if I could have bettered my palate for wine. Lovemaking, too, provides, as a rule, a more prolonged and varied pleasure after forty-five. Aretino is not a writer for the young."

"Perhaps it's not too late for me to begin," I said facetiously, in an effort to close that page of her conversation, which I found a little embarrassing.

"You must surrender yourself first to extravagance," my aunt replied. "Poverty is apt to strike suddenly, like influenza; it is well to have a few memories of extravagance in store for bad times. In any case, this suite is not wasted. I have to receive some visitors in private, and I don't suppose you would want me to receive them in my bedroom. One of them, by the way, is a bank manager. Did *you* visit lady clients in their bedrooms?"

"Of course not. Nor in their drawing rooms, either. I did all business at the bank."

"Perhaps in Southwood you didn't have any very distinguished clients."

"You are quite wrong," I said, and I told her about the unbearable rear admiral and my friend Sir Alfred Keene.

"Or any really confidential business."

"Nothing, certainly, that could not be discussed in my office at the bank."

"You were not bugged, I suppose, in the suburbs."

The man who came to see her was not my idea of a banker at all. He was tall and elegant, with black sideburns, and he would have fitted very well into a matador's uniform. My aunt asked me to bring her the red suitcase, and I then left them alone; but looking back from the doorway, I saw that the lid was already open and the case seemed to be stacked with ten-pound notes.

I sat down in my bedroom and read a copy of *Punch* to reassure myself. The sight of all the smuggled money had been a shock, and the suitcase was one of those fiber ones that are as vulnerable as cardboard. It is true that no experienced loader at Heathrow would have expected it to contain a small fortune, but surely it was the height of rashness to trust in a bluff that depended for its success on the experience of a thief. She might easily have tumbled on a novice.

My aunt had obviously spent many years abroad and this had affected her character as well as her morality. I couldn't really judge her as I would an ordinary Englishwoman, and I comforted myself, as I read *Punch*, that the English character was unchangeable. True, *Punch* once passed through a distressing period, when even Winston Churchill was a subject of mockery, but the good sense of the

proprietors and of the advertisers drew it safely back into the old paths. Even the admiral had begun to subscribe again, and the editor had, quite correctly in my opinion, been relegated to television, which is, at its best, a vulgar medium. If the ten-pound notes, I thought, were tied in bundles of 20, there could easily be as much as £3000 in the suitcase, or even £6000, for surely, bundles of 40 would not be too thick. . . . Then I remembered the case was a Revelation. Twelve thousand was not an impossible total. I felt a little comforted by that idea. Smuggling on such a large scale seemed more like a business coup than a crime.

The telephone rang. It was my aunt. "Which would you advise?" she asked. "Union Carbide, Genesco, Deutsche Texaco? Or even General Electric?"

"I wouldn't like to advise you at all," I said. "I am not competent. My clients never went in for American bonds. The dollar premium is too high."

"There's no question of a dollar premium in France," Aunt Augusta said with impatience. "Your customers seem to have been singularly unimaginative." The line went dead. Did she expect the admiral to smuggle notes?

I went restlessly out and crossed the little garden, where an American couple (from the St. James or the Albany) were having tea. One of them was raising a little bag at the end of a cord, like a drowned animal, from his cup. At that distressing sight, I felt very far away from England, and it was with a pang that I realized how much I was likely to miss Southwood and the dahlias in the company of Aunt Augusta. I walked up to the Place Vendôme and then by the Rue Daunou to the Boulevard des Capucines. Outside a bar on the corner, two women spoke to me, and suddenly I saw, bearing down on me with a happy grin of welcome, a man whom I recognized with apprehension.

"Mr. Pullen!" he exclaimed. "Praise to the Holiest in the height."

"Wordsworth!"

"In all His works most wonderful. You wan those two gels?"

"I was just taking a stroll," I said.

"Women lak that they humbug you," Wordsworth said. "They jus short-timers. They do jig-jig, one two three, out you go. If you wan a gel, you come along with Wordsworth."

"But I don't want a girl, Wordsworth. I am here with my aunt. I am taking a little walk by myself because she has business to transact."

"Your aunnie here?"

"Yes."

"Where you live?"

I didn't want to give our address without my aunt's permission. I had a vision of Wordsworth moving in, to the room next door. Suppose Wordsworth began to smoke marijuana in the St. James and Albany. . . . I was uncertain of French laws on the subject.

"We are staying with friends," I said vaguely.

"With a man?" Wordsworth asked with instant savagery. It seemed incredible that anyone could be jealous of a woman of 75, but jealous Wordsworth undoubtedly was, and now I saw the banker with sideburns in a different light.

"My dear Wordsworth," I said, "you are imagining things," and I allowed myself a white lie. "We are staying with an elderly married couple." I felt it was hardly suitable to discuss my aunt like this at a street corner, and I began to move down the boulevard, but Wordsworth kept pace with me.

"You got C. T. C. for Wordsworth?" he asked. "Ar find you lovely gel, schoolteacher."

"I don't *want* a girl, Wordsworth," I repeated, but I gave him a ten-franc note to keep him quiet.

"Then you have one drink with old Wordsworth. Ar know A-one first-class joint right here."

I agreed to a drink, and he led the way into the entrance of what seemed to be a theater, the Comédie des Capucines. A gramophone was howling below, as we descended under the theater.

"I'd rather go somewhere more quiet," I said.

"You jus wait. This A-one racket." It was very hot in the cellar. A number of unaccompanied young women were sitting at the bar, and turning toward the music, I saw an almost naked woman passing between the tables where a number of men, wearing shabby mackintoshes like uniforms, sat before untasted drinks.

"Wordsworth," I said crossly, "if this is what you call jig-jig, I don't want it."

"No jig-jig here," Wordsworth said. "If you wan jig-jig, you take her to hotel."

"Take who?"

"These gels—you wan one?"

Two of the girls at the bar came and sat down, one on either side of me. I felt imprisoned. Wordsworth, I noticed, had already ordered four whiskies, which he obviously couldn't pay for with the ten francs I had given him.

"Zak, *chèri*," one of the girls said, "present your friend, please."

"Mr. Pullen, you meet Rita. Lovely gel. Schoolteacher."

"Where does she teach?"

Wordsworth laughed. I realized I had made a fool of myself, and I watched Wordsworth with dismay as he entered into what seemed a long business negotiation with the girls.

"Wordsworth," I said, "what are you doing?"

"They wan two hundred francs. Ar say no. Ar tell 'em we got British passports."

"What on earth has that got to do with it?"

"They know British people very poor, can't afford good dash." He began to talk to them again in a kind of French that I couldn't follow at all, though they seemed to understand him well enough.

"What are you talking, Wordsworth?"

"French."

"I don't understand a word."

"Good Coast French. This lady she know Dakar well. Ar tell her ar work in Conakry one time. They say hundred and fifty francs."

"You can thank them very much. Wordsworth, but say that I'm not interested. I have to return to my aunt."

One of the women laughed. I suppose she recognized the word aunt, though I couldn't for the life of me see why a rendezvous with an aunt should be funnier than a rendezvous with a cousin, an uncle or even one's mother. The girl repeated *tante* and both laughed.

"Tomorrow?" Wordsworth asked.

"I am going with my aunt to Versailles and in the evening, we take the Orient Express to Istanbul."

"Istanbul!" Wordsworth exclaimed. "What she do there? Who she go for see?"

"I imagine we shall see the Blue Mosque, Santa Sophia, the Golden Horn, the Topkapi Museum."

"You be careful, Mr. Pullen."

"Please call me by my right name, Pulling." I tried to temper my rebuke with humor. "You would not like it if I continually called you Coleridge."

"Coleridge?"

"Coleridge was a poet and a friend of Wordsworth."

"Ar never met that man. If he say ar did, he humbug you."

I said firmly, "Now I really must be off, Wordsworth. Get the bill or I shall leave you to pay."

"You waste good White Horse?"

"You can drink it yourself or share it with these ladies." I paid the bill—it seemed an exorbitant one, but I suppose the floorshow was thrown in. A naked black girl was dancing with a white feather boa. I wondered what all the men here did for a living. It seemed extraordinary that one could watch such a scene during banking hours.

Wordsworth said, "You give three hundred francs to these ladies for private show."

"The price seems to be going up."

"Maybe ar make them say two hundred francs. You lef it to Wordsworth. OK?"

It was no use appealing to Wordsworth's sense of morality. I said, "As you have a British passport, you should know that an Englishman is allowed to take only fifteen pounds in currency out of the country. Two hundred francs would exhaust the whole amount."

This was a reason Wordsworth could understand. He looked down at me from his great height with melancholy and commiseration. "Governments all the same, no good," he said.

(continued on page 150)

I FIRST CAME FACE TO FACE with the hidden shame of hunger in America when I visited Mississippi in the spring of 1967. I was one of four members of the Senate Subcommittee on Employment, Manpower and Poverty, and we traveled to Jackson to "examine the War on Poverty." We went to Mississippi because we were anxious to see how such Federal programs as Head Start and the one-dollar-per-hour minimum wage for farm workers were faring in the poorest state in the nation.

It frankly never occurred to me nor, I believe, to the other Senators on that trip—the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy and Senators Joseph Clark and George Murphy—that the ravages of American poverty could produce conditions of malnutrition and hunger that were thought to exist only in parts of India, Africa and Asia. *(continued on page 158)*

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

TO ASPIRING MOON MEN

To reach the moon—oh, wondrous feat—
One must, indeed, be dreadless.
The worst of all its threats to man?
The place is broad- and bedless.

TO A LIBERATED WOMAN

You were once a fragile flower,
Now you shout for woman power.
Locked in struggle of the sexes,
Brewing up your W.I.T.C.H.y hexes.
Here's to you and your cohorts:
A lifetime gift of jockey shorts.

TO ALEXANDER PORTNOY

We hope the coming
year will vouch
The healing powers
of the couch.
We'd wish you
joyous Christmas Day,
But Mama'd only shout,
"Oi vey!"

missives and missiles for the jolly season VERSE BY JUDITH WAX

TO SANTA

Skin in flicks and
skin on stage;
Nudity is all the rage.
Therefore, when you
make your rounds,
Keep in mind high
fashion's bounds:
This year, it is
comme il faut
To only wear your
Ho! Ho! Ho!

TO THE MILITARY BRASS

M-16s, F-111s,
Rockets streaking
through the heavens,
Poison gas and
napalm, too,
ABMs...what else is new?
There's nothing left
to give you boys,
Since you have all
the latest toys.

crook's tour

(continued from page 146)

"One must make sacrifices. The cost of defense and the social services is very high."

"Traveler's checks," Wordsworth suggested quickly.

"They can be exchanged only at a bank, an official exchange or a registered hotel. In any case, I shall need them in Istanbul."

"Your auntie got plenty."

"She has only a travel allowance, too," I said.

I felt the weakness of this last argument, for Wordsworth cannot have lived for very long with my aunt before learning that she resorted to ways and means. I changed the subject by attacking him. "What on earth did you mean, Wordsworth, by sending me away with Cannabis in my mother's urn?"

His mind was elsewhere, brooding, perhaps, on the travel allowance.

"No cannibals," he said, "in England. No cannibals in Sierra Leone."

"I'm talking about the ashes."

"Cannibals in Liberia, not Sierra Leone."

"I didn't say cannibals."

"Leopard Society in Sierra Leone. They kill plenty people but not chop them."

"Pot, Wordsworth, pot." I hated the vulgar word that reminded me of childhood. "You mixed pot with my mother's ashes."

At last I had embarrassed him. He drank the whisky quickly. "You come away," he said, "ar show you much better damned place. Rue de Douai."

I harried him all the way up the stairs. "You had no business to do such a thing, Wordsworth. The police came and took the urn."

"They give it you back?" he asked.

"Only the urn. The ashes were inextricably mixed with the pot."

"Old Wordsworth meant no harm, man," he said, halting on the pavement. "Those bloody police."

I was glad to see there was a taxi rank close by. I was afraid he might try to follow me and discover the whereabouts of Aunt Augusta.

"In Mendeland," he said, "you bury food with your ma. You bury pot. All the same thing."

"My mother didn't even smoke cigarettes."

"With your pa, you bury best hatchet."

"Why not food with him, too?"

"He go hunt food with hatchet. He kill bush chicken."

I got into the taxi and drove away. Looking through the rear window, I could see Wordsworth standing bewildered on the pavement edge, like a man on a riverbank waiting for a ferry. He raised his hand tentatively, as though he were uncertain of my response, whether I had left him in friendship or in anger, as the traffic swept between us. I wished then that I had given him a bigger C. T. C. After all, he meant no harm. Even in his size he exhibited a clumsy innocence.

• • •

The Orient Express left the Gare de Lyon just after midnight. The two of us had spent an exhausting day—first at Versailles, which my aunt, curiously enough, was seeing for the first time (she found the palace a little vulgar). "I didn't get very far afield," she told me, "and in earlier times, when I lived in Paris, I was much too occupied."

I had become very curious about my aunt's history, and I was interested to arrange her various periods in some kind of chronological sequence. "Would that earlier time have been before or after you went on the stage?" I asked her. We were standing on the terrace, looking down toward the lake, and I had been thinking how much more pretty and homely Hampton Court was than Versailles. But then, Henry VIII was a more homely man than Louis XIV; an Englishman could identify more easily with a man of his married respectability than with the luxurious lover of Madame de Montespan. I remembered the old music-hall song, *'Enery the Eighth I Am.*

I married the widder next door,
She 'ad 'ad seven 'Eneries before.
'Enery the Eighth I am.

Nobody could have written a music-hall song about the Sun King.

"On the stage, did you say?" my aunt asked rather absent-mindedly.

"Yes. In Italy."

She seemed to be trying hard to recollect, and I was aware as never before of her great age. "Oh," she said, "yes, yes, now I remember. You mean the touring company. That came after my Paris days. It was in Paris that I was spotted by Mr. Visconti."

"Was Mr. Visconti a theatrical manager?"

"No, but he was a great amateur of what you insist on calling the stage. We met one afternoon in the Rue de Provence and he said I had a fine talent, and he persuaded me to leave the company I was with. And so we traveled together to Milan, where my career really started. It was fortunate for me; if I had stayed in France, I would never have been able to help your uncle Jo, and Jo, having quarreled with your father, left me most of his money. Poor dear man, I can see him still, crawling, crawling, down the corridor toward the lavatory. Let us go back to Paris and visit the Musée Grévin. I need to be cheered up." And cheered up she certainly was by the waxworks. I remembered how she had told me that her idea of fame was to be represented at Tussaud's, dressed in one of her own costumes, and I really believe she would have opted for the Chamber of Horrors rather than have had no image made of her at all. A bizarre thought, for my aunt was not of a criminal temperament, even though some of her activities were not strictly legal. I think that the childish saying "Finding's keeping" was one of her ten commandments.

I would myself have preferred to visit the Louvre and see the *Venus of Melos* and the *Winged Victory*, but my aunt would have none of it. "All those naked women with bits missing," she said. "It's morbid. I once knew a girl who was chopped up that way between the Gare du Nord and Calais Maritime. She had met a man in the place where I worked who traveled in ladies' underwear—or so he said, and he certainly had an attaché case with him full of rather fanciful brassieres, which he persuaded her to try on. There was one shaped like two clutching black hands that greatly amused her. He invited her to go to England with him, and she broke her contract with our *patronne* and decamped. It was quite a *cause célèbre*. He was called the Monster of the Chemins de Fer by the newspapers, and he was guillotined, after making his confession and receiving the sacrament, in an odor of sanctity. It was said by his counsel that he had a misplaced devotion to virginity, owing to his education by the Jesuits, and he therefore tried to remove all girls who led loose lives, like poor Anne-Marie Callot. The brassieres were a kind of test. You were condemned if you chose the wrong one, like those poor men in *The Merchant of Venice*. He was certainly not an ordinary criminal, and a young woman who was praying for him in a chapel in the Rue du Bac had a vision of the Virgin, who said to her, 'The crooked ways shall be made straight,' which she took as proclaiming his salvation. There was a popular Dominican preacher, on the other hand, who believed it to be a critical reference to his Jesuit education. Anyway, quite a cult started for what they called 'the good murderer.' Go and see your Venus, if you want, but let me go to the waxworks. Our manager had to identify the body and he said it was just a torso, and that gave me a turn against all old statues."

In the evening, we had a quiet dinner at Maxim's, in the smaller room, where Aunt Augusta thought to escape the tourists. There was one, however, whom we could not escape; she wore a suit and a tie, and she had a voice like a man's. She not only dominated her companion, a little mousy blonde woman of uncertain age, she dominated the whole room. Like so many English abroad, she seemed to ignore the presence of foreigners around her and spoke in a loud voice, as though she were alone with her companion. Her voice had a peculiar ventriloquial

(continued on page 339)

cross the border, close the gap

current literary criticism, says an eminent literary critic, is suffering badly from a chronic case of pernicious irrelevancy that may shortly prove fatal unless it can contrive to pull its head out of its past

opinion By LESLIE A. FIEDLER ALMOST ALL today's readers and writers are aware that we are living through the death throes of literary modernism and the birth pangs of postmodernism. The kind of literature that had arrogated to itself the name modern (with the presumption that it represented the ultimate advance in sensibility and form, that beyond it newness was not possible), and whose moment of triumph lasted from just before World War One until just after World War Two, is *dead*; i.e., belongs to history, not actuality. In the field of the novel, this means that the age of Proust, Mann and Joyce is over, just as in verse, that of T. S. Eliot and Paul Valéry is done with.

Obviously, this fact has not remained secret and some critics have even been attempting to deal with its implications. But they have been trying to do so in a language and with *(continued on page 230)*

ILLUSTRATION BY KARL WIRSUM

food By THOMAS MARIO

how to host a romantic holiday feast by limiting the guest list to your favorite bird

THE MINI-GALA

WE CAN'T THINK of a much more pleasant way of proving to the light in your life that she's something special than by making her the sole sharer of your holiday feast. And at this time of the year—when crowd scenes of epic dimensions seem overpoweringly omnipresent—it's a welcome change of pace to dispense with extraneous babble and bodies, so that one may concentrate on essentials. Of course, pouring man-hours and talent into the boned breast of chicken with ham and the rich Bavarian cream

of chestnuts and meringue shells may not create quite the same impression as tossing her a little ten-carat trinket from Tiffany's, but at least you'll be able to partake of the fruits of your labors.

The secret of a successful dinner for two is to plan it with the care you would give to a feast you'd set forth for 12 or 20—the menu, table appointments and room *ambiance* should be artfully plotted. If there are flowers, whether in a vase or floating in a shallow bowl at the table, they should be luxuriantly fresh; the champagne glasses should sparkle; the tray of assorted liqueurs should be ready for pouring. Gleaming linen and a graceful candelabra on the table don't mean that you're locked into hosting a stiffly formal affair; it *couldn't* be with a guest list of one. But it shouldn't be frenetically antiformal, either. If you intend to go night-clubbing after dinner, black tie would be apropos. And even if your after-dinner plans go no further than your digs, black tie could strike

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXAS URBA

the properly elegant note the occasion demands.

Common sense will tell you that if the girl craves some particular food or drink, it should be proffered, if possible (a hamburger-and-French-fries fanatic obviously presents special problems). In any event, the menu you decide upon should consist mainly of food that's ready to be served right after cocktails, or ready for oven-popping without any distracting preliminaries.

You might start with something as simple and luxurious as fresh Beluga caviar, which needs only fresh toast as an accompaniment. But if you want to show your culinary acumen right away, the avocado *antipasto*, including egg stuffed with caviar (see the following recipe), will pamper the most capricious winter appetite. A dinner menu for two naturally excludes roast tom turkey and other holiday clichés. But it's still the Christmastide; and for those who like a bird in some form with their bottle and blue-eyed bird, breast of chicken with ham and pineapple can be prepared hours or even a day beforehand and then gently reheated while you're felicitating over cocktails. "Ye grete boar's hede with sweet rosemary and bays around it spread" is now a trifle obsolete, especially in a bachelor's apartment. But pork at the end of the year is still a worthy tradition, and one of its most gratifying forms is a double-thick chop cut from the center of the loin, spread heavily with freshly ground pepper, seared briefly and then kept in a lazy oven heat until the meat is almost as tender as that of suckling pig. The pepper treatment is more commonly used in the French steak *au poivre*. It sounds as though it would be mouth-searing; actually, the pepper buoys your taste buds and perks up your appetite.

You may have an overpowering hunger for a dish that is out of season—lobster, for instance. In the summer, it's normally a part of every shore feast. In the very dead of winter, the meat of the Northern lobster is at its succulent best. It's scarce not because lobsters have suddenly disappeared from the ocean bottom but because commercial fishermen must battle sub-zero gales and other ravages of winter. But any first-class seafood dealer will stock live lobsters during summer and winter; and if you give him advance notice, he'll boil them to order for you. (Lobster gives you the chance to judge something of the girl's good taste. Almost any girl who's passionately fond of lobster will turn out to be passionately fond of the other great amenities of good living.) Long before dinner, the cooked lobster meat is removed from the shell, diced and mixed with a white sauce. Before dinner, it's piled back into the shell. You can quietly rest on your oars while the sauce *gratines* in the oven just before serving.

To cap your feast, it's easy to go overboard and order the biggest and most sumptuous cake you can find in the patisserie, on the theory that every girl is a sweet-toothed creature who dissolves instantly when the very word dessert is mentioned. In some cases this may be true. But the girl whose culinary education didn't stop with ice cream and hot-fudge sauce will expect something else for holiday rejoicing—and a Bavarian cream with French marrons will more than fill the bill. This dessert would be a monumental job if it weren't for canned chestnut purée (*purée de marrons*), which is imported and which is infinitely smoother and more delicious than any purée you could attempt to concoct from fresh chestnuts pulled out of your own fire. The purée is made delicately firm with gelatin and becomes Ariel-light with whipped cream and beaten egg whites. Just before it's served, each portion, marked by a meringue shell, is crowned with a whole chestnut in vanilla syrup and a dollop of whipped cream. It's the kind of dessert of which Croesus might have dreamed.

The holiday spirit that fires the imagination should pervade the drink department. Before your dinner, martinis, stirred with a whisper of *fino* sherry instead of dry vermouth, or fruity cognac sours are sure to pique the most jaded palate. For each cognac sour, use 1½ ozs. cognac, 1 oz. fresh lemon juice, ½ oz. fresh orange juice and a teaspoon (heaping, if you wish) sugar. As to the main course, champagne will always build its halo around meat, fowl or seafood. Be sure to start with no less than a fifth in your champagne bucket; bubbly has a way of disappearing with amazing rapidity. As the bestower of gifts, you can choose as much as quickens your appetite and as time allows from the first course, three entrees, salad and dessert that follow.

AVOCADO ANTIPASTO

1 small-to-medium-size ripe avocado
Olive-oil French dressing
½ bunch water cress
1 hard-boiled egg
1 teaspoon softened butter or butter at room temperature
1 teaspoon mayonnaise
Salt, pepper
1-oz. jar caviar, Beluga, if possible
¼ cup heavy cream
1½ teaspoons prepared mustard
¼ teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh chives
6 tiny artichoke hearts in oil, drained
6 cocktail mushrooms in oil dressing, drained

Cut avocado in half lengthwise; remove peel and brush with French dressing. Wash water cress; dry very well with paper toweling. Place water cress on two serving plates or one small platter. Drizzle lightly with French dressing. Place avocado on water cress. Cut hard-boiled egg in half lengthwise. Remove yolk and mash with butter and mayonnaise. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fill cavity of egg with caviar; pile yolk mixture on top, spreading it to form mound. Place egg in hollow of avocado. Whip cream until thick. Stir in mustard and lemon juice, mixing well. Add a dash of salt. Spoon cream dressing over egg. Sprinkle egg with chives. Arrange artichoke hearts and mushrooms around avocado. Chill in refrigerator until serving time.

BREAST OF CHICKEN WITH HAM AND PINEAPPLE

2 large boned breasts of chicken with shoulder bones attached, wings cut off, skin on
Salt, pepper
2 tablespoons bread crumbs
¼ cup sour cream
½ small onion
2 thin slices boiled ham no larger than chicken breasts
2 cocktail pineapple sticks
Flour
1 egg, beaten
2 tablespoons milk
Bread crumbs
Salad oil

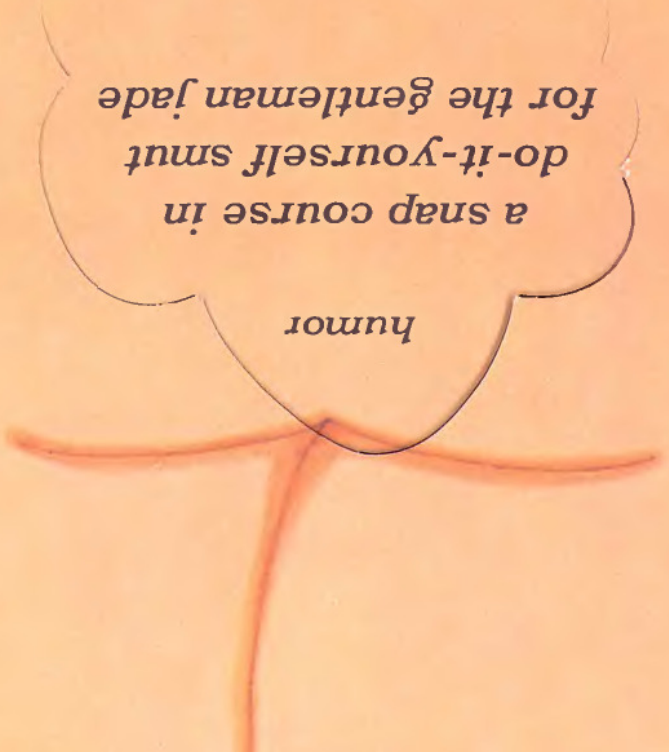
Make sure that chicken breasts are cut from large-size fryers; small breasts will not accommodate filling. Place chicken between several layers of wax paper and pound thin with meat mallet; do not, however, pound so thin that chicken is torn. Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper. Mix bread crumbs with sour cream and grate onion into mixture. Place chicken, skin side down; spread with sour-cream mixture. Place a slice of ham on each breast. Place pineapple sticks on ham. Roll chicken, tucking end in, so that filling is completely enclosed in a roll. Cover rolls tightly with aluminum foil, leaving shoulder bones uncovered. Place in freezer for an hour or until the rolls become firm and will not open when handled. Remove foil. Dip chicken into flour. Beat egg with milk. Dip chicken into egg, coating well. Dip into bread crumbs, making sure there are no uncoated spots. Preheat ½ in. oil in skillet until hot but not smoking. Sauté chicken until light brown, turning once. Remove from oil. Keep chicken in refrigerator until needed. Preheat oven at 375°. Place chicken in lightly greased shallow pan. Bake 30–40 minutes or until chicken is golden brown. Fasten a paper chop frill to each shoulder bone. Scrape shoulder bone, if necessary, to fasten frill.

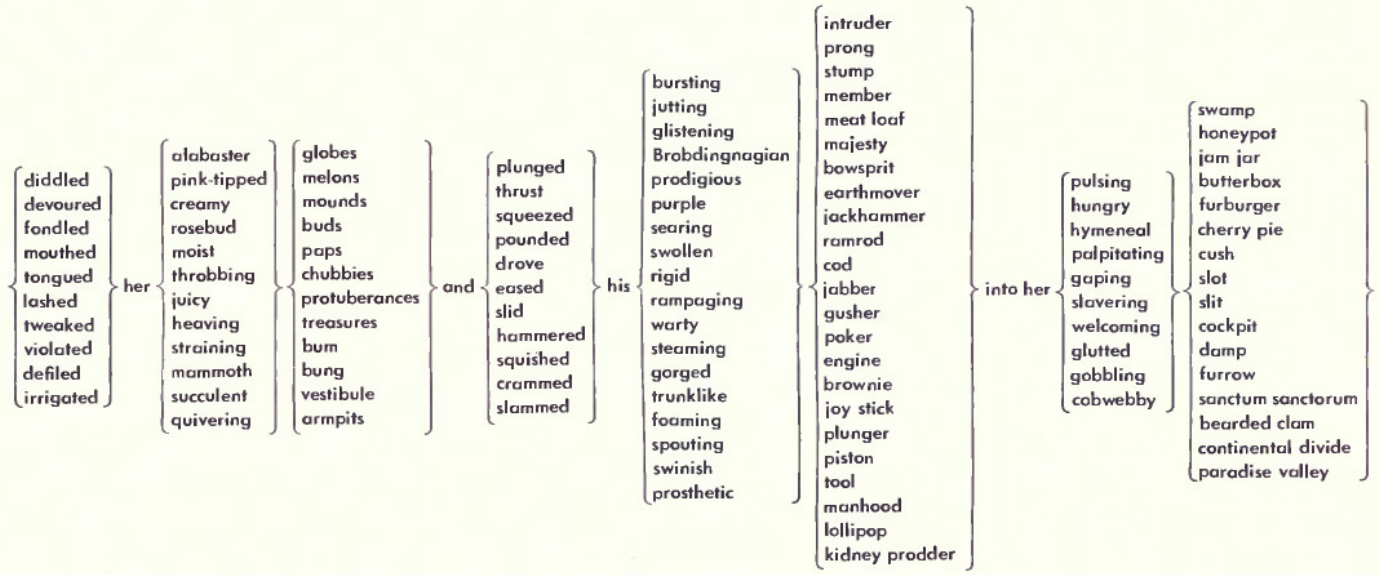
With chicken on serving platter or plates, serve wild rice and patty shells of creamed fresh green peas with mint.

(continued on page 328)

UNTIL RECENT YEARS, lovers of pornography savored their solitary vice as much for the satisfying sense of moral transgression that accompanied its procurement and perusal as for the salacity of its contents. Since the unconditional surrender of the arts to the sexual revolution, however—sometime between the publication of *Candy* and the production of *Hair*—what used to be known among the lecherati as good old-fashioned filth has been co-opted by the literary establishment, sanitized with a soupçon of "redeeming social value," renamed "erotic realism" and wrenched from its natural habitat beneath the counter in shady bookstores to repose casually alongside the murder mysteries on paperback racks across the country. It is deplorable enough that this new respectability has robbed *aficionados* of their forbidden fruit by mass-producing it for supermarket shelves; but this "torrent of smut"—as our guardians of decency so picturesquely describe it—now threatens to engulf the entire nation in a crisis of major proportions. Glutted by a diet of debauchery in every form, countless impressionable school children and suburban matrons, along with

the rest of the reading public, are in imminent danger of becoming *bored* with sex. In order to forestall this tragic turn of events, some have suggested the immediate suppression of pornography; but since this drastic measure would deprive millions of their only sexual outlet, we have a more practical and humane panacea to propose for those who feel surfeited with dirt: Write your own. Don't be daunted if you're not a writer; neither are most of those who churn it out. Your erotic imagination is at least as fertile as the next man's, and you certainly know better than he does what particular juxtaposition of orifice and appendage you find most deliciously lubricious. So why waste time eavesdropping on someone else's tiresome sexual fantasies, when you can conjure up and wallow in your own? Inasmuch as most enlightened social scientists now concede that masturbation is a wholesome and therapeutic pastime, rather than a primary cause of insanity and warts, they would surely applaud its literary expression as a triumphant documentation of psychosexual health. As for acquiring the expertise to become a part-time pornographer—at home in your spare time—it's simplicity itself, even for those who don't boast a diploma from the Famous Ribald Writers' School. You needn't be either a storyteller or a wordsmith, for erotica is nothing more than a roundelay of pansexual variations on that age-old theme of boy meats girl; and the action is always described with the same specialized vocabulary. Be reassured, however, that we don't expect you to undergo the ordeal of memorizing either. Since you wouldn't have read this far if you weren't a dirty-book buff, it follows that you're the lazy type who prefers to spend his leisure hours contemplating sex instead of having it. So we've distilled our advanced course in intercourse discourse to a single easy lesson. Within the parentheses of the following all-purpose story-in-a-sentence are enough concupiscent quotes, improper nouns, vulgar verbs, oestrous adjectives and aphrodisic adverbs to rekindle the most jaded appetite, gratify the most exotic whim. If you'd care to try out all the prurient permutations, count on setting aside at least 12 hours a day for the next 622,085,668 years. The 185 multiple choices we've provided can be combined into some hundred trillion different tales of amorous intrigue—the first of which, therefore, should begin without further foreplay.





Soft-Core Pornography Made Easy

HUNGER IN AMERICA

(continued from page 147)

Looking back now to that trip made just two and a half years ago, I still find it difficult to understand how we Senators —and the nation at large—could not have been more aware that poverty breeds malnutrition just as surely as poverty breeds unemployment, bad housing, crime and illiteracy.

Had the bread lines of the Thirties been so easily forgotten? Were we so complacent as to assume that simply because the Department of Agriculture offered surplus foods—and food stamps (at a price)—to the poor, the poor automatically received all the nourishment needed to keep body and soul together? Somehow, we had not made the connection between poverty and hunger, and it took the nightmare of Mississippi to awaken us to the reality of millions of people who simply do not get enough to eat—not only in the rural South but also in the urban ghettos of the North, the Indian reservations of the Southwest, the mining towns of Appalachia and in migrant-worker camps throughout the nation.

Even today, two and a half years after that conscience-searing trip to Mississippi, the full facts on hunger in the United States are not yet in. A national nutrition survey is presently under way, but the chief investigator, Dr. Arnold E. Schaefer of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, already reports that a disturbing picture of hidden hunger is emerging: "We have found more malnutrition than I ever expected to see in a society described as the best fed in the world."

Dr. Schaefer found, for example, that 92 percent of the children in one preschool Head Start program had such extreme vitamin-A deficiencies that they could go blind at any moment—a condition that could be prevented at the cost of one candy bar per child per year.

Dr. Schaefer produced the startling information that until the fall of 1968, the Department of Agriculture distributed nonfat dry milk lacking vitamins A and D as part of its commodities program for the poor, while at the same time, since 1965, nonfat dry milk fortified with vitamins A and D was shipped to six foreign countries by the same department.

The nutrition survey has already confirmed other reports that goiter, rickets and hookworm infestation, thought to have been eradicated decades ago, are still afflicting the poor. One third of the children examined thus far in the survey are anemic. Ninety-six percent of the children require immediate dental treatment involving an average of five decayed teeth. Ten percent of the children show growth retardation and evidence of the related problem of mental retardation.

These preliminary findings have been reinforced by other medical reports from across the nation—disturbing indications of a direct link between malnutrition, especially insufficient protein, in pregnant women, infants and children and brain damage. It now appears that three quarters of mental retardation is found in big-city slums and rural poverty areas.

In "Hunger, U. S. A.," an exhaustive survey of malnutrition across the country conducted by a distinguished group of private individuals who joined together as the Citizens Board of Inquiry, there is further unsettling documentation of the nutrition needs of the poor. In Baltimore, the hemoglobin level of slum children was found to be lower than that of infants in rural Pakistan. In Seattle, half to three quarters of all poverty infants between 6 and 36 months of age were found to be suffering from nutritional-deficiency anemia. In Boston, one out of five children admitted to the wards of Boston City Hospital has nutritional anemia. In posh Palm Beach County, Florida, 97 percent of migrant-worker families failed to consume minimum recommended amounts of milk or milk products and 63 percent ate no green or yellow vegetables.

What makes these reports even more alarming is the fact that the Federal food-assistance programs still reach only 6,000,000 of the nation's 30,000,000 poor —those citizens earning less than $3000 a year. And the situation appears to be stagnant, at best, because the programs now reach approximately the same number of people reached eight years ago.

These Federal food efforts take two basic forms. There is the commodities-distribution program, which distributes specific food items free to needy families; and there is the food-stamp program, in which needy families buy coupons redeemable at retail stores for food products only, at a value in excess of the purchase price of the coupons. Communities may have either program—food distribution or food stamps—or none at all, but never both.

Under the commodities-distribution program, the Department of Agriculture gives away such foods as corn meal, grits, flour, nonfat dry milk, peanut butter, rice and rolled wheat—all surpluses that have been purchased to help support farm prices. The selection from the 22 basic commodities available varies from month to month, depending on what is in surplus. One of the most flagrant shortcomings of the program, therefore, is that these foods are not chosen for their nutritional value nor to provide a poor family with a balanced diet. Rather —by the Department of Agriculture's own admission—commodities merely supplement the family's diet. Unfortunately, many families look to the commodities program for their sole source of food.

On the other hand, the flaw in the food-stamp program is that many families cannot afford the price of the stamps themselves, even when graduated downward, depending on family income. When this happens, they have no source of emergency rations, because commodities are not available in communities where food stamps are sold.

The hard and undeniable fact is that we have a food-assistance system that fails to reach the vast majority of the desperately poor people who need it and fails to meet the needs of those few who are reached.

Perhaps our awakening to this fact took place in Mississippi because hunger, and the awful conditions of disease, filth and hopelessness connected with it, is easier to spot in the ramshackle shanties of the delta than in the stifling tenements of the big cities. Perhaps it all began in Mississippi because in that state and in other states of the Deep South, there are areas that have allowed themselves to become stereotypes of poverty aggravated by the blatant disinterest of local officials. To be frank, it is easy to kick Mississippi in the pants—to tell it to do something about the awful conditions of human degradation that exist within its borders. But it is quite another thing to take stock of what we see in Mississippi and to come away with a lesson that hunger in that state is simply an extreme version of what we can find within walking distance of the U. S. Capitol—or of your own homes. The challenge, then, based on the lesson of Mississippi, is to look for hunger and root it out wherever we find it, with whatever means and at whatever cost required of the Federal Government to do the job.

The committee learned that the most common hunger situation in Mississippi involved an abandoned middle-aged black mother living in a cramped two-room shack and caring for from four to fifteen children. Sometimes the father traveled North to find work and sent checks home periodically to support the family. Often the children were illegitimate offspring of several fathers; and if some of the older children were daughters, one or two of them may have had two or three children of their own, and no husband in the home. Sometimes an elderly man, usually a grandfather who was unable to work, lived with the family.

The diet of such a family consisted of a breakfast of grits, molasses and biscuits. The adults often ate nothing for lunch, while the children at home were given a piece of bread and some Kool-Aid or water. At night, the family ate boiled beans and corn bread, sometimes supplemented with boiled rice, dry peanut butter or a little can of meat from the Federal commodities program. Usually, there was no electricity nor refrigeration.

(continued on page 214)

CORDLE TO ONION TO CARROT

one day, he was mr. meek; the next, he was superbully, living proof that the meek shall inherit the earth

fiction **By ROBERT SHECKLEY**

SURELY, YOU REMEMBER that bully who kicked sand on the 97-pound-weakling? Well, that puny man's problem has never been solved, despite Charles Atlas' claims to the contrary. A genuine bully *likes* to kick sand on people; for him, simply, there is gut-deep satisfaction in a put-down. It wouldn't matter if you weighed 240 pounds—all of it rock-hard muscle and steely sinew—and were as wise as Solomon or as witty as Voltaire; you'd still end up with the sand of an insult in your eyes, and probably you wouldn't do anything about it.

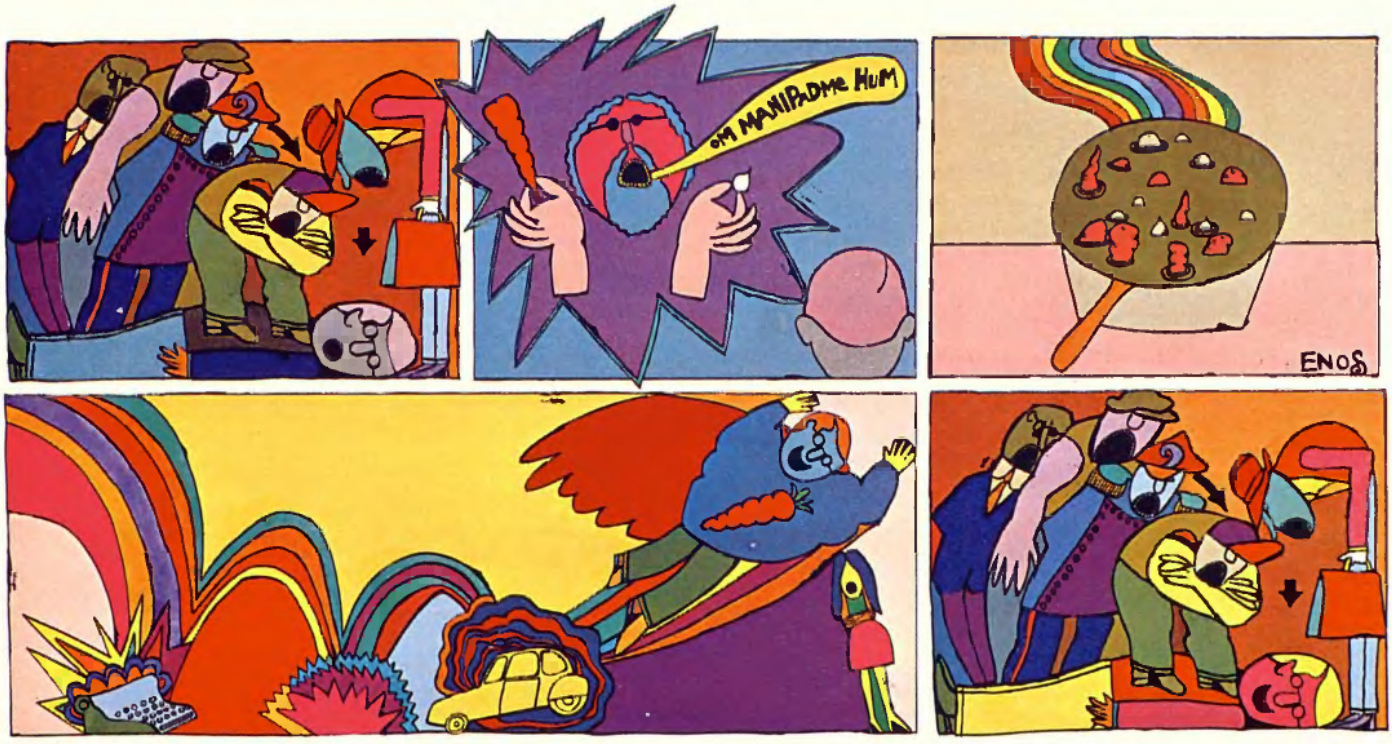
That was how Howard Cordle viewed the situation. He was a pleasant man who was forever being pushed around by Fuller Brush men, fund solicitors, headwaiters and other imposing figures of authority. Cordle hated it. He suffered in silence the countless numbers of manic-aggressives who shoved their way to the heads of lines, took taxis he had hailed first and sneeringly steered away girls to whom he was talking at parties.

What made it worse was that these people seemed to welcome provocation, to go looking for it, all for the sake of causing discomfort to others.

Cordle couldn't understand why this should be, until one midsummer's day, when he was driving through the northern regions of Spain while stoned out of his mind, the god Thoth-Hermes granted him original enlightenment by murmuring, "Uh, look, I groove with the problem, baby, but dig, we gotta put carrots in or it ain't no stew."

"*Carrots?*" said Cordle, struggling for illumination.

"I'm talking about those types who get you uptight," Thoth-Hermes explained. "They *gotta* act that way, baby, on account of they're carrots, and that's how carrots are."



"If they are carrots," Cordle said, feeling his way, "then I——"

"You, of course, are a little pearly-white onion."

"Yes! My God, yes!" Cordle cried, dazzled by the blinding light of satori.

"And, naturally, you and all the other pearly-white onions think that carrots are just bad news, merely some kind of misshapen orangey onion; whereas the carrots look at you and rap about *freaky round white carrots, wow!* I mean, you're just too much for each other, whereas, in actuality——"

"Yes, go on!" cried Cordle.

"In actuality," Thoth- *(continued on page 162)*

"And when I realized
there were no shopping days
left before Christmas. . . ."

Vargas

CORDLE *(continued from page 159)*

Hermes declared, *"everything's got a place in The Stew!"*

"Of course! I see, I see, I see!"

"And *that* means that everybody who exists is necessary, and you *must* have long hateful orange carrots if you're also going to have nice pleasant decent white onions, or vice versa, because without all of the ingredients, it isn't a Stew, which is to say, life, it becomes, uh, let me see. . . ."

"A soup!" cried ecstatic Cordle.

"You're coming in five by five," chanted Thoth-Hermes. "Lay down the word, deacon, and let the people know the divine formula. . . ."

"A *soup!*" said Cordle. "Yes, I see it now—creamy, pure-white onion soup is our dream of heaven, whereas fiery orange carrot broth is our notion of hell. It fits, it all fits together!"

"Om manipadme hum," intoned Thoth-Hermes.

"But where do the green peas go? What about the *meat*, for God's sake?"

"Don't pick at the metaphor," Thoth-Hermes advised him, "it leaves a nasty scab. Stick with the carrots and onions. And, here, let me offer you a drink—a house specialty."

"But the spices, where do you put the *spices?*" Cordle demanded, taking a long swig of burgundy-colored liquid from a rusted canteen.

"Baby, you're asking questions that can be revealed only to a thirteenth-degree Mason with piles, wearing sandals. Sorry about that. Just remember that everything goes into The Stew."

"Into The Stew," Cordle repeated, smacking his lips.

"And, especially, stick with the carrots and onions; you were really grooving there."

"Carrots and onions," Cordle repeated.

"That's your trip," Thoth-Hermes said. "Hey, we've gotten to Corunna; you can let me out anywhere around here."

Cordle pulled his rented car off the road. Thoth-Hermes took his knapsack from the back seat and got out.

"Thanks for the lift, baby."

"My pleasure. Thank *you* for the wine. What kind did you say it was?"

"*Vino de casa* mixed with a mere smidgen of old Dr. Hammerfinger's essence of instant powdered Power-Pack brand acid. Brewed by gnurrs in the secret laboratories of UCLA in preparation for the big all-Europe turn-on."

"Whatever it was, it surely *was*," Cordle said deeply. "Pure elixir to me. You could sell neckties to antelopes with that stuff; you could change the world from an oblate spheroid into a truncated trapezoid. . . . What did I say?"

"Never mind, it's all part of your trip. Maybe you better lie down for a while, huh?"

"Where gods command, mere mortals must obey," Cordle said iambically. He lay down on the front seat of the car. Thoth-Hermes bent over him, his beard burnished gold, his head wreathed in plane trees.

"You OK?"

"Never better in my life."

"Want me to stand by?"

"Unnecessary. You have helped me beyond potentiality."

"Glad to hear it, baby, you're making a fine sound. You really are OK? Well, then, ta."

Thoth-Hermes marched off into the sunset. Cordle closed his eyes and solved various problems that had perplexed the greatest philosophers of all ages. He was mildly surprised at how simple complexity was.

At last he went to sleep. He awoke some six hours later. He had forgotten most of his brilliant insights, the lucid solutions. It was inconceivable: How can one misplace the keys of the universe? But he had, and there seemed no hope of reclaiming them. Paradise was lost for good.

He did remember about the onions and the carrots, though, and he remembered The Stew. It was not the sort of insight he might have chosen if he'd had any choice; but this was what had come to him, and he did not reject it. Cordle knew, perhaps instinctively, that in the insight game, you take whatever you can get.

• • •

The next day, he reached Santander in a driving rain. He decided to write amusing letters to all of his friends, perhaps even try his hand at a travel sketch. That required a typewriter. The *conserje* at his hotel directed him to a store that rented typewriters. He went there and found a clerk who spoke perfect English.

"Do you rent typewriters by the day?" Cordle asked.

"Why not?" the clerk replied. He had oily black hair and a thin aristocratic nose.

"How much for that one?" Cordle asked, indicating a 30-year-old Erika portable.

"Seventy pesetas a day, which is to say, one dollar. Usually."

"Isn't this usually?"

"Certainly not, since you are a foreigner in transit. For you, one hundred and eighty pesetas a day."

"All right," Cordle said, reaching for his wallet. "I'd like to have it for two days."

"I shall also require your passport and a deposit of fifty dollars."

Cordle attempted a mild joke. "Hey, I just want to type on it, not marry it."

The clerk shrugged.

"Look, the *conserje* has my passport at the hotel. How about taking my driver's license instead?"

"Certainly not. I must hold your passport, in case you decide to default."

"But why do you need my passport *and* the deposit?" Cordle asked, feeling bullied and ill at ease. "I mean, look, the machine's not worth twenty dollars."

"You are an expert, perhaps, in the Spanish market value of used German typewriters?"

"No, but——"

"Then permit me, sir, to conduct my business as I see fit. I will also need to know the use to which you plan to put the machine."

"The *use?*"

"Of course, the use."

It was one of those preposterous foreign situations that can happen to anyone. The clerk's request was incomprehensible and his manner was insulting. Cordle was about to give a curt little nod, turn on his heel and walk out.

Then he remembered about the onions and carrots. He saw The Stew. And suddenly, it occurred to Cordle that he could be whatever vegetable he wanted to be.

He turned to the clerk. He smiled winningly. He said, "You wish to know the use I will make of the typewriter?"

"Exactly."

"Well," Cordle said, "quite frankly, I had planned to stuff it up my nose."

The clerk gaped at him.

"It's quite a successful method of smuggling," Cordle went on. "I was also planning to give you a stolen passport and counterfeit pesetas. Once I got into Italy, I would have sold the typewriter for ten thousand dollars. Milan is undergoing a typewriter famine, you know; they're desperate, they'll buy anything."

"Sir," the clerk said, "you choose to be disagreeable."

"Nasty is the word you were looking for. I've changed my mind about the typewriter. But let me compliment you on your command of English."

"I have studied assiduously," the clerk admitted, with a hint of pride.

"That is evident. And, despite a certain weakness in the Rs, you succeed in sounding like a Venetian gondolier with a cleft palate. My best wishes to your esteemed family. I leave you now to pick your pimples in peace."

• • •

Reviewing the scene later, Cordle decided that he had performed quite well in his maiden appearance as a carrot. True, his closing lines had been a little forced and overintellectualized. But the undertone of viciousness had been convincing.

Most important was the simple resounding fact that he had done it. And now, in the quiet of his hotel room, instead of churning his guts in a frenzy of self-loathing, he had the tranquilizing

(continued on page 308)

SANTA CLAUS CONFIDENTIAL

HUMOR **By WILLIAM IVERSEN**

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE JOLLY-OLD-ELF EXTERIOR—A TRAGIC EXPOSÉ OF THE VICIOUS SMEAR CAMPAIGN THAT HAS LIKENED SAINT NICK TO A PREGNANT WOMAN, BLAMED HIM FOR COMMERCIALIZING CHRISTMAS AND CULMINATED IN HIS PAPAL DEMOTION TO MISTERDOM

Dear Editor:
I am eight years old.
Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.
Poppa says, "If you see it in PLAYBOY, *it's so."*
Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Except for the name of the publication to which it is addressed, the above inquiry is identical to a letter written by little Virginia O'Hanlon to the New York *Sun* in September 1897. The original reply, which appeared on *The Sun*'s editorial page, contained a line that was destined to become one of the most quoted of all American yuletide tropes: "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

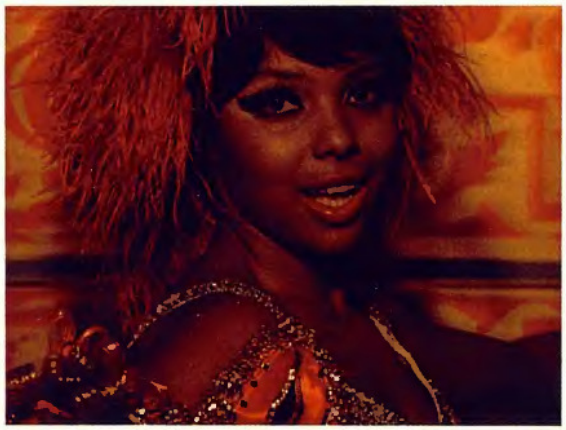
"Virginia, your little friends are wrong," wrote editor Francis Pharcellus Church. "They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. . . . Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! . . . No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten thousand times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

That's the way editors wrote in those days, Virginia. If you asked them the simplest little question, they creamed you with preachy prose and exclamation points. But you need not fear that such is the case today. *The Sun* went out of business years ago, and modern editors have better and more important things to do than to sit around and rap with kids about Santa Claus.

As I write this, for example, *(continued on page 194)*

CARNIVAL IN RIO

OPPOSITE: CARNIVAL'S MOST IMPORTANT AND EXCITING EVENT IS THE COLORFUL PARADE OF THE SAMBA CLUBS. THE MUNICIPAL BALL HIGHLIGHTS THE SOCIAL SCENE.



THE CITY'S ROISTEROUS CELEBRANTS HAPPILY TOIL THROUGHOUT THE YEAR ON THEIR SAMBA ROUTINES, FLOATS AND COSTUMES—WHICH RUN THE GAMUT FROM FINE-FEATHERED TO LIGHT-FANTASTIC.

THE CARIOCAS' PRE-LENTEN CARRYINGS-ON ARE ALWAYS EPIC AND THE SENHORITAS ARE STUNNING, SO WHAT BETTER REASONS TO LET YOURSELF GO TO BRAZIL'S ANNUAL BACCHANAL?

travel CARNIVAL IN RIO DE JANEIRO is one of the rarer celebrations invented by mankind, perhaps the rarest of all. It begins where the other festivals and pageants leave off and it goes so far beyond them that comparisons are inadequate. Rio's Carnival is a celebration of love, music, sun, food, dance and sex—an exultation of life itself and an abandonment of inhibition. During the four days of Carnival (it's going to be held from Saturday to Ash Wednesday, February 14–17, in 1970), Rio's *cariocas* and thousands of visitors dedicate themselves to forgetting reality, ignoring yesterday and canceling tomorrow. A city of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY D. GORDON

PLAYBOY'S CAPSULE GUIDE TO RIO

WHERE TO STAY

CALIFORNIA: small, informal, comfortable and congenial.
COPACABANA PALACE: Rio's most famed and resplendent roost, on Copo Beach; pool, celebrities and all the amenities.
EXCELSIOR: handsomely restyled, masterfully managed.
GLORIA: huge and distinguished but away from the beach.
LANCASTER: solo fun possible in spite of family trade.
LEME PALACE: excellently administered, luxurious newcomer; 300 rooms, boisterous clientele; hub of night life.
MIRAMAR: medium-priced beach-front hostelry; fine roof bar.
OLINDA: quiet ocean-front comfort at reasonable rates.
OURO VERDE: small, elegant and strategically situated.
REGENTE: dandy digs, but stay out of the dining room.
TROCADERO: recently refurbished, central and *simpatico*.

WHERE TO DINE

ADEGA DE EVORA: Copacabana's informal (and leading) site for authentic Portuguese food, decor and fado singers.
ALBA MAR: succulent seafood served in an old market building.
BAHIANINHA: informal site for local gifts from the sea.
CHALE: a gustatorial imperative; baroque decor, classic Brazilian and Continental cuisine, great desserts.
ESQUILOS: international fare, rustically romantic setting—a colonial farmhouse 30 minutes outside the city.
FIORENTINA, SORRENTO: Italian edibles, action crowds.
CHURRASCARIA JARDIM: memorable mixed grills; alfresco.
MAISON DE FRANCE: *haute cuisine* atop the French embassy.
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART: for lunch and view of Sugarloaf.
NINO'S: politicians and the pretty people dig the pasta.

DON'T LEAVE UNTIL YOU

attend one of the many splendiferous Carnival balls. Getting tickets won't be easy, but bellhops work wonders. Poshest of all: the Municipal.

view a soccer game at Maracana Stadium, where 150,000 fans shout their heads off; you will, too.

witness the wildly spectacular parade of the samba clubs on Sunday night of Carnival.

do at least minimal sight-seeing: Sugarloaf and Christ of the Andes.

drive with her on the coastal mountain road to Barra de Tijuca, a secluded and beautiful beach.

drop by the Gavea Golf Club; tourists are welcome, but can't play the awesomely scenic course unless invited by a member.

charter a boat and go sailfishing in the Atlantic; the season runs from November through March.

bask at Copacabana and Ipanema beaches—and glimpse Rio's truly traffic-stopping bikinied birds.

WHERE TO PLAY

CANECAO: for a cheery, beery eve, visit this cavernous Brazilian Brauhaus; nonstop rock and folk music.
GOLDEN ROOM: Rio's biggest club, in the Copacabana Palace, shouldn't be missed; dinner, dancing, lavish floorshow.
FRED'S: Carlos Machado's justly famed and prototypal Brazilian revue attracts the tourists; you won't mind.
GRINZING: intimate Austro-Hungarian decor; small combo.
ON THE ROCKS: the city's most romantic and expensive night spot for dinner and dancing.
SUCATA: sophisticated center for top-name Brazilian jazz.
ZUM-ZUM, NEW JIRAU, BALAIO, BILBOQUET, SACHINHA'S, LE BATEAU: Rio's top-six discos; seldom a disappointment.

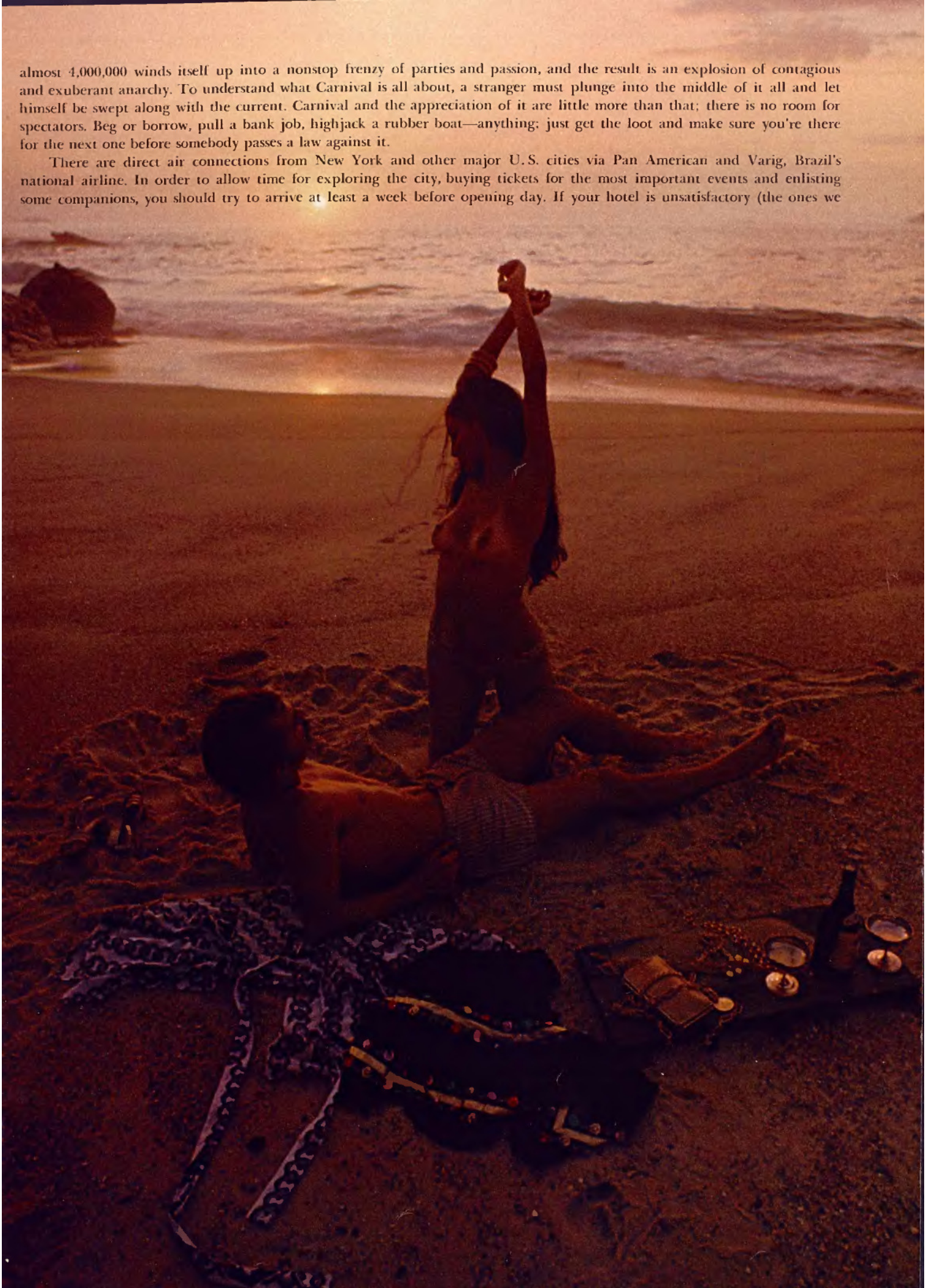
WHAT TO BUY

A wide range of precious gems, Brazil's best shopping bargain, at H. Stern and Maximino's.
Custom-styled semiprecious jewelry at Burle Marx.
Bespoke suede, leather, fur and calfskin coats, ready in a week, at Encanto dos Peles.
Maxi-Mod stylings at Dijon.
Continental clothing—especially French and Italian imports—at Homem's.
Traditional Brazilian handcrafts—check the silver- and woodwork—at Casa Hugo.
Alligator, jaguar and snake skins—the finest—at Zitrin.
Paintings by talented Brazilian artists—at Bonino, Petite Galerie, Vernon, and Barcinski.

DURING CARNIVAL, THE CITY'S POPULACE REFUSES TO SLEEP; ABOVE, A COMELY CARIOCA REFRESHES HERSELF IN A WATERFALL POOL IN RIO'S PARQUE LAGE. AFTER EACH NIGHT'S NONSTOP PARTYING, COUPLES FLOCK TO SECLUDED STRANDS SUCH AS NIEMEYER BEACH (RIGHT), THERE TO GREET THE DAWN AND REST UP FOR MORE REVELING.

almost 4,000,000 winds itself up into a nonstop frenzy of parties and passion, and the result is an explosion of contagious and exuberant anarchy. To understand what Carnival is all about, a stranger must plunge into the middle of it all and let himself be swept along with the current. Carnival and the appreciation of it are little more than that; there is no room for spectators. Beg or borrow, pull a bank job, highjack a rubber boat—anything; just get the loot and make sure you're there for the next one before somebody passes a law against it.

There are direct air connections from New York and other major U.S. cities via Pan American and Varig, Brazil's national airline. In order to allow time for exploring the city, buying tickets for the most important events and enlisting some companions, you should try to arrive at least a week before opening day. If your hotel is unsatisfactory (the ones we



recommend on the chart on page 166 won't be), the extra few days will also provide the opportunity to look for an alternative. While foreign travel agents usually book every room they can, a last-minute vacancy is not unknown. Many tour operators charge inflationary rates for Carnival tickets and hotel rooms, so avoid package tours and stick with your trusty Stateside travel agent to make hotel reservations in advance. You can buy tickets for the parades and Carnival balls as soon as you're settled.

Location is especially important when visiting Rio, for Carnival takes place during Brazil's summer, when life revolves around the surf scene. Copacabana beach is Rio's most famed, action-oriented ocean strand and, ideally, your hotel should be within easy walking distance—preferably situated just north of the center of Avenida Atlantico, which spans the full width of Copa beach. Additionally, you should be a short stroll away from shops, restaurants, bars and night clubs; rooms should face the ocean; and you shouldn't have to sign up for compulsory meals, a dodge practiced only by inferior establishments. There are three first-class hotels that encompass all of these attributes and add individual flourishes of their own: the Swiss-operated Ouro Verde, which quietly boasts one of the finest restaurants in the city; the Leme Palace, which has a posh little night club and a deck bar; and Rio's best-known hotel, the Copacabana Palace, which has an enormous pool. Unfortunately, the Copa Palace's management has allowed the hotel's reputation to go to its head, and in recent years the service has become somewhat glacially indifferent.

Other top-line hotels for service and location are the Excelsior, Trocadero and Lancaster; next are the Olinda, California and Miramar. If your friendly neighborhood travel agent books you into the Regente, tell him you'll take it only without meals; the kitchen is less than spectacular. Wherever you stay, specify air conditioning, for the humidity can be quite oppressive. If you're not concerned about being on the beach, stay at the Gloria. It's one of the largest luxury hotels on the continent; it has a big pool and, though the sea is a long plod through ornamental gardens, ocean-view suites are available.

The next order of business is transportation; it's important to have your own wheels, because Rio is a huge metropolis and taxis become scarce once Carnival begins. Rental autos are quickly snatched up, so if you haven't reserved one (to be collected upon debarkation at Rio's ramshackle Galeão Airport), your next-best bet is either a chauffeured car (arrangements can be made with most owner-cabbies) or a rented jeep, preferably one with a detachable roof for protection against the short rainstorms that sporadically sweep in from the sea at this time of year. It should be noted that Rio's 380,000 vehicles are driven with about the same degree of caution shown at a demolition derby. Although the city refuses to release figures on the number of yearly traffic deaths—for fear of alarming the population and damaging the tourist trade—Commander Celso Franco, Rio's traffic director, is quite candid about the situation. "I have been in many, many cities," he says, "and I believe we have the world's worst drivers."

Once you've completed your hotel and automobile arrangements, you can begin planning which events you wish to attend when Carnival gets under way. There are three principal aspects to Rio's Carnival that might be called organized. These are the costume balls, the street carnival (the parade of samba schools along Avenida Presidente Vargas) and the *blocos*, which are street parades held by the inhabitants of individual city blocks. All of these events are held during the four days of Carnival proper, but the action starts a long time before this. Night clubs and *discothèques* throw parties for all comers; there are spontaneous binges in bars and restaurants, as well as parades that may consist of anything from a couple of dozen costumed revelers dancing through the streets to a string of elaborate floats accompanied by 100 or so musicians. For weeks before the Saturday of Carnival, the hills around the city echo to the rumble of samba drums and there is a tangible fever of anticipation in the air.

But though the round of private parties and impromptu revelries has long since started, there are still occasional havens of peace—and startling beauty—to be found not far from the clamor of the sidewalk crowds and the glare of the enormous street decorations. Beyond these tempting distractions, the highway leads south to Ipanema's quiet hills and golden beaches; and in the city itself, a winding road skirts the sheer rock face of Monti Corcovado (Hunchback Mountain), on whose Andean summit some 2300 feet above the sea stands the massive statue of Christ that is Rio de Janeiro's best-known landmark. Lying far below this peak, the city spreads out like some exotic Oriental carpet, laced at dusk with strands of light and luminous colors, with the bulk of Sugarloaf and the offshore mountain islands looming faintly through the haze. When the wispy evening clouds float up the sides of Corcovado, shrouding the floodlit statue in a wraith of mist, and then drift away into the gathering darkness, the clatter and bustle that stirs in the distant streets is swallowed up in a spine-tingling silence. As in the country of which it is the unofficial capital, there are no halfway experiences in Rio; like Carnival itself, even the landscape goes to extremes.

Brasília, the actual capital, was hacked out of the dusty red hinterlands nine years ago and stands today as an immense and somewhat forlorn monument to the deposed president who created it. If Brasília is the official seat of government and, hence, the correct location for foreign embassies, Rio is still the *de facto* focal point of national life. The ambassadors as well as various departments of Brazilian government have all but ignored the ambitious relocation plan drawn up more than a decade ago. Political questions aside, it's difficult to blame them, for subequatorial Rio occupies a position of unsurpassable magnificence, three fourths of the way down Brazil's Atlantic coast line, set among towering green-clad mountains and rimmed by great curving beaches, Rio's special pride.

Most visitors see only one beach, Copacabana; but in descending order, starting north of the city, there are the beaches of Flamengo, Botafogo, Urca, Fora and Vermelha. Copacabana is next, then Ipanema, flanked on either side by Arpoador and Leblon—all four of which may well be the most popular beaches in South America. If it gets too hot or too crowded on one beach or the surf is too rough for swimming, chances are that one of the others will provide ideal conditions.

For *cariocas*, the beach is used for both therapy and worship. During the day, they lie in the sun, coated with the local prescription for suntan lotion—a mixture of Vaseline oil, iodine and Coca-Cola; and at night, the superstitious light candles for the Queen of the Sea. On New Year's Eve, Copa beach glows with thousands of candles placed on the sand in homage to the Sea Queen, and women in long white robes wade into the water to strew petals in the thundering surf.

Carnival comes when Rio swelters in broiling summer heat; there is barely enough room to sit on the sand, and offices, factories and schools surrender their occupants to the sun. Brazilian cynics point to the mountaintop perch of Christ, whose arms are outstretched in perpetual supplication; they say that on the day every Brazilian reports for work, Jesus will let go with a round of applause.

Copa beach, being situated at the center of the main hotel district, is always the most crowded. It accommodates the bulk of visitors and locals, hundreds of rambling food and drink vendors, teams of soccer and volleyball players and small boys who stage aerial kite fights, applying a mixture of ground glass and glue to the string and sawing away at their opponent's line until it breaks.

Ipanema beach boasts a casual, bohemian style; it's popular with American

(continued on page 321)

with an all-new, all-star cast, the classic drama is reviewed by one of the theater's most perceptive critics

humor By WOODY ALLEN LAST NIGHT, the Lincoln Center theater opened the new season with the Elia Kazan all-star production of *Snow White*, starring Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Anthony Quinn, Jason Robards, Jr., Rod Steiger, George C. Scott and Sidney Poitier as the seven dwarfs, with Kim Stanley as the queen and Mildred Dunnock in the title role.

First, let me say that the show is the best *Snow White* ever done, including the Gielgud production that played a limited run on Broadway some years back; and while Sir Ralph Richardson's Dopey was deemed a masterpiece of technical virtuosity at the time, Lee Cobb's is infinitely more moving. But I will get to that. I think what distinguishes this *Snow White* from any other is its success in coming to grips with issues. What is the meaning of life? Why does man feel alienated? And wherein lies his salvation? At the end of act two, Bashful kills himself upon learning that his brother Sneezy has gone insane. He echoes the words of the philosopher Nietzsche, who wrote, "God is dead. Everything is now possible." Coming from a shy dwarf, the impact is staggering. But on to the performances.

Rod Steiger has always been an actor of unusual sensitivity and, in Doc, he at last has a challenge equal to his abilities. Frustrated, alcoholic, impotent, Doc is unable to "whistle while he works." Haunted by the image of the surgeon he could have become were he just a few feet taller, he is reduced to podiatry, a branch of medicine he hates but which is within his grasp. "What he could never understand," Snow White sobs at one point, "is that there's as much poetry in a bunion as a ventricle. But how many of us realize that?"

Unable to stop sneezing, Robards' Sneezy—the victim of a morbid neurosis—is racked with guilt over complicity with the Nazis during World War Two. Faced with a firing squad, he chose to inform on Happy, leader of the dwarf resistance, who, posing as a gnome, successfully harassed the Germans. Gnomes —and *(continued on page 326)*

REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY

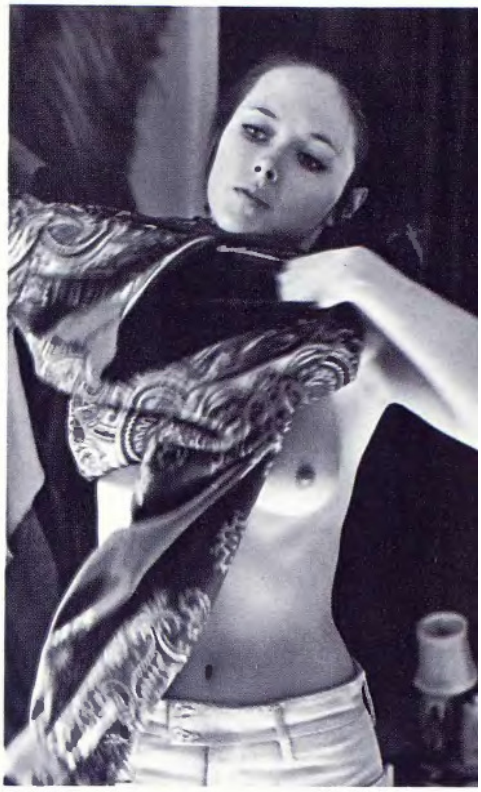
december playmate gloria root covers the hip scene from taos to amsterdam

AS AMERICAN POETS from Walt Whitman to Chuck Berry have frequently suggested, the great expanse of the North American continent tends to make migrants of those who live on it. Twenty-one-year-old Gloria Root is one of the new breed of urban nomads who—in Berry's words—"live and love across both borders, trip East and West from coast to coast." In the past year and a half—since she decided that the nine-to-five work routine was a down trip after toiling on a telephone switchboard in Chicago—Gloria has sallied from her Windy City apartment to spearfish in Mexico, ski in Colorado and otherwise pass the time among her peers in such ports of call as New York, San Francisco, Big Sur, Santa Fe and a bohemian community near Taos, New Mexico. Gloria

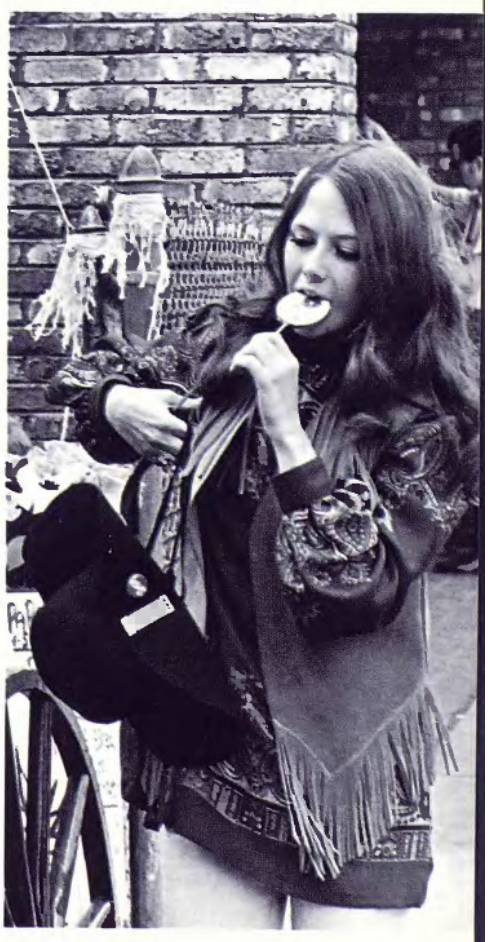
Sometime scholar and full-time radicol, Gloria Root is on orchetypol child of the rock age: olwoys on the move, olways ready to chollenge authority—ond always eoger to hove a good time. Top: Gloria parks her bike ot Northwestern's Chicago campus as she arrives for a closs in politicol science. Though an excellent student, she finds classwork dull compored with the practical opplicotions of politicol theory. Left: Woiting on Wocker Drive for a mossive demonstration ogoinst the Vietnom war to begin, Gloria chots with fellow protesters. Like her, they are veterans of innumeroble confrontotions in Americo's ongoing youth revolution. Soys Glorio: "Protest morches are the only sociol gotherings I con stond; it's o drog to sit around with o bunch of bored people ond try to moke small tolk."

Gloria savors the good vibrations generated by thousands of peaceniks marching unimpeded through Chicago's Loop.

has descended upon most of these locales without knowing anyone in the area, but, as she candidly puts it, "The way the hip scene is, if you look the part, you're in. Kids move around so much today that when I go to a city I've visited before, I never find the same people there. But it's easy for me to make new friends." One sure-fire way to strike up a conversation with most representatives of Gloria's generation is to mention politics; and she finds that wherever she goes, she hears much talk about revolution among her socially alert but alienated contemporaries. Gloria herself follows current events with an almost religious fervor. Although she digs skiing or taking in a ballet recital, she's more likely to be watching a TV newscast or making her way through a volume by one of her favorite radical philosophers, such as Herbert Marcuse, Paul Goodman or the legendary Russian anarchist Prince Kropotkin. It is Gloria's conviction that a major upheaval is both necessary and inevitable in the United States: "We've managed to narrow down all the freedoms we take pride in. We've created a political aristocracy that we didn't want, and too many of us are hopelessly trapped in that tired old business of getting an 'education' and a job that doesn't mean anything." Gloria believes that American society today contains a "hard-core revolutionary middle" that bridges economic, racial and generational gaps—"not just a radical rabble, as the politicians would have us believe." She outspokenly favors a militant approach in dealing with the establishment: "When they club people on the head during a confrontation, it lets



Rising late on a Saturday, Gloria showers and dresses, then elects to spend an hour or sa browsing through nearby Old Town's fun zone—a frenetic conglomeration of night clubs, restaurants, head shops and carnival-styled tourist attractions: "Old Town used to be a really hip place, but it's on its way down now—the kids are moving out and the hustlers are moving in." Below, left to right: Gloria checks out the latest offerings at a buttons-and-posters emporium; then, at the entrance to Piper's Alley, she pauses to rap with a few *amigos*. After circulating through some more shops, she buys a lalapalooza of a lollipop to sweeten the journey back to her apartment a few blocks north.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH MISS DECEMBER

the whole world know how coercive the system really is. Until the week of the 1968 Democratic Convention, most of the country didn't realize how bad things could be—and since then, a lot of them have forgotten. That's why demonstrations and protests are necessary—to dramatize the dissenting viewpoint." Relatively pacific means of expressing independence, such as drug consumption and way-out styles of dress, however, do have at least symbolic value in Gloria's view of things politic: "Individuals who have used hallucinogens or pot can experience life in more subtle ways and accept each other more readily than people who haven't." And unorthodox costumes, according to Gloria, serve to remind orthodox citizens "that there are other ways to live than what happens to be considered 'normal' here and now. If more people cared enough to expand their viewpoints by studying history or anthropology, they'd realize how many different life styles are natural and they'd be more tolerant. Young people aren't pushing any particular life style—just the freedom to choose. And the youth revolution bridges all boundaries." Eventually, Gloria expects to widen her own intellectual horizons by completing her formal education (she has studied at Illinois and at Northwestern's Chicago branch). For the immediate future, however, her plans call for a trip to Europe, where she'll visit such outposts of social change as Amsterdam and London and reconnoiter with the Old World's young radicals. We're sure that wherever Gloria wanders, she'll turn people's heads—and blow their minds.

Spending an evening at the Kinetic Playground—Chicago's busiest and hippest house of rock—Gloria chats between sets, then watches intently as Aum, a San Francisco group, goes through its paces onstage. She's in good spirits as she returns to the reality of North Clark Street.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Did my wife say anything when you called and said I would be working late at the office?" asked the executive, nuzzling his ravishing secretary.

"The only thing she said," answered the secretary, "was: 'Can I count on it?' "

After going through the line at a crowded cafeteria, the three rambunctious teenage boys found they were forced to share a table with a kindly-looking old lady. One of the lads decided to have a bit of fun at the woman's expense and, nudging one of his buddies under the table, suddenly remarked, "Did your folks ever get married?"

"Nope," replied his tablemate, picking up the put-on. "How about yours?"

"They never bothered," answered the first young man.

"That's nothing," interrupted the third, "my mother doesn't even know who my father is."

The elderly woman looked up from her coffee and said sweetly, "Excuse me, but would one of you little bastards please pass the sugar?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *avalanche* as a mountain getting its rocks off.

Then there was the airline stewardess who turned to prostitution but couldn't break the habit of greeting her customers with "Welcome aboard."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Noel Coward* as a guy who's afraid to go home to his wife after the office Christmas party.

Forgive me, Father," the embarrassed bachelor told his confessor. "I made love to a beautiful virgin last night."

"That's terrible," the cleric groaned. "Was it Cynthia Goodrich?"

"Please don't ask me that?" the fellow pleaded.

"Was it the Carruthers girl?" the man of the cloth prodded him.

"I don't want to answer," he insisted.

"Well, was it Susan Fullerton?" the priest demanded.

"I simply refuse to tell you," the young chap declared firmly.

"All right, my son," the cleric sighed. "For admitting your guilt, you are forgiven, but you'd better see me again next week."

Leaving the church, the fellow met his best friend, who had waited for him outside. "How did your confession go?" the friend inquired.

"Not bad," the bachelor replied. "I got a week off and three new leads."

On his first visit to the psychiatrist, the nervous young man explained that his family made him seek help because he preferred cotton socks to woolen ones. "That's no reason for you to see me," retorted the physician. "In fact, I myself prefer cotton socks."

"Really?" the happy patient exclaimed. "Do you like yours with oil and vinegar or just a squeeze of lemon?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *eunuch king* as an impotentate.

The Indian agent on a South Dakota reservation tells us that the Sioux squaws have been practicing a variation on suburban wife swapping. They call it passing the buck.

A man walked into the local pub with a frog atop his head. The startled bartender asked, "Hey, where did you get that?"

The frog croaked, "Would you believe it started out as a wart on my ass?"

Then there was the zealous fellow who recruited girls for the sexual revolution and then spent the first three weeks drilling the platoon.

The attractive young coed was filing a report with the campus police on her encounter with an exhibitionist.

"Those nuts always seem to bother the nicest, most innocent girls," one officer said sympathetically. "I'm terribly sorry you were exposed to this experience."

"Oh, that's all right," giggled the undergrad. "It was really no big thing."

Stepping off the bandstand at a psychedelic *discothèque*, the long-haired drummer approached a miniskirted chick and asked if she'd like to join him for a steak dinner. "No, I'm a vegetarian," she confided. "Vegetables are the only thing I eat."

"Well, then, let's go to my pad," he offered. "I'm a humanitarian."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"'Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.'"

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANZ ALTSCHULER

LOVE, DAD

the chronicle of a brief life—
in which are included the
unpublished letters from his father,
found among the personal effects
of "catch-22's"
edward nately, killed on a
bombing mission to
la spezia, italy, in december 1944

fiction
By JOSEPH HELLER

SECOND LIEUTENANT Edward J. Nately III was really a good kid. He was a slender, shy, rather handsome young man with fine brown hair, delicate cheekbones, large, intent eyes and a sharp pain in the small of his back when he woke up alone on a couch in the parlor of a whorehouse in Rome one morning and began wondering who and where he was and how in the world he had ever got there. He had no real difficulty remembering *who* he was. He was Second Lieutenant Edward J. Nately III, a bomber pilot in Italy in World War Two, and he would be 20 years old in January, if he lived.

Nately had always been a good kid from a Philadelphia family that was even better. He was always pleasant, considerate, trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, not always so thrifty or wise but invariably brave, clean and reverent. He was without envy, malice, anger, hatred or resentment, which puzzled his good friend Yossarian and kept him aware of how eccentric and naïve Nately really was and how much in need of protection by Yossarian against the wicked ways of the world.

Why, Nately had actually enjoyed his childhood—and was not even ashamed to admit it! Nately *liked* all his brothers and sisters and always had, and he did not mind going home for vacations and furloughs. He got on well with his uncles and his aunts and with all his first, second and third cousins, whom, of course, he numbered by the dozens, with all the friends of the family and with just about everyone else he ever met, except, possibly, the incredibly and unashamedly depraved old man who was always in the whorehouse when Nately and Yossarian arrived and seemed to have spent his entire life living comfortably and happily there. Nately was well bred, well groomed, well mannered and well off. He was, in fact, immensely wealthy, but no one in his squadron on the island of Pianosa held his good nature or his good family background against him.

Nately had been taught by both parents all through childhood, preadolescence and adolescence to shun and disdain "climbers," "pushers," "*nouveaux*" and "parvenus," but he had never been able to, since no climbers, pushers, *nouveaux* or parvenus had ever been allowed near any of the family homes in Philadelphia, Fifth Avenue, Palm Beach, Bar Harbor, Southampton, Mayfair and Belgravia, the 16th *arrondissement*, the north of France, the south of France and all of the good Greek islands. To the best of his knowledge, the guest lists at all these places had always been composed exclusively of ladies and gentlemen and children of faultless dress and manners and great dignity and aplomb. There were always many bankers, brokers, judges, ambassadors and former ambassadors among them, many sportsmen, cabinet officials, fortune hunters and dividend-collecting widows, divorcees, orphans and spinsters. There were no labor leaders among them and no laborers, and there were never any self-made men. There was one unmarried social worker, who toiled among the underprivileged for fun, and several retired generals and admirals who were dedicating the remaining years of their lives to preserving the American Constitution by destroying it and perpetuating the American way of life by bringing it to an end.

The only one in the entire group who worked hard was Nately's mother; but since she did not work hard at anything constructive, her reputation remained good. Nately's mother worked very hard at opening and closing the family homes in Philadelphia, Fifth Avenue, Palm Beach, Bar Harbor, Southampton, Mayfair and Belgravia, the 16th *arrondissement*, the north of France, the south of France and all of the good Greek islands, and at safeguarding the family traditions, of which she had appointed herself austere custodian.

"You must never forget who and what you are"; Nately's mother had begun drumming it into Nately's head about Natelys long before Nately had any idea what a Nately was. "You are not a Guggenheim, who mined copper for a living, nor a Vanderbilt, whose

fortune is descended from a common tugboat captain, nor an Armour, whose ancestors peddled putrefying meat to the gallant Union Army during the heroic War between the States, nor a Harriman, who made his money playing with choo-choo trains. Our family," she always declared with pride, "does *nothing* for our money."

"What your mater means, my boy," interjected his father with the genial, rococo wit Nately found so impressive, "is that people who make new fortunes are not nearly as good as the families who've lost old ones. Ha, ha, ha! Isn't that good, my dear?"

"I wish you would mind your own business when I'm talking to the boy," Nately's mother replied sharply to Nately's father.

"Yes, my dear."

Nately's mother was a stiff-necked, straight-backed, autocratic descendant of the old New England Thorntons. The family tree of the New England Thorntons, as she often remarked, extended back far past the Mayflower, almost to Adam himself. It was a matter of historical record that the Thorntons were lineal descendants of the union of John Alden, a climber, to Priscilla Mullins, a pusher. The genealogy of the Natelys was no less impressive, since one of Nately's father's forebears had distinguished himself conspicuously at the battle of Bosworth Field, on the losing side.

"Mother, what is a regano?" Nately inquired innocently one day while on holiday from Andover after an illicit tour through the Italian section of Philadelphia, before reporting to his home for duty. "Is it anything like a Nately?"

"Oregano," replied his mother with matriarchal distaste, "is a revolting vice indulged in by untitled foreigners in Italy. Don't ever mention it again."

Nately's father chuckled superiorly when Nately's mother had gone. "You mustn't take everything your mother says too literally, son," he advised with a wink. "Your mother is a remarkable woman, as you probably know, but when she deals with such matters as oregano, she's usually full of shit. Now, I've eaten oregano many times, if you know what I mean, and I expect that you will, too, before you marry and settle down. The important thing to remember about eating oregano is never to do it with a girl from your own social station. Do it with salesgirls and waitresses, if you can, or with any of our maids, except Lili, of course, who, as you may have noticed, is something of a favorite of mine. I'm not sending you to women of lower social station out of snobbishness, but simply because they're so much better at it than the daughters and wives of our friends. Nurses and schoolteachers enjoy excellent reputations in this respect. Not a word about this to your mother, of course."

Nately's father overflowed with sanguine advice of that kind. He was a dapper, affable man of great polish and experience whom everybody but Nately's mother respected. Nately was proud of his father's wisdom and sophistication; and the eloquent, brilliant letters he received when away at school were treasured compensation for those bleak and painful separations from his parents. Nately's father, on the other hand, welcomed these separations from his son with ceremonious zeal, for they gave him opportunity to fashion the graceful, aesthetic, metaphysical letters in which he took such epicurean satisfaction.

Dear Son (he wrote when Nately was away at Andover):

Don't be the first person by whom new things are tried and don't be the last one to set old ones aside. If our family were ever to adopt for itself a brief motto, I would want it to be precisely those words, and not merely because I wrote them myself. (Ha, ha, ha!) I would select them for the wisdom they contain. They urge restraint, and restraint is the quintessence of dignity and taste. It is incumbent upon you as a Nately that dignity and taste are always what you show.

Today you are at Andover. Tomorrow you will be elsewhere. There will be times in later life when you will find yourself with people who attended Exeter, Choate, Hotchkiss, Groton and other institutions of like ilk. These people will address you as equals and speak to you familiarly, as though you share with them a common fund of experience. Do not be deceived. Andover is Andover, and Exeter is not, and neither are any of the others anything that they are not.

Throughout life, you must always choose your friends as discriminately as you choose your clothing, and you must bear in mind constantly that all that glitters is not gold.

Love,
Dad

Nately had hoarded these letters from his father loyally and was often tempted to fling their elevated contents into the jaded face of the hedonistic old man who seemed to be in charge of the whorehouse in Rome, in lordly refutation of his pernicious, unkempt immorality and as a triumphant illustration of what a cultivated, charming, intelligent and distinguished man of character such as his father was really like. What restrained Nately was a confused and intimidating suspicion that the old man would succeed in degrading his father with the same noxious and convincing trickery with which he had succeeded in degrading everything else Nately deemed holy. Nately had a large number of his father's letters to save. Following Andover, he had moved, of course, to Harvard, and his father had proved equal to the occasion.

Dear Son (his father wrote):

Don't be the first person by whom new things are tried and don't be the last person to set the old things aside. This pregnant couplet came to me right out of the blue only a few moments ago, while I was out on the patio listening to your mother and a Mozart clarinet concerto and spreading Crosse & Blackwell marmalade on my Melba toast, and I am interrupting my breakfast to communicate it to you while it is still fresh in my mind. Write it down on your brain, inscribe it on your heart, engrave it for all time on your memory centers, for the advice it contains is as sound as any I have ever told you.

Today you are at Harvard, the oldest educational institution in the United States of America, and I am not certain if you are as properly impressed with your situation as you should be. Harvard is more than just a good school; Harvard is also a good place at which to get an education, should you decide that you do want an education. Columbia University, New York University and the City College of New York in the city of New York are other good places at which to get an education, but they are not good schools. Universities such as Princeton, Yale, Dartmouth and bungalows in the Amherst-Williams complex are, of course, neither good schools nor good places at which to get an education and are never to be compared with Harvard. I hope that you are being as choosy in your choice of acquaintances there as you know your mother and I would like you to be.

Love,
Dad

P. S. Avoid associating familiarly with Roman Catholics, colored people and Jews, regardless of how accomplished, rich or influential their parents may be, although Chinese, Japanese, Spaniards of royal blood and Moslems of foreign nationality are perfectly all right.

P. P. S. Are you getting much oregano up there? (Ha, ha, ha!)

Nately sampled oregano dutifully his freshman year with a salesgirl, a waitress, a nurse and a schoolteacher, and with three girls in Scranton, Pennsylvania, on two separate occasions, but his appetite for the spice was not hoggish and exposure did not immunize him against falling so unrealistically in love the first moment he laid eyes on the dense, sluggish, yawning, ill-kempt whore lounging stark-naked in a room full of enlisted men ignoring her. Apart from these

(concluded on page 348)

EXTENSIONS OF MAN: A NEW APPROACH TO CHRISTMAS GIVING

gifts that stimulate, enhance, amplify and give pleasure to each and all of our senses, including the kinesthetic

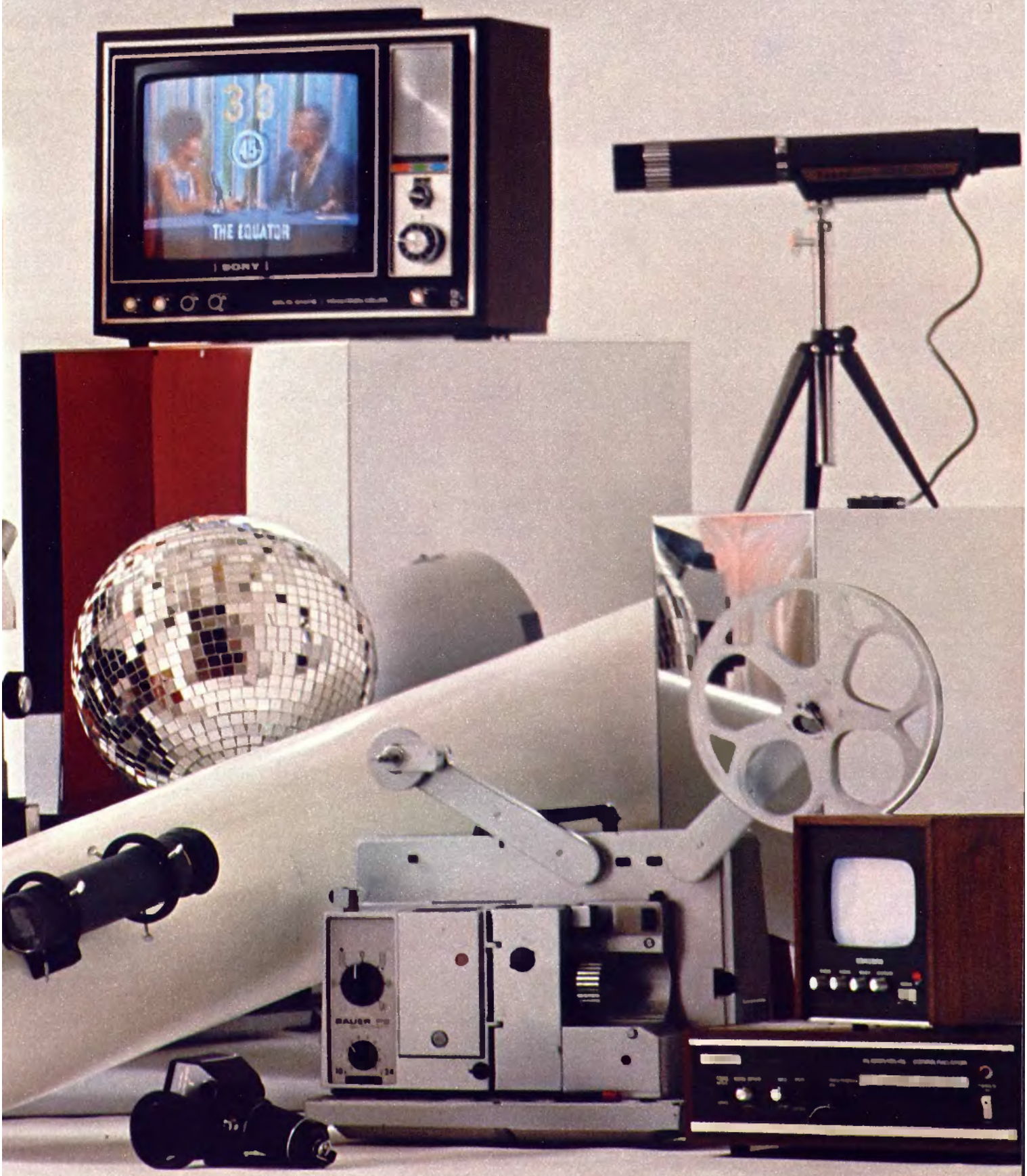
SMELL: Left to right, top to bottom: Glass display unit, from Beyleriari, $130. Goatskin telescopic cigar case, from Alfred Dunhill, $5, holds four cigars. Scented candles, from Jack B. Nimble, about $3 each, depending on size. Potted Norfolk pines, available through local florists, about $30, depending on height. Aphrodesia cologne for men, 4 ozs., and women, 3½ ozs., by Fabergé, $5 each. Monsieur and Madame Rochas colognes in atomizer bottles, 4 ozs., both by Parfums Marcel Rochas, about $6 each. Nine Flags colognes in aerosol flasks, 2½ ozs., by Colton, $3.50 each. Monsieur De Givenchy eau de toilette, 15 ozs., $25, and Le De Givenchy perfume, 4 ozs., $110, both by Parfums Givenchy. Chiaro men's cologne, 3¾ ozs., $7.50, and Ritual cologne in atomizer bottle, 2 ozs., $5, both by Lanvin–Charles of the Ritz. Eau Sauvage cologne, 2 ozs., $7, and Dioressence perfume spray, 3 ozs., $7.50, both by Dior Perfumes. Portable electronic air cleaner, by Scuttle, $89.95. Quart barrel of Hennessy VSOP cognac, from Schieffelin, $17.50. Men's body splash, 4 ozs., by Aramis, $8, and Estee perfume, 2 ozs., by Estee Lauder, $10. Braggi Collector's Chest of men's toiletries, including after-shaves, soap, etc., by Revlon, $150. Fifth of Hennessy cognac XO, from Schieffelin, $25. Crystal brandy snifter, from Tablerie, $8. Ultima II Grand Collection chest for women contains assortment of toiletries, by Revlon, $40. Assorted pipe tobaccos, 2 ozs., by Lane, about $1 each. Ceramic incense burner, from Apropos, $110.

MERCURY

KINESTHETICS: Clockwise from ten: Consultant golf bag of vinyl with leather trim, $100, holds set of eight irons, $210, and four woods, $150, all by Spalding. Paper archery target face, by Bear Archery, $1.50 for package of four. Cowhide soccer ball, by Spalding, $33.60. Chrome racing bike, by Witcomb of England, from Turin Bicycle Co-op, $275. Polo/hunting saddle, $240; English Marlborough boots, $34.95, equipped with spurs, $6.95; Boltaron polo helmet, $25.50; and wooden polo mallet, $6.95, all from Miller Harness. Scuba diver's knife with Solingen-steel blade, $13.95; thermo-coated air tank, holds one hour of air, $102; professional-type regulator, $80; and rubber swim fins, about $11.95, depending on size, all by Dacor. Mark I underwater SubMarine gun, by Topmatic, $75. Take down bow locks together in seconds, by Bear Archery, $250. Four-horse outboard motor, by Kiekhaefer Mercury, $250. Italian ski racer's helmet with foam liner, by Jean-Claude Killy–Wolverine, $24. Stainless-steel number-28 two-speed sheet winches for sailboat, $575 each; shown with a chrome single-grip standard-type handle, $25, all by Barient. All-metal Sitzski comes with two short skis, features Mogul-Flex frame, collapses for easy storage in car's trunk, from Spectra Sports, $155. Tubular-steel badminton racquet with copper-plated strings, by Dayton Racquet, $25. Nylon-strung tennis racquet with aerodynamic styling, by Wilson, $48.

SIGHT: Top, left to right: Solid-state strobe light, from Grand Stage Lighting, $365. Battery-powered binoculars that can zoom from 7X to 15X, by Tasco Sales, $149.95, are atop an Audio Lite that operates on sound sources, by Curtis Electro-Lighting, $49.95. "The Graphic Work of M. C. Escher," from Meredith Press, $7.95. Column Audio Lite, by Curtis Electro-Lighting, $49.95. Plexiglas and chrome floor lamp, by Neal Small, $110. StereoZoom 7 microscope with magnification range from 5X to 280X, by Bausch & Lomb, $632. Rotating mirrored ball, from Grand Stage Lighting, $60, including motor. Chrome cube table, from Belaire Designs, $85. Trinitron solid-state portable color TV with 12-inch screen, by Sony, $359.95. Battery-powered zoom scope with remote-control button, by Tasco Sales, $39.95, sits atop a chrome pedestal, from Belaire Designs, $38. Bottom, left to right: Roberts 1000 four-track stereo and video recorder, by Roberts, $1095. Instamatic M30 super-8mm movie camera with f/1.9 power zoom lens, by Eastman Kodak, $103.50, including batteries, film, wrist strap, etc. "The International Atlas," by Rand McNally, $29.95. Eight-inch reflector telescope, from Edmund Scientific, $277. Auto-spot one-degree automatic exposure meter, by Minolta, $225. Bauer 16mm sound projector, from Interstate Photo Supply, $1250. AVC-10 sight-and-sound intercommunications system, by Concord Communications Systems, $1600 for three-station setup.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT



TOUCH: Clockwise from 12: Muskrat parka with badger trim, by Douglas Furs, $399. Six-foot Art Deco–patterned pure-silk scarf, by Handcraft, $15. Scoop chair of foam with vinyl coating, $80, can be combined with contrasting ottoman, as shown, $20, both from D/R. Plexiglas and chrome-plated steel fireplace set that's comprised of a poker, brush and shovel comes with clear-Lucite stand, by J. C. Christen, $190. Pigskin duffel bag with brass-colored hardware, by Gucci, $155, is on an all-wool Hermes blanket, imported from France, from Bonwit Teller, $45. Linen sauna towel, hand woven in Finland, is available in various sizes, from Averick Products, $36. Hot Comb and Hair Dryer unit, by Vornado, $12.98. Swedish-style massager straps to hand, features 75 separate settings, by Pollenex, $39.95. Imported après-ski boots of long-haired ponyskin feature crepe soles and heels and fur pompons, $60, and leather ski gloves, made in France, $20, both by Jean-Claude Killy–Wolverine. Doug Sanders–styled golf gloves of thin cabretta leather, by Promark, $5. The International, cabretta-leather gloves for ski racers, have extra padding over knuckles and foam-laminated silk lining, by Promark, $25. Electronic jogger comes with an easy-viewing jogmeter calibrated in steps per minute, from 0 to 100, by Central Quality Industries, $120, including carrying case. Wild calf slacks with wooden buttons, $115, and wool and synthetic slacks trimmed with leather, $89, including belt with an enamel buckle, both from Gucci.

INTELLECT: Clockwise from 12: Plexiglas and steel column, in limited edition of 100, measures the passage of time in squares of light, by Continuum, $1500. Probe board game, by Parker Brothers, $6. Roulette set in card-decorated case, from Leonard Dangler's International Boutique, $60. Three-dimensional cube puzzle, by Piet Hein of Denmark, $2.25. Black Plexiglas Orbita timepiece cube contains spots of "floating" colored light that give the time in hours, minutes and seconds, by Continuum, $600. Silver-plated Super Egg makes a unique conversation piece, by Parker Brothers, $7. Nevada dice-game setup, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $25. Transparent Celestial Globe of acrylic plastic is complete with all major stars and constellations, a six-inch earth plus a compass in the base for proper orientation, by Trippensee Planetarium, $99.50. Mystic Dials, a game that uses the signs of the Zodiac and playing cards to predict the future, by Parker Brothers, $6. "I Ching" Book of Changes, by James Leggi, from Occult Bookstore, $6.95. Tryce, Foil and Venture, three new games, by 3M, $3.95 each. Digital Computer Logic, a desktop electronics training aid for fledgling programmers, by Correlated Educational Services, $695. Minicomputer on a pedestal can be used as a repository for recipes, calculates bills, has a memory cycle of 1.6 millionths of a second, by Honeywell, $10,600. Inner or Outer Planet Orbit Model gives position of each planet for any date to the year 2000, by Hubbard Scientific, $55.

TASTE: Top row, left to right: Gift box of six family-made soups, by Chalet Suzanne, $6.70; cork ice bucket, from Tablerie, $100; Lalique crystal caviar server, from C. D. Peacock, $285; and one-half-pound tin Beluga Malossol caviar, from Iron Gate Products, $37.50, are all atop teakwood folding table, from Etco, $35. Amazing Chef Outfit comes packed in a kitchen humidor, by Nitty Gritty Productions, $12.95. Antique saveloy warmer for poaching or steaming sausages, from Tablerie, $150. Six- and 15-bottle clear-plastic wine racks, from Custom Plastics, $40 and $85. Wicker wine basket, from Tablerie, $20, bottles not included. Jeroboam of Mumm's brut champagne, from Continental Distributing, about $92. Bottles of dry sherry, by Paul Masson Vineyards, about $3 each. Bottom row, left to right: Eighteen-jar wooden spice rack, by House of Herbs, $29.95, complete with spices. Copper cooker and warmer with brass alcohol burner, $90, holds a brass crepe pan, $50, both from Tablerie. Teakwood ten-bottle wine rack, from Etco, $50. Push-button blender, by Waring, $50. Espresso coffee, from Cook's Cupboard, $1.09, and clear coffee grinder, from Etco, $7.50. Universal electric fry pan, by GE, $24.80. Vertical broiler, by U.S. Pumice, $49.95. Milk-glass decanters, from Leonard Oangler's International Boutique, $4 each. Filets mignons, from Pfaelzer Bros., $36 for 16, are atop ovenproof Armetale platter, from Tablerie, $55.

G.H.MUMM&Co
REIMS.
RDON ROUGE.
PAUL MASSON
VODKA
KREMLIN

SOUND: Below, clockwise from 12: Orbitone AM/FM stereo cassette recorder, plus two spherical speakers, by Panasonic, $229.95, atop a pair of Rectilinear III speakers, by Rectilinear, $558. Portable AM/FM radio, by Toshiba, $49.95. Combination AM/FM stereo receiver and cassette recorder, comes with a pair of speakers, by Scott, $299.95. Thorens TD-150 turntable, complete with Rabco SL-8 tonearm and Shure V-15 Type II cartridge, from Rabco, $314. Combination oscilloscope and oscillator for testing an FM receiver, by Kenwood Electronics, $200. Mini-Phone with folding mouthpiece, from Hobi, $59.98. AM/FM radio with acoustic speaker, by Sony, $114.95. AM/FM and Stereo 8 player operates on A.C./D.C., plugs into car's lighter, by Weltron, $129.95. Micro 87 stereo cassette player/recorder with speakers, by Ampex, $219.95. Transmitting adapter beams radio and TV audio signals to headphone set, by Hitachi, $29.95. Opposite page, clockwise from 12: Pair of color cube speakers, by Fairfax, $59.90 each, atop Circa 707 coffee-table console that houses AM/FM and Dual turntable, by Electrohome, $549.50. AM/FM clock radio cassette, by Consolidated Merchandising, $129.95. Raymond Scott Clavivox, a keyboard instrument that sounds like a theremin, by RSE, $1275. Eight-track stereo tape player for car, by Gibbs, $135. Phone-Mate 700 answering unit, by Tron Tech, $249.95. AM/FM stereo receiver with twin speakers, by Craig, $129.95.

SCOTT - CLAVIVOX
KEYBOARD

SANTA CONFIDENTIAL

(continued from page 163)

PLAYBOY's editors are all up at the North Pole preparing the gala holiday issue in which these words appear. Or at least that's where they said they were going when they left here last Friday afternoon. On their way out the door, they gave me your letter. "See what you can do about answering this," they said—and away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

"Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?" you ask. Honesty compels me to begin by saying that that is a very iffy question this year, Virginia. More so than it was in 1897, or even in 1968.

Personally, I have always been under the impression that there *is* a Santa Claus. From the time the department stores break out their wreaths and tinsel, along about Halloween, it seems that just about every fourth person you see on the street is dressed up to look like Santa. Which one is the *real* Santa I do not know, because they are usually busy ringing bells and I'm usually in too much of a hurry to stop and ask. But, considering the kind of press that Santa has been getting recently, that's probably just as well.

The Christmas before last, for instance, somebody who looked exactly like Santa Claus held up a bank in Grant, Michigan, with a loaded shotgun. And a few days later, in Brooklyn, New York, another Santa was caught lurking in a dark hallway with a sack containing two bags of heroin and "a sharp linoleum knife"—neither of which impressed the fuzz as being the kind of gift little boys and girls would ask for. But, being somewhat familiar with the neighborhood, I don't know how they could be so sure. If I were Santa, I wouldn't think of venturing through there at night with nothing but dolls and little toy trucks. They'd push you down an air shaft and beat you when you screamed.

A few Christmases ago, in Asbury Park, New Jersey, a department-store Santa was nabbed on a shoplifting charge. The following year, "the officially appointed Santa Claus" of Uberlandia, Brazil, was "arrested for subversive activities and charged with being the leader of a guerrilla band." And, in 1968, an "irate father" in Camden, New Jersey, charged in a $250,000 damage suit that Santa uttered an "obscene remark" to his five-year-old son in a telephone conversation, after "the youngster had relayed to Santa what he wanted for Christmas."

No, Virginia, I cannot tell you what Santa said—though I am sure that you are every bit as curious as I am to know what obscene remark is worth a quarter of a million bucks. It would make us feel rich just to say it.

If one of these naughty Santas was the *real* Santa, do you know which one of the naughty Santas I wish he was? I wish he was the shoplifting Santa in Asbury Park, because he managed to beat the rap by returning all the stuff he had glommed, which was making funny lumps in his pockets. The department store withdrew its charges, "in the spirit of the Christmas season." Otherwise, Santa might have done a stretch of 1000 years—nay, 10,000 times 10,000 years, if I know Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Unfortunately for those of us who believe in Santa Claus, 1969 has been the worst year of all, Virginia. This was the year that Saint Nicholas—along with Saint Valentine, Saint Vitus, Saint Patrick, Saint Christopher, Saint Respicious and Saint Numpha—was removed from the list of saints "whose feast days are celebrated by the whole Church." In Saint Nicholas' case, the celebration is to be considered "optional," since he is among some 46 saints whose very existence is said to be cast in doubt by "grave historical difficulties"—though I can't for the life of me imagine what the difficulties might be.

For centuries, Saint Nicholas has been known and venerated as the patron saint of schoolboys, virgins, pawnbrokers, pirates, thieves, brewers, pilgrims, fishermen, coopers, chandlers, sawyers, dyers, turners, butchers, packers and haberdashers. During an equally lengthy period of time, he has also been a guardian saint of Venice, Amiens, Corfu, Poitou, Bari, Naples, Sicily, Russia, Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Norway and Greece; and historical info on their chosen saint is not lacking. It was just the other Christmas, for instance, that the Associated Press hot-lined a dispatch from Demre, Turkey, that made the Saint Nicholas story a news break in papers all over America.

"REAL SANTA CLAUS FOURTH CENTURY BISHOP" was the way one editor capsulized the glad tidings, in a headline bristling with all the staccato excitement of a stop-the-presses situation in the city room. "Few persons know that Santa Claus came originally from Turkey," the story began. "Born in the Fourth Century in the Anatolian town of Patras, Saint Nicholas as the Bishop of Myra won fame for his generosity, love of people and charity. Saint Nicholas—or Noel Baba, as he is known by the Turks—became the patron saint of virgins for helping poor and unmarried girls obtain dowries, and of sailors for his aid to seamen. Pirates even respected him for his good tips on weather."

Shocking as this alleged link with the seagoing *mafiosi* may sound, Virginia, I am sure that Saint Nicholas picked and chose his pirates very carefully and gave weather tips only to *good* pirates, who robbed from the rich and gave to the poor. He never, never divulged any information concerning the temperature, humidity and barometric pressure to ill-mannered, selfish pirates, who robbed from the rich and kept all the booty for themselves. Because if he had, the A. P. man in Demre, Turkey, most certainly would have reported it.

"Saint Nicholas is associated with Christmas because the festivities of Saint Nicholas Day, which falls on December sixth, used to extend until Christmastime and were so popular that finally the two were incorporated into one—making Saint Nicholas the symbol of Christmas," the story concluded. "The Saint Nicholas Festival found its way into the United States with Dutch emigrants, and Saint Nicholas' name was corrupted to Santa Claus."

In checking this out, Virginia, I have found that the facts jibe pretty well with the background story on Saint Nick filed by Jacobus de Voragine in the 13th Century. Writing in *The Golden Legend*, Jacobus avowed that Noel Baba was, indeed, born in Patras of "rich and holy kin." Turning to the 1891 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, we find that Noel Baba was "given to his parents in answer to their prayers. From his earliest infancy he signally displayed the piety for which his whole life was remarkable, on Wednesdays and Fridays regularly refusing to receive nourishment from his nurse except once only, and that after sunset."

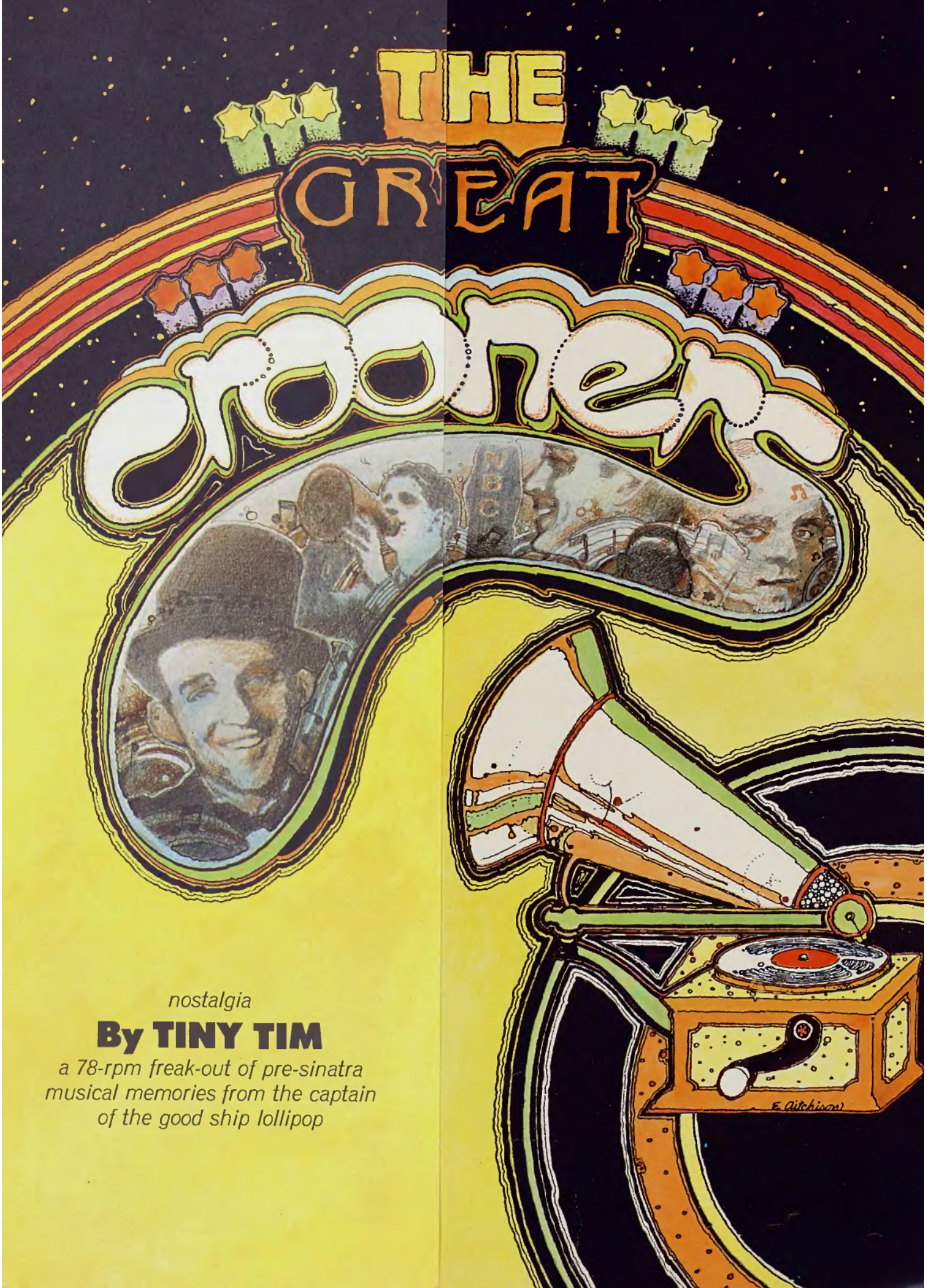
No, I don't know how old he was at the time, Virginia. But I don't think you should automatically assume that he must have been six or seven. Many children learn to distinguish the days of the week by the time they're three or four. Nor do I know why he insisted upon waiting until after sunset. But I can assure you that it was not because his poppa and momma were having people in for "snicky-snacks and martoonis."

"While still a youth," the *Britannica* continues, "he was deprived of his parents, and the wealth that he thus early inherited he forthwith distributed to the poor. To this period belongs what may be called the characteristic deed of his life—his secret bestowal of dowries upon the three daughters of a citizen fallen into poverty, who, unable to provide fit marriages for them, was minded to give them up to a life of shame."

What kind of life is that? Busy, Virginia—very busy. But that is not important to what actually happened. What happened was that Noel Baba threw a bag of gold in the poor man's window each time one of his daughters needed a dowry in order to get married. The three bags of gold became the symbol of Saint Nicholas and, as some people believe, were later adopted by pawnbrokers as a sign to hang in front of their shops.

Be that as it may, it was from gifting the dowerless maidens with bags of gold that Noel Baba came to be associated with the jolly old custom of giving Christmas presents and the even jollier custom of *throwing* presents at people—

(continued on page 330)



nostalgia

By TINY TIM

a 78-rpm freak-out of pre-sinatra musical memories from the captain of the good ship lollipop

SANTA CONFIDENTIAL

(continued from page

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For centuries, Saint known and venerated a of schoolboys, virgins, rates, thieves, brewers men, coopers, chandle turners, butchers, packe ers. During an equally time, he has also been of Venice, Amiens, Co Naples, Sicily, Russia, France, Germany, Nor and historical info on is not lacking. It wa Christmas, for instanc ciated Press hot-lined Demre, Turkey, that Nicholas story a news h over America.

"REAL SANTA CLAUS BISHOP" was the way ized the glad tidings, i tling with all the stacc a stop-the-presses situa room. "Few persons Claus came originally f story began. "Born in t ry in the Anatolian tow Nicholas as the Bisho fame for his generosit and charity. Saint N Baba, as he is known became the patron sai helping poor and unm dowries, and of sailors men. Pirates even resp good tips on weather."

Shocking as this alle seagoing *mafiosi* may s am sure that Saint Ni chose his pirates very c weather tips only to g robbed from the rich poor. He never, never formation concerning humidity and barometi mannered, selfish pira

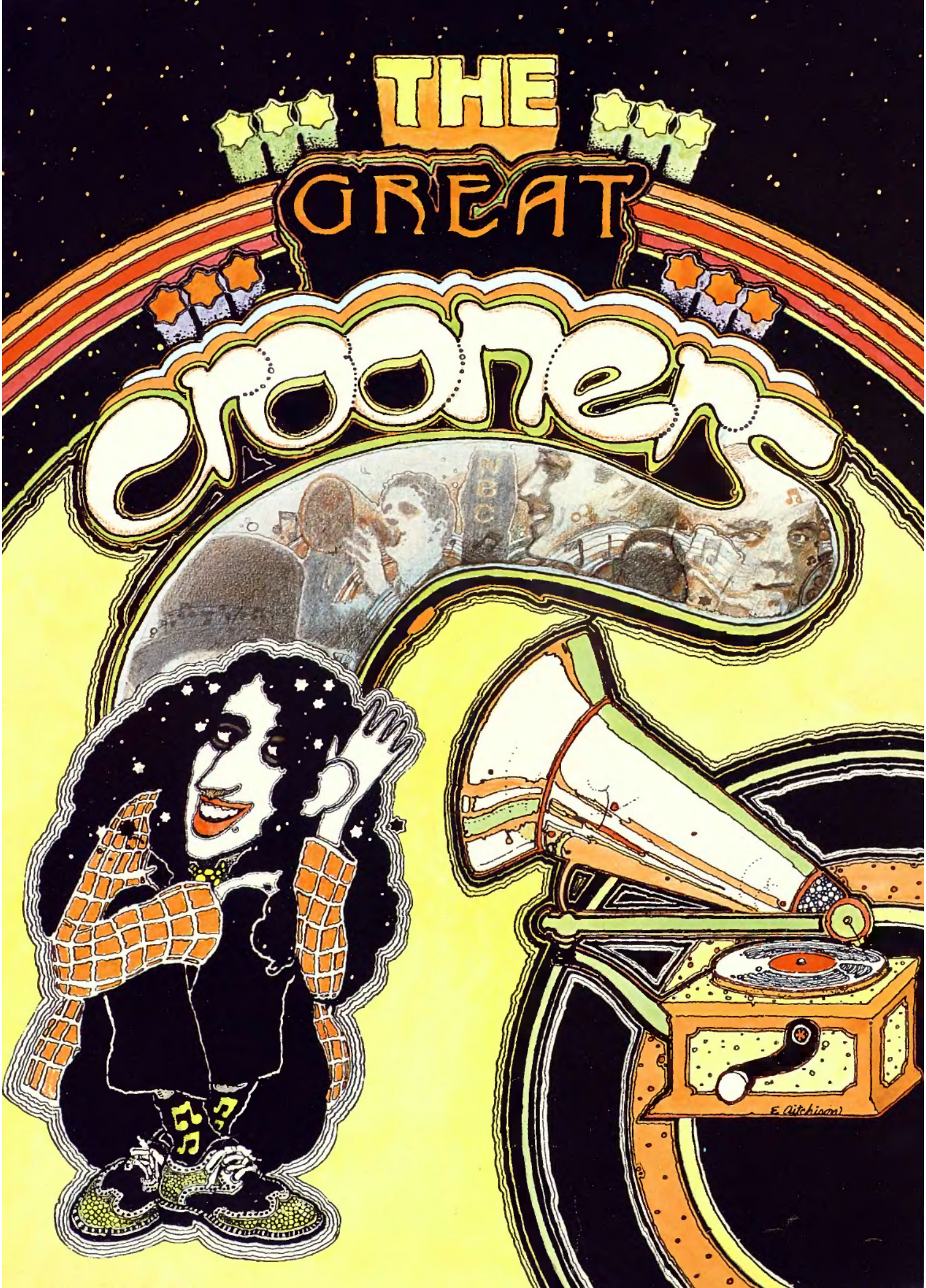
LIKE EVERYONE ELSE who listened to radio or bought records in the Thirties, I was firmly convinced that there had never been nor ever would be singers to compare with the great crooners of the day—Bing Crosby, Russ Colombo and, the greatest of them all, in my opinion, Mr. Rudy Vallee. Backed by the big bands of the day, they generated the same kind of public excitement and, in Mr. Vallee's case, the frenzied hysteria we usually associate with the best rock groups of the present. But with the beginning of the Fifties, I suddenly discovered that the art of popular crooning had begun at least 20 years before Rudy Vallee first picked up a megaphone and that I had been missing out on the fabulous stars of vaudeville who'd taken America by the ears at the turn of the century and forced it to sit up and listen. Of course, most of them are forgotten today, but their greatness lives on in the recorded music they left behind and in the influence they had on the more memorable Thirties.

I was working at the Page Three, a night club in New York City, when I made that discovery—it was 1950. A friend played a record for me by Billy Murray—a terrific comic singer whose career ended in the mid-Twenties—and I instantly knew that I was on to something. There was a magazine published at the time called *Record Changer* that consisted mainly of lists of old 78s that were being auctioned by their owners. The readers would send in their bids and at the end of the month, the record went to the highest bidder. Well, I was so impressed with the old music I was starting to hear that I bid five or six dollars, just to make sure I got the ones I wanted. That must have been a lot of money, because I started getting answers from the magazine well before the end of the month.

Record Changer also carried commercial advertising and one ad, in particular, happened to catch my eye. It was placed by Mr. Jacob Schneider, who owned a music store near the Coliseum in New York; and when I went down there, I found that this was not only a music store but the most fantastic music store in the world. Mr. Schneider had any record you could possibly want and could tell you when it was recorded, on what label and how many copies he had in stock. But they were expensive. Original Brunswick discs cost five dollars each (Mr. Crosby's records cost up to $25 today) and so did the old Columbias and Edisons. And you couldn't bargain with Mr. Schneider, either. He was a very nice man, but if you asked him to sell you a record for less, he'd kick you right out of the store. However, I did go back to see him after I made the grade and he really surprised me. "Tiny Tim," he said, "I know I used to charge you five dollars when you were broke, but now that you're wealthy, I'm only going to charge you two-fifty." I still haven't figured that out.

I also used to buy records from the Merit Music Shop. One day, the owner, Mr. Meltzer, started showing me tons and *(continued on page 204)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ED AITCHISON


THE
GREAT
CROONERS
NBC
E. Aitchison

"Same thing for you again this year, Jarvis?"

"Evidently, you're not the little boy who wrote that he wasn't getting anything."

"Two number-three Christmas dinners . . . !"

"Do you have any games that can be played in bed by two or more consenting adults?"

Choice Cartoons from Yuletides past

a brimming sleighful of good cheer from a decade of playboy

"And yet, Kitty, in many, many ways, I'm very, very poor."

"Go find your own corner!"

"Sexy little broad, my wife, eh, V. W.?"

"You've got to hand it to Brookly and Finch when it comes to holiday sales gimmicks!"

"Why can't he just go out and buy some Christmas cards?"

"What happens if I have an elf or something?"

"You're welcome."

" 'Don we now our gay apparel. . . .' "

"Either of you gentlemen care for something to nibble on?"

"I am the ghost of Christmas past."

"But what if I did believe in Santa Claus?"

"You can't beat Christmas in the country."

"We're just helping out during the holiday vacation to pick up a little extra Christmas money."

"Gee whillikers, I guess I've got just about the swellest mom and dad in the whole world!"

"He said the mistletoe was imported from France, so there was a slight difference in the tradition."

"This looks like a good place!"

"Goodness, I feel like an interoffice memo."

"Where did we go wrong, Mother? Where did we go wrong?"

THE GREAT CROONERS

(continued from page 196)

tons of new shellacs and by the time I picked the ones I wanted, the bill came to $175. The only trouble was that I was making just $40 a week at the Page Three. But Mr. Meltzer was very kind. He said, "Kid, I know you're making only $40 a week, so just give me $20 a week until you pay it off." I was desperate, so I went to the race track and prayed that one horse would come in. I must not be much of a gambler, because for the next nine weeks, I was giving Mr. Meltzer half my pay.

What records was I buying? Were they really worth the money? Well, you've got to hear not only the great crooners but pioneers such as Byron G. Harlan, Henry Burr, Arthur Fields, Irving Kaufman and Billy Murray to understand just how much they were worth to me. I sing many of their songs, but I can't really imitate them and I don't even try. It's enough for me just to feel their spirits as I sing: to know that even though most of them are gone now, I can still share something with them. After all, even as a child, I used to get a thrill just watching the shellac records spinning around on the turntable. I'd press my nose to the label and it was like magic to me. I actually felt as if I was living in the grooves—and I really haven't changed at all. Even now, when I get a big box of records, I drag them to my room, close the door, wind up my 1909 Victor phonograph (it cost $150 at Music Man Murray's in Hollywood) and listen to them straight through. Maybe I'm a living ghost of the past, but it's more than just singing to me. I go into a trance and usually end up sitting there in my room with my head lodged inside the horn of my record player.

It's like being inside a time machine. I start imagining that I can step out into the street and still see horse-drawn trolleys rolling down Broadway, Model A Fords chugging along Central Park West, actors dressed as doughboys in jodhpurs and puttees recruiting men to fight the Kaiser, angry drunks pounding on the doors of the speak-easies, and charleston contests and Wall Street suicides and mobs of screaming women lining the streets, hoping to catch a glimpse of Rudy Vallee outside the Brooklyn Paramount Theater. And all through those years—like a historical bouncing ball—popular music grew, improved, regressed, progressed, rose and fell with the changing times and tastes of the public, making superstars out of unknowns and forgotten relics out of superstars.

What started the ball rolling in the first place was a patent filed in December 1877 by Mr. Thomas Alva Edison. The first recordings were made on cylinder rolls. There were no tubes to burn out and no heat to warp the records. All you had to do was wind up the phonograph and keep a pack of needles on hand, to change them when they wore out. But by 1902, flat disc records had been invented and, even though they were a quarter of an inch thick, they were much easier to distribute and store than the cylinders had been. To hear a sound coming out of a box or a horn must have been an amazing novelty to the people in those days, and the entire music industry really flourished. Records cost from 50 cents to $1.25 and each company published catalogs of current selections that could be delivered by mail anywhere in the country. Besides the phonograph, nearly every home had a piano and the income from sheet-music sales was just as important as that from records.

Because it was such big business, music publishers were constantly besieged by composers and song pluggers hoping to peddle their tunes, and the popular singers and bandleaders received a fortune in bribes just to introduce new numbers to the public. Song pluggers frequently staged bizarre publicity stunts, literally shouting their songs from the rooftops, and one even went so far as to rent a big horse-drawn wagon that he drove through the streets with a band on board to play the song he was trying to sell. But it worked. Every dime store had a piano in its music department and either the customer or a professional demonstrator could play the song before the music was bought; and the sheets sold like hot cakes at ten cents each.

But the records—oh, the records. Today, if a group or a singer puts out three albums a year, you'd call that prolific. But in the pioneer days of the business, 1902–1925, a singer would often record two or three songs a day; and since the contracts were very short, he'd be working on as many as five or six different labels. Not only that but many of the greats recorded under countless pseudonyms and, even during the height of their careers, they had no reservations about singing in trios, quartets or even choruses—as long as they were paid, of course. For all these reasons, it's no surprise that some of the most celebrated singers, such as Henry Burr or Arthur Fields, performed on several thousand shellacs, and it's impossible today to get accurate totals of their output.

Henry Burr—a portly, well-groomed, English-banker type—is the perfect example. He recorded on Victor, Columbia and countless independent labels as Henry Burr, Irving Gillette and Harry McClaskey (his real name). He also recorded duets with more than 50 partners and was a member of the Columbia Stellar Quartet, the Lyric Trio, the Metropolitan Trio, the Sterling Trio and the famed Peerless Quartet, which in 1915 gave the world a song titled *Cows May Come and Cows May Go, but the Bull Goes on Forever*. Adding all these collaborations to his solo work, I would guess that Henry Burr performed on approximately 50,000 records from 1902 to 1930. That may be hard to believe, but don't forget that this man was one of the most popular singers of the day.

As far as I'm concerned, I would definitely include him among the earliest crooners. The sentimental nature of many of his songs and the sighing, almost crying quality in his voice made him a tremendous hit with every mother in the country. Recording such songs as *Beautiful Ohio* and *Mother* ("*M* is for the million things you gave me . . ."), he carried the sentimental-ballad tradition of the 1890s into this century, until it was finally overshadowed by the dance crazes and ragtime that grew steadily in popularity from 1910 to 1920. Apparently, those ballads were too slow and too maudlin for a faster-paced America, but I think they're well worth remembering:

If she was what she was when she was sixteen,
You'd find her again on the old village green.
She's not what she was and the reason is plain,
Instead of the straight road she took the wrong lane.
The world may reply with its scorn and complaints,
If there were no sinners, they'd never be saints;
So lift her up gently and help her go clean
Like she was when she was sixteen.

BY GEORGE MEYER, SAM LEWIS, JOE YOUNG. © 1923 BOURNE CO. COPYRIGHT RENEWED. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION.

Another of the early crooners was Byron G. Harlan, who began recording cylinder rolls in the 1890s and was one of the first singers to be heard on disc records. He was better known as a rural and blackface-comic singer, but I've always been more impressed by his ballads, which is why I list him as a crooner. *School Days* was one of the songs he made famous on records and I'm sure people will never stop singing such other Byron G. Harlan hits as *Farewell, My Nellie Darling, Sweet Kathleen, In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree* and *They Called Her Frivolous Sal*. I didn't really start to feel the spirit of Mr. Harlan until I started singing his songs as if I had no teeth, but once I did that, I was able to bring him to life within me. Because of that toothless, quavering sound on *School Days*, I'd pictured him as a frail old man, and when I finally saw a picture of him, I was really stunned. He was a little more than frail—about 250 pounds more. But he was Mr. Edison's favorite when he

(continued on page 334)

sugar and clay

article By SUGAR RAY ROBINSON *the world's greatest fighter, pound for pound, pulls no punches in recounting his involvement with the irrepressible young muhammad—to whom has come a mountain of abuse*

IN THE EARLY WEEKS of 1964, Cassius Clay was bragging that he was "The Greatest," that he was going to dethrone Sonny Liston as the world heavyweight champion in their title bout February 25 at Miami Beach.

Not many people took Cassius seriously, but I did.

His big talk was an act, but his ability wasn't. I had been following his career ever since the summer day in 1960 when I drove up in front of my café and a lean, muscular, handsome teenager walked over and shyly stared at me.

"Mr. Robinson?" he said quietly.

"Yeah, kid, that's me," I said. "Why?"

"Mr. Robinson, you don't know me, but I'm on my way over to Rome."

"That's a nice place."

"I'm going there for the Olympics," he said. "I'm on the United States Olympic boxing team. I'm going to win an Olympic gold medal."

"Good luck," I said.

"My name is Cassius Marcellus Clay," he said.

"Cassius what?"

"Cassius Marcellus Clay the Second," he said. "I'm from Louisville, Kentucky. I'm the Golden Gloves champ and the A. A. U. champ. You're my idol, Mr. Robinson, you're the greatest fighter."

"Well, thank you," I said.

"And when I turn pro after the Olympics," he said, "I want you to be my manager."

"That's very thoughtful of you," I said, "but——"

"You're the greatest fighter and if you're my manager, you'll teach me all your tricks. That's why I had to see you before I went to Rome, to get it all set. I've been waiting here three hours."

"Three hours, just to see me?"

"That's right, Mr. Robinson, I want you to be my manager."

"But that's impossible."

"Not now," he said. "After the Olympics, when I'm ab'e to turn pro."

"No, you don't understand."

"Understand what?" he said.

"That I can't manage you. I'm still a fighter myself. That's a full-time thing. I couldn't possibly be fighting myself and managing you at the same time."

"Oh," he said, sadly.

"I'm sure you're a good fighter," I said, trying to cheer him up, "but as long as I'm a fighter myself, I wouldn't be able to *(continued on page 303)*

a year of confrontation between the star establishment and the upsurgent new screen generation

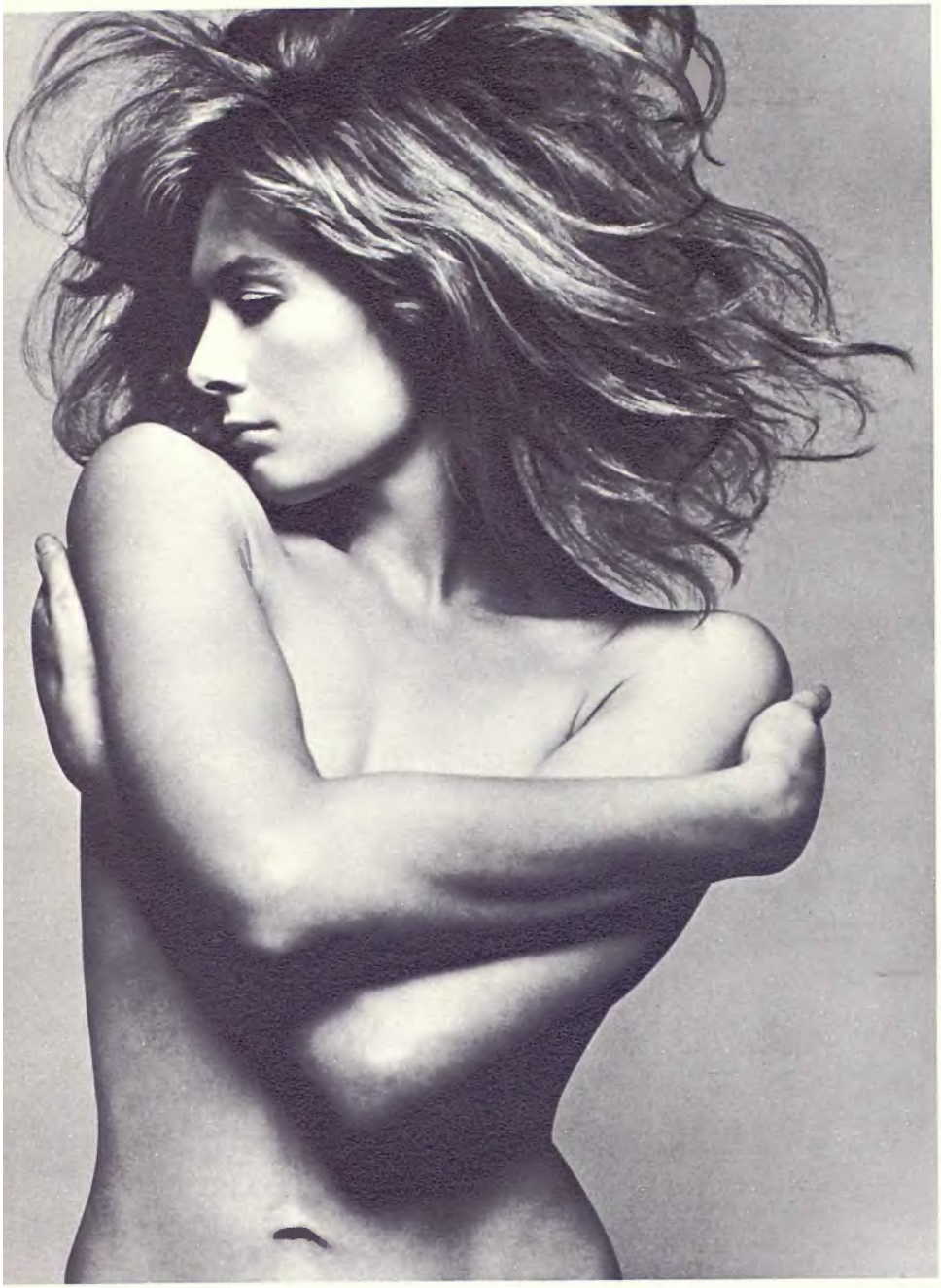
article **By ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT** HOW NECESSARY ARE STARS to the movies of today? That question, once considered self-evident, is being increasingly pondered by the higher echelons of Hollywood, where computers are sometimes employed to give read-outs on a picture's financial chances when buttressed by the more expensive star names. What has proved a puzzlement to both human and mechanical brains, however, is how often these days the supposedly dependable stars are failing to steer their vehicles into the black. Why pay Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Marlon Brando, Rex Harrison and a good many other seemingly impregnable names their enormous salaries if the public no longer rushes to patronize their pictures? Even more disconcerting, from an executive point of view, is the public's increasing tendency to create its own stars. Who had ever heard of Dustin Hoffman before *The Graduate*, or of Jon Voight before *Midnight Cowboy*, or of Ali MacGraw before *Goodbye, Columbus*? And yet they emerged, without question, as the sex stars—even the superstars—of 1969.

What these new stars reflect, of course, is the new, youthful audience that is finding the movies its most relevant and congenial art form. Industry statistics, developed by the Motion Picture Association of America, have established that almost 50 percent of those in the habit of attending movies today are between the ages of 18 and 24, while something like 80 percent of those who see movies more than once a year are under 30. As communications experts tirelessly point out, this is a postliterate, visually oriented generation, so conditioned by having spent more of their immature hours in front of television sets than at their schoolbooks. This is also, it might be added, an aural generation. Records, radio, *discothèques*, folk and rock concerts have literally affected their ears—adversely, claim scientists who have measured distinctly harmful decibel levels at various rock sessions. And it is a drug generation, attuned to mind-bending visions that come from pot, LSD and other hallucinogens.

Where, for such a turned-on audience, are the stars of yesteryear? Where are the Cary Grants, the Jimmy Stewarts, the Doris Days, even the Rock Hudsons? They are precisely where you might expect them to be—still doing their thing of 20 or 30 years ago—but now on *Monday Night at the Movies* or *The Late, Late Show*. And, relaxed in a muzzy nostalgia before millions of small screens throughout the nation are those same hordes of aging fans who used to queue up for the same films when first they played the theaters. Only rarely now do they venture from their easy chairs to see a movie—and then, presumably, it's to catch the latest vehicle of such perdurable personalities as John Wayne or Katharine Hepburn. After which, no doubt, they hasten back to their TV sets and to a time when both they and their favorites were young and beautiful.

Obviously, these stars of the past have little to say to today's young people, even though they may still be active. Symptomatically, while kids are still pinning up posters of Marlon Brando, it is the 1954-model Brando of *The Wild One*, in leather—Brando as the prototype of the motorcycle-gang leader—rather than the puffier, more

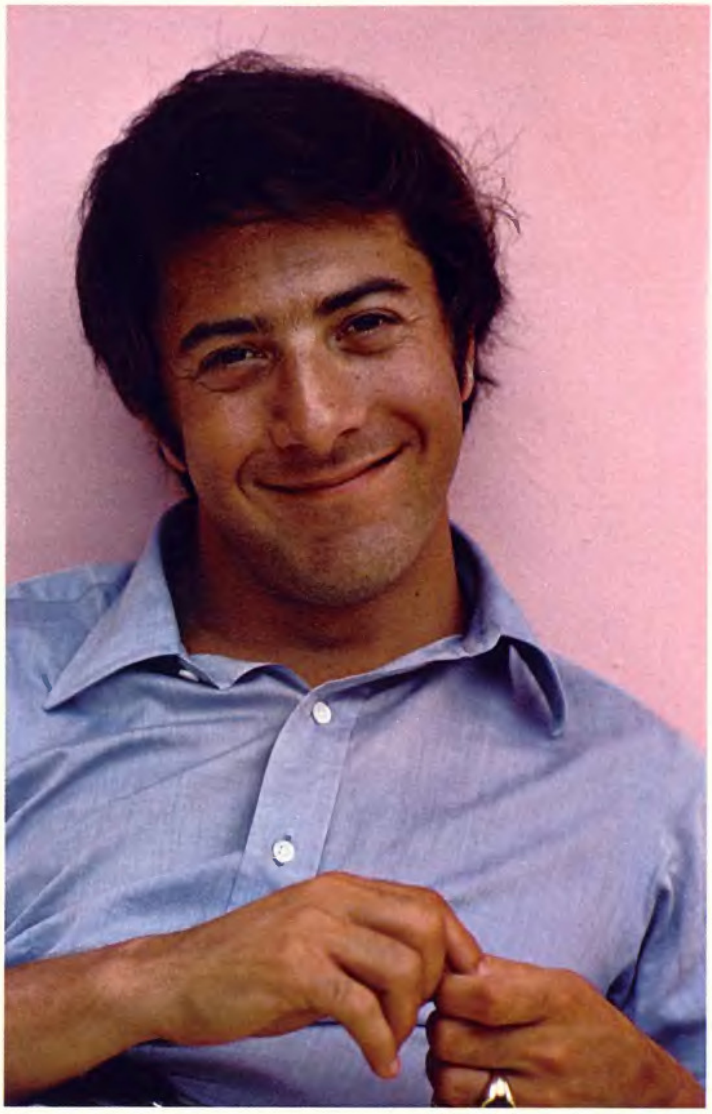
LEADING LADIES: *As the decade ends, extravagantly endowed Raquel Welch appears well on her way to becoming a superstar. Physical qualifications assured, Raquel served notice that she was ready for challenging roles—and provided one of the film industry's biggest surprises of 1969—by signing to play the sex-switching hero(ine) of Gore Vidal's best-selling "Myra Breckinridge." Among other ascendants this past year were blonde Faye Dunaway (top center), who emerged from obscurity in "Bonnie and Clyde," then solidified her claim to stardom opposite Steve McQueen in "The Thomas Crown Affair"; Katharine Ross (top right), who flouted convention in "The Graduate" and again in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid"; girlish Mia Farrow, whose popularity doesn't depend on screen credits alone but who began to realize her potential in "Rosemary's Baby," then accepted an even more provocative role as Dustin Hoffman's anonymous pickup in "John & Mary"; and Britain's versatile Susannah York, who turned on audiences—and a Lesbian suitor—in "The Killing of Sister George."*



establishmentarian Brando of today. And while there is still a charisma about Humphrey Bogart, whose films remain in constant and successful revival some dozen years after his death, it is undoubtedly the bedrock integrity with which the Bogart character flouted authority and defied convention that has generated this admiration and identification. One is tempted, in fact, to find parallels in the current enthusiasm for old W. C. Fields movies: Both off screen and on, Fields epitomized the cop-hating, anti-establishment loner with a snarling disregard for either respectability or the respected.

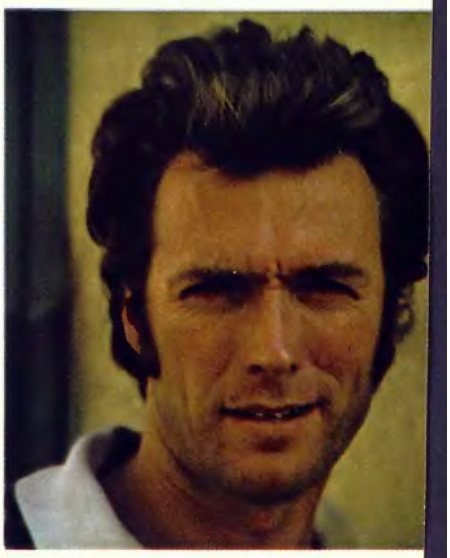
Beyond these venerated relics, however, it would be difficult to single out the stars of another generation who have retained their appeal for youth. The fact is that youth today doesn't seek out stars; it seeks out movies—and, on occasion, makes stars of those fortunate enough to be appearing in them. In a sense, 17-year-old Olivia Hussey and 19-year-old Leonard Whiting have become stars since playing Shakespeare's star-crossed lovers in Franco Zeffirelli's production of *Romeo and Juliet*. But the point is that before then, no one had ever heard of them—not even Zeffirelli. Equally successful with young people in 1969 was Lindsay Anderson's *If . . .*; in this case, so unknown was every member of the cast that all but one remained unknown even after the picture's acclaim. Indicative of this generation's indifference to star names *(text continued on page 212)*

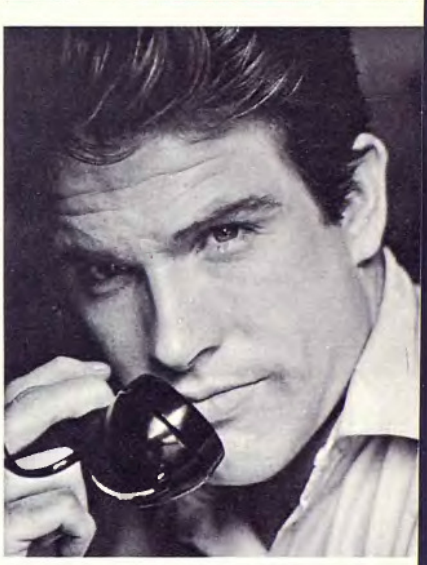
CLASS OF '69: *The year's most prominent actress was the unpredictable Vanessa Redgrave (above left), whose real-life amorous adventures called to mind Isadora Duncan, the wayward apostle of modern dance whose capricious—and tragic—life she portrayed in "The Loves of Isadora." Below left: Young Pamela Franklin, one of the newcomers to shine in 1969, permitted an artist to limn her charms in "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie." Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Like Vanessa, France's Catherine Deneuve scored cinematic success ("Belle de Jour") despite disavowals of any appetite for stardom; and her private life was no less hedonistically unconventional. Lesser female stars with positive prospects were Joanna Shimkus, who rescued and romanced Sidney Poitier in "The Lost Man"; Ali MacGraw, who made her mark as the suburban heroine of "Goodbye, Columbus"; Peter Sellers' ex-wife Britt Ekland, who began to establish herself with "The Night They Raided Minsky's" and "Stiletto"; Leigh Taylor-Young, who turned on Sellers—both ways—in "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"; and Jacqueline Bisset, who initiated a curious adolescent to the marvels of sex in "The First Time."*



THE BIG THREE: *Male superstars who advanced their already imposing careers in 1969 were (from top) Paul Newman, who added to his laurels by directing "Rachel, Rachel"; Sidney Poitier, whose image grew blacker—and more violent—as "The Lost Man"; and Steve McQueen, who thrilled theatergoers as the hard-driving "Bullitt."*

DYNAMIC DUO: *As Hollywood enters the Seventies, no actor has better reason to smile than Dustin Hoffman (above), whose understated performance in "The Graduate" made him one of the younger generation's heroes—and boosted his fee from $17,000 to $250,000 for "Midnight Cowboy"—which, in turn, made an overnight idol of Hoffman's co-star, Jon Voight (below).*





IALE CALL: *Among the masculine actors currently coming on strong are Richard Harris (above left), who bared his flanks in A Man Called Horse"; Peter Fonda (top center), who captured the youth market in "Easy Rider"; Clint Eastwood (top right), who became a hot property in Hollywood after a series of Italian-made "spaghetti Westerns"; and Christopher Jones (above center), who serviced a trio of sexually voracious coeds in "Three in the Attic." At year's end, Warren Beatty (above right) hadn't followed up the success of "Bonnie and Clyde." Below, from left: Three top leading men were "De Sade's" Keir Dullea; Heironymus Merkin's" Anthony Newley; and Omar Sharif, whose box-office potency remained high in a variety of roles.*

GRAY EMINENCES: *Two long-established stars who refused to bend under the winds of change but still maintained their stature in 1969 were John Wayne, who showed in "True Grit" that he was sufficiently secure as a culture hero to satirize himself, and Dean Martin, whose ribald Matt Helm films continued to draw appreciative audiences. Marcello Mastroianni, Robert Mitchum and Anthony Quinn (below) lost a few fans but no acting skills.*

is the relatively cool reception accorded such top rock and folk-rock favorites as Bob Dylan, Sonny and Chér and Arlo Guthrie when they turned up on the screen during the past year. The kids were cheerfully willing to endure the discomforts of the damned to catch their record favorites in festivals at Monterey, Newport or Woodstock, New York, but they wanted them in their own setting and with the electricity of personal contact (and hyperamplified sound), not in the impersonal semidarkness of a moviehouse.

But if stars are out for this new audience, film is definitely in. What kind of film? A Fordham professor, the Reverend Anthony Schillaci, put his finger on it when he wrote a year ago, in the *Saturday Review*: "If we're looking for the young audience . . . we will find they're on a trip, whether in a Yellow Submarine or on a Space Odyssey. A brief prayer muttered for Rosemary's Baby and they're careening down a dirt road with Bonnie and Clyde, the exhaust spitting banjo sounds, or sitting next to The Graduate as he races across the Bay Bridge after his love. The company they keep is fast; Belle de Jour, Petulia and Joanna are not exactly a sedentary crowd. Hyped up on large doses of *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In* and *Mission: Impossible*, they are ready for anything that an evolving film idiom can throw on the screen. And what moves them must have the pace, novelty, style and spontaneity of a television commercial." Today's trend, as Schillaci went on to note, tends to leave story line and character development "strewn along the highway of film history like the corpses in Godard's *Weekend*. Young people turn to film for a time-space environment in which beautiful things happen to them."

Exemplifying this new trend is Stanley Kubrick's costly *2001: A Space Odyssey*, which MGM executives freely admit was snatched from the jaws of disaster only when the young audiences discovered it. Oldsters complained of its meandering script; critics worried about its being all space hardware, with characters who were themselves little more than automatons. But the youngsters dug it; they knew what it was really about and delighted in its fantastic visual imagery. They did not come out talking about Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood, however, the two intrepid spacemen of *2001*; for them, the hero was Hal, the deranged computer. For them, the message and the medium were intertwined in one beautiful trip—a trip that many prolonged with pills or pot surreptitiously ingested in the balcony.

Paradoxically, in 1969, star prices rose higher than ever. The $1,000,000-per-picture level established by Elizabeth Taylor a few years back has been breached time and again—currently by Paul Newman, Sidney Poitier and Steve McQueen, each of *(text continued on page 217)*

GOING BUT NOT GONE: *Veteran sex stars Brigitte Bardot (above) and Kim Novak (below) continued to slide, slowly but surely, from their respective pinnacles. Both, however, continued to make films; both retained their beauty; and both had progressed substantially as actresses since they first made their reputations. Brigitte starred in her first TV special and also debuted in the nude for* PLAYBOY *in April 1969. But she and Kim, once symbols of sexual freedom, are being crowded out of the spotlight by a galaxy of younger stars—products of a sociosexual revolution that both helped inaugurate.*

TRIED AND TRUE: *Sustaining a high level of professional competence and undiminished sexuality are such troupers as Joan Collins (top), who played opposite her real-life spouse, Anthony Newley, in "Heironymus Merkin"; Hollywood's onetime "Baby Doll," Carroll Baker (above left), who prolonged her career with "The Sweet Body of Deborah"; Rita Moreno (above right), who left little to the imagination in "The Little Sister"; and Austria's Romy Schneider, who indulged in some oddball sex in "La Piscine."*

FAMILIAR FACES: *Inactive for more than a year and a half was England's Julie Christie (above left). Between her engaging performance in "Petulia" early in 1968 and her next screen appearance—in the recently released "In Search of Gregory"—she cast herself opposite Warren Beatty in an offstage romance that apparently took precedence over film making for both stars. Famous fathers launched the careers of Nancy Sinatra and Jane Fonda (above, center and right) a few years ago; but thus far, only the latter has shown any real promise. Below, from left: Statuesque sirens Julie Newmar and Ursula Andress are both admirably equipped for stardom in the current crop of altogether epics—as is Pamela Tiffin, whose latest exposure was in "Viva Max."*

SEXCENTRIC: *There was no shortage of offbeat roles in 1969 for actresses willing to shatter sexual convention. As the naïve nymphet in "Candy," Sweden's Ewa Aulin (above left) went a long way toward duplicating the libertarian antics of the film's literary model. In Jean-Luc Godard's "Weekend," Mireille Darc (above right) did away with her mother and devoured her husband's earthly remains in a stew. Danièle Gaubert (below left) added a unique dimension to "Camille 2000" as a futuristic fille de joie who made love on a transparent bed, surrounded by mirrors. A tantalizing earthiness was revealed by Czech beauty Olinka Berova (below center) in "The Vengeance of She," and Erica Gavin (below right) was blatantly erotic in "Vixen."*

AROUND THE WORLD: *The compelling sensuality of Italian screen goddess Sylva Koscina (above left) made her an appropriate counterpart for Lawrence Harvey in "He and She." Baby-faced Yvette Mimieux (above center) was a concupiscent college girl in "Three in the Attic," and German beauty Senta Berger (above right) portrayed a sultry concubine in "De Sade." Recently featured in* PLAYBOY*'s pages, American-born Tina Aumont (below left) played a lynx-eyed enchantress in the Italian-made "L'Urlo." Michèle Carey (bottom left) exhibited her ample anatomy in "Changes," and singer-actress Barbara McNair's torrid bedroom sequence with Raymond St. Jacques enlivened the somewhat prosaic Deep South drama "If He Hollers, Let Him Go."*

whom now receives minimum guarantees of $1,250,000 against hefty percentages of the gross. Such escalation, however, has little to do with their actual box-office worth. In yet another twist of the trade, the past few years have seen giant conglomerates—Transamerica Corporation, Gulf & Western, Avco—move in on most of the major studios, while the television networks have been forming new film-making subsidiaries of their own. New capital for movie projects is now available, but always with an eye on the insatiable maw of television that lies just beyond the theatrical market. Names—star names particularly—are wanted and needed to put the stamp of importance on these new companies' product and to enhance its value in subsequent television deals. And since so many of the new executives planning film programs are relative neophytes, the stars have become not only a form of insurance for them but the one solid asset that they can offer a bank to get financing for their productions.

The top names, as a consequence, regardless of how well or how badly their recent films have performed at the box office, still find themselves very much in the driver's seat. Although the costly Elizabeth Taylor–Richard Burton co-starrer *Boom!* proved a bust for Universal, 20th Century-Fox didn't hesitate to meet her demands—$1,250,000 plus percentage—for *The Only Game in Town*, and they further obliged the lady by shooting the picture in Paris, even though the setting is Las Vegas. Fox was no less eager to pair her partner with Rex Harrison to play, somewhat improbably, the two bickering homosexuals in *Staircase*. Perhaps even more significantly, no sooner had Dustin Hoffman established himself as a name than his salary jumped from the $17,000 he was paid for *The Graduate* to $250,000 for *Midnight Cowboy*, then leaped again to an estimated $500,000 (with the prospect of millions more if the picture grosses according to expectations) for *John & Mary*, with Mia Farrow. Nor was the latter exactly underpaid for that film, even though her presence—and Elizabeth Taylor's—did nothing to save *Secret Ceremony* at the box office earlier in the year.

But while price is one of the determining factors in assessing the status of a star, it is by no means the only one. In the rule-of-thumb ratings used by the industry, Catherine Deneuve, the exquisite French beauty, stands higher today than, say, veteran Tony Curtis, even though she is being paid less (at this writing) than Curtis. But cool Catherine is presently hot and is actively being sought by every studio in town, while Curtis has had several box-office failures in a row—and even had to test for his *(text continued on page 220)*

NOTABLE NEOPHYTES: *Above, lithe-limbed singer-dancer Paula Kelly, one of Hollywood's most accomplished new arrivals, lent a feline allure to the role of a tough-talking taxi dancer in the film version of the Broadway musical "Sweet Charity." Another of this year's talented uncoveries, Hungarian-born Anna Gael scored a pair of hits, first as half of a Lesbian couple in "Therese and Isabelle" and, lately—in "The Rage Within"—as a sex-obsessed student.*

PASSION PLAYERS: *With nudity no longer novel, many of the past year's sex stars were cast in roles that called on their acting abilities rather than their anatomic attributes. Among the new performers worth watching were Sondra Locke (above left), who lost her virginity in "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter"; Barbara Parkins (above center), of television's "Peyton Place" fame, whose celluloid credits include "Valley of the Dolls" and "The Kremlin Letter"; Gayle Hunnicutt, a capital asset in both "P. J." and "Fragment of Fear"; Candice Bergen (below left), whose progress in films has been augmented by her equally impressive career as a journalist; and Genevieve Waite, whose carefree coupling in "Joanna" typified the new permissiveness on screen.*

THREE FROM PLAYBOY: *Screen success—in the making for each of these talented young actresses—was preceded by exclusive pictorial previews in these pages. Above left: Victoria Vetri, last year's Playmate of the Year (readers will remember her as Angela Dorian), signed a seven-year, 14-picture contract with Paramount shortly after becoming 1968's premier Playmate. Above right: Beauteous Barbi Benton, last July's cover girl and a familiar sight to viewers of Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner's syndicated TV series, "Playboy After Dark," displays the ingenuous appeal that won her a starring role in "How Did a Nice Girl Like You Get into This Business?," which was recently shot in the United States and Europe with Broderick Crawford and Hampton Fancher. Our reigning Playmate of the Year, Connie Kreski (below), made a propitious screen debut in 1969 as Mercy Humppe, the elusive gamin who stamped herself indelibly on Anthony Newley's consciousness in "Heironymus Merkin."*

role in *The Boston Strangler*, a practice generally regarded as downright *déclassé* for any established star. Nevertheless, Curtis—along with such perhaps overfamiliar faces as Kirk Douglas, William Holden, Burt Lancaster, Robert Mitchum, Gregory Peck and Anthony Quinn—commands his high salary not only because he brings a solid, no-nonsense professionalism to his starring roles but because his presence (and theirs) in a picture confers upon it a certain prestige and importance, at least in the eyes of the production company.

So the paradox remains that, almost without exception, the top films of 1969 have been singularly starless. From such costly superproductions as *Romeo and Juliet* and *2001* to such relatively modest offbeat programers as *If . . . , Goodbye, Columbus, Midnight Cowboy, Easy Rider, Medium Cool, The Rain People, Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* and that wildly satiric fugitive from New York's underground, *Putney Swope*, the real hits of the year have tended to minimize performers except as they serve the story. Increasingly, the studios are looking upon the director, or the writer-director, as the real star, even as he is regarded in Europe; and they have extended an unprecedented freedom to such young, talented people as Francis Ford Coppola (*The Rain People*), Robert Thom (*Angel, Angel, Down We Go*), Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda (*Easy Rider*) and Larry Tucker and Paul Mazursky (*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*) to make their own films in their own way. Older directors who seem to have gained the ear and eye of the new generation—Arthur Penn (*Alice's Restaurant*), Michelangelo Antonioni (*Zabriskie Point*)—are also being permitted to function free of the normal big-studio safeguard of bolstering a costly production with even costlier names. If new stars arise from these pictures, then clearly they are that much ahead.

Although the importance of the star as a box-office attraction has demonstrably diminished during the past year, the importance of the star as a social phenomenon has, if anything, increased. He or she still remains a public figure of vast interest, admired and envied if not always respected. Newspaper columns continue to gossip about their activities, magazines to record their way of life and, in the instance of the tragic fate of Sharon Tate, of death. But if the divorce, the marriage or the murder of a film star can still make the headlines, it is their style of living that has attracted youthful fans to certain personalities. Both Catherine Deneuve and statuesque Vanessa Redgrave have made no secret of their unconventional private lives. Both of them are unwed mothers and given to frequent changes of partners—yet public knowledge of this seems, at the very least, to have enhanced their star status.

While the moviegoing public has always expected stars to live up to its image of them, perhaps the significant thing about the new breed of stars lies less in what these images reveal of the stars themselves than in what they tell us about their admirers. When young ladies nightly pelted Dustin Hoffman with roses during the run of his Broadway play, *Jimmy Shine*, it seemed to epitomize the passing of the matinee-idol type of hero. Physical beauty, be it the collar-ad good looks of a Robert Taylor or the rugged masculinity of a Clark Gable, hardly enters into it anymore. "Just an average neurotic" is the way Hoffman recently described himself to an interviewer, who, in turn, went on to describe Hoffman as "young, liberal, intellectual and basically pessimistic about the future." Certainly, these were the qualities that endeared him to the young people who thronged to see *The Graduate*. His pessimism was especially pronounced in *Midnight Cowboy*, in which—as ratty little Ratso Rizzo—he played a consumptive procurer who dies ingloriously in the last reel. Perhaps even more symptomatic of the times is his current role in *John & Mary*, in which he appears as a New York swinger who picks up Mia Farrow at a Manhattan singles bar, takes her to bed the same night and absent-mindedly forgets to ask her name until the end of the film. A serious actor, Hoffman is always concerned about the relevance of his roles to contemporary society.

Similarly, at a time when the national consciousness (and conscience) has zeroed in on the blacks, handsome Sidney Poitier—whom Pauline Kael once called "the Negro Cary Grant"—has been catapulted to the fore as one of the few authentic superstars of the day. His box-office record has been astonishing, particularly in view of the fact that his films are often second-rate. But, carefully selecting the roles he plays, he has kept himself very much in tune with the times. In *For Love of Ivy*, he played a cool, rich wheeler-dealer who uses his trucking firm as a front for a mobile gambling casino; and he swung, too, in bed, with the winsome Abbey Lincoln. Little more than a routine farce, the picture racked up a resounding financial return on its modest investment. In *The Lost Man*, Poitier undertook a Black Pantherish impersonation, changing his hair style and donning dark glasses to portray a man whose alienation turns him to violence—and to his white co-star, lovely Joanna Shimkus.

Despite the political implications of his role in *The Lost Man*, Poitier has often been dubbed "Super-Negro," or dismissed by his black contemporaries as a "white man's nigger." Closing in fast on Poitier's popularity, without being accused of selling out, is former football star Jim Brown—big, brawny and decidedly pugnacious, as his frequent scrapes with the Los Angeles Police Department serve to underline. Introduced into big-time showbiz as one of the dirtier of Robert Aldrich's *Dirty Dozen*, he boosted his box-office stock in 1969 with appearances in *Ice Station Zebra, The Split, Riot* and *100 Rifles*. The last, while hardly a work of art, owed much of its appeal to its pairing of the emphatically masculine Brown with the spectacularly curvaceous Raquel Welch. Brown played a cavalryman turned policeman who heads for Mexico on a man hunt. While there, he meets a fierce Yaqui Indian guerrilla—Miss Welch—and it isn't long before the two of them are locked, steamily nude, in each other's arms. Despite this on-screen interracial mating, however, word leaked out from location that the two stars were not getting along as well on the set as they seemed to be in their bed scenes together. But the problem had to do with temperament rather than with prejudice. Brown remains very much his own man—which may account for his appeal to the ladies of all races.

Also his own man is Steve McQueen, who manages his private life with the same cool assurance that has won him such a following in his film roles. Quietly and without publicity, he has worked to rehabilitate errant youths (having once been one himself)—and, with an equal lack of fanfare, has built his Solar Company into one of the most potent independents in Hollywood. At this point, so anxious are the studios for his costly services that they will sign contracts permitting him to produce films in which he doesn't even appear, in exchange for his promise to star in a few others. It was McQueen's presence alone that made the flimsy *Thomas Crown Affair* a winner—McQueen and some teasing sex scenes with the magnetic Faye Dunaway. With *Bullitt*, however, he ran far ahead of the field. Although the film was only a cut above the average thriller, McQueen's easy naturalness, his combination of cool toughness and sensitivity gave a quality of realism and the suggestion of depth to what was essentially a story of cops and killers. Typically, McQueen had a falling out with Warner Bros./Seven Arts even before the film was completed over what he regarded as a certain chintziness on their part. To be sure, *Bullitt* had gone substantially over budget; but McQueen was canny enough to know that director Peter Yates had something good going for him and that the additional costs of the breath-taking San Francisco chase sequence would lend zest to the picture and consequently widen its appeal for youthful audiences. He tore up his very advantageous contract with Warners before the film had even been released and

(continued on page 259)

memoir By TIM

Episode &

how a pot bust on the
a four-year bad trip of leg
battles for the hig

ON DECEMBER 22, 1965, I was arrested in Laredo, Texas, along with my wife, Rosemary, my daughter, Susan, and my son, Jack, for the possession of less than half an ounce of marijuana. During the subsequent three and a half years, my family and I were engaged in a continuous series of bizarre legal contests with American law-enforcement agencies. I was arrested eight times (potential total prison time—69 years), Jack also eight times, Rosemary three times and Susan once—all on charges directly or indirectly connected with the possession of grass. In fairness to all concerned, I do not use the word harassment to describe the pressure police directed toward us, because I suspect that many policemen (certainly those with teenage kids of their own) have felt more than equally harassed by our activities. In addition, we bailed out and defended over 50 of our communal brothers. This involved the aid of 18 lawyers and more than $150,000 in legal costs. The expense to the taxpayer to maintain this long engagement was certainly many times greater.

During this 42-month period, I lived in a curious state of limited physical and political freedom. My body could not leave the country. As a felon on bail, my day-to-day liberty was at the whim of the Federal Department of Justice. What I said and wrote was censored. While my case was in the courts, it did not seem mannerly nor sportsmanlike to talk about what happened in Laredo and afterward. A player can't broadcast his version of the game from the huddle or the side lines while the game is still going on. My version of the great control/pleasure, FBI/LSD, narcs/heads, crewcut/long-hair, turn-off/turn-on, uptight/feel-good contest was also censored by a paradoxical consensus between my lawyers and the Feds. Said the former: "We want to win your case on the law, on the basis of an unconstitutional injustice. We don't want to lose it because your social image deteriorates to that of a bedrugged anarchist."

Along the same censorial lines, in April 1968, a Federal judge in Houston approved a motion by a Federal attorney to revoke my bail and make me begin my 30-year prison sentence on the grounds that my "continual public appearances, particularly at college campuses," made me "a danger to the impressionable minds of youth and a menace to the community." My lawyers kept me out on this one by a last-minute promise that I would not

ILLUSTRATION

THY LEARY

Postscript

exican border began
, political and spiritual
priest of high

make any public statements advocating that people feel good illegally. Turn off, tune out—and shut up.

• • •

There is one basic political struggle dividing mankind, of which economic, racial and military frictions are just superficial symptoms. This basic conflict, recognized (and despaired over) by Sigmund Freud some 50 years ago, is between man's desire to *do* good (as defined by social conditioning) and man's desire to *feel* good. This conflict rages everywhere, in every action of the human being. It manifests itself as psychological conflict, as interpersonal conflict and as social conflict. Painful duty versus free pleasure. Repressive control versus joyful expression. Social conditioning versus doing what comes naturally, the unconditioned neurological state, being high.

Since Freud, it has become an accepted axiom among psychologists and psychiatrists that society's task is to "manage" the pleasure principle. Modern industrial societies, through the media of parents, teachers—indeed, all adult authority—condition children to become productive, narrowly genital little citizens and to repress any movement in the direction of polymorphous pleasure. We are all familiar with the systems of reward and punishment that accomplish this social conditioning. Many philosophers and educators have sought a method of suspending these Pavlovian patterns. How can we break the powerful neurological grasp of the frigid mother, or the ghetto, or the Southern bigoted household, or the frightened, mortgage-ridden suburban father? The answer now, in hindsight, seems obvious: You blow your mind.

The phrase blowing your mind, like most of the slang floating up from the underground, is precisely, neurologically accurate. Pleasure is the unconditioned state, the experience of getting high, of getting out of your social mind. While suspension of conditioning often produces intense fear and distress, it happens to be the only source of wholly natural pleasure. If you have never been very "high," you may not know the difference between natural pleasure and learned reward, and you will not know what the unconditioned state is. That positive feeling you get from doing well, doing right, attaining some goal is game reward, not pleasure. Most of the things we like are artificial, learned rewards—the artificial,

RON RAE

man-made bell that made Pavlov's dog salivate. Do you call that pleasure? Do you really want the cultivated, trained reward rather than the natural kick?

This issue underlies many of the conflicts of modern politics. In my view, that's what law and order is all about. That's what the racial hassle is all about. That's also what the welfare-aid-poverty scandals are all about: Many middle-class people fear the poor because the poor are—sometimes—shiftless, lazy, unambitious and pleasure-seeking, preferring today's kick to tomorrow's sober bank balance. Why should we add to their pleasure our painfully earned material rewards? Many whites dislike blacks for the same reason, except more so. Eldridge Cleaver has written exact and poetic descriptions of white envy of the graceful, rhythmic, natural, turned-on black body. And we all know why many old people envy carefree youth.

From 1961 to the end of 1965, all of my energies were offered to the Marcusian program of bringing about a nonrepressive society. Erotic politics. Hedonic engineering. My own modest contribution was to encourage a large group of young Americans to decondition themselves away from the work-duty ethic by means of psychedelic drugs. I believe that the effect of LSD and marijuana is to suspend learned conditioning, to allow the user to move in the direction of the natural, to get back where he belongs. The psychedelic person inevitably becomes more and more like those three outgroups in our society who live closer to a life of natural fleshly pleasure—the uneducated, the blacks and the young. (Notice how the hippies have automatically become our white blacks—choosing to live like the lowest economic class, either in ghettos or on remote farms; taking childlike pleasure in acts of play, in flowers, beads, sunsets and flutes; dressing up in funny costumes.)

When I speak of this deliberate desire to encourage young persons to sever the conditioned reflexes that tie them to the values of their parents, I am not speaking metaphorically. Our political technique was physiological and our hope was to bring about a visible change in exactly that headquarters where all change must originate—the human brain. The motto "Turn on, tune in, drop out," for example, is a specific psychopharmacological formula: (1) Blow your mind with a powerful psychedelic; (2) recondition yourself to rewards and punishments that *you* select; (3) avoid all institutions based on involuntary reward-punishment conditioning. The aim was to produce the first generation in human history that could choose its own mode of conditioning, react selectively to self-selected rewards and, literally, neurologically *make up its own mind.*

From the standpoint of my small part in this hedonic revolution, it was obvious by the

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fall of 1965 that the psychedelic point of view was about to become established. Sexual Freedom. Erotic honesty. Marijuana merriment. *Eros. Hair*. Head. Kiss. *Screw*. The Who. Rolling Stones. The Fugs. Beyond The Doors. Beyond even Blood, Sweat and Tears on the Airplane to Electric Ladyland. In spite of and to the despair of the Law-and-order generation, the young were joyously rejecting the Protestant work ethic and were initiating the leisure-time life of the future. The complex tasks of harnessing electronic-psychedelic energies to the new social structure now could be left to younger and more technically talented prophets, such as the Beatles, Tom O'Horgan, Tiny Tim, Stanley Kubrick, the righteous dealers and the underground alchemists. I nominated John Lennon as my successor and dropped out of the Pied Piper business. Thus, honorably emeriti, Rosemary and I turned ourselves to our long-awaited postretirement projects—to stay high, make love and write science fiction.

• • •

In December 1965, we closed the big house at Millbrook, put rock shrine markers over all the stashes and started driving to Mexico, where we had rented a house on a beach. This was to be a nostalgic return to our southern neighbor, whose first dollar-earning export was and still is the world's most holy and loving dope. Two years before, we had been deported from Mexico–along with 11 Harvard Ph.D.s, a rabbi, two ministers, the managing editor of *Gourmet* magazine and three pupil-dilated businessmen—for running a psychedelic commune in a beautiful hotel near Acapulco. As we drove back toward Mexico through Louisiana, I told the family about the final amusing incident of that other trip: Two Mexican secret policemen, who had been assigned to put me on the midnight plane, had to argue violently with Mexican immigration officials, who wouldn't let me leave the country without surrendering my tourist card, which the secret police had confiscated.

We got to Laredo at sundown, drove across the International Bridge and parked in front of the Immigration Building to get our tourist cards. There was a waiting room with benches and a door leading into the government office, which was fully equipped with a long counter and clacking typewriters. I walked to the door and was accosted by a man who had been standing hidden behind the threshold. He broke into a warm, welcoming smile.

"Timoteo!" he cried in joy.

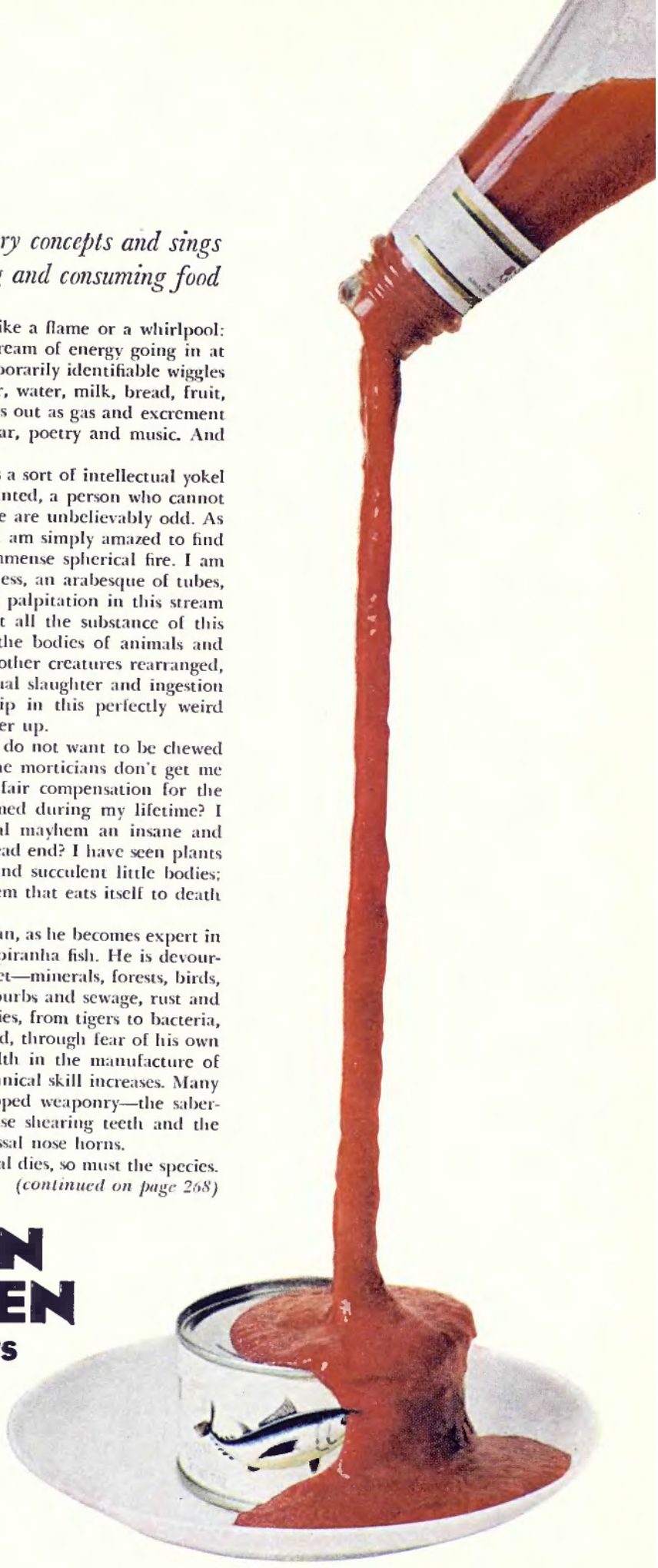
His obvious pleasure provoked a reflex response of affection from me. Here, I thought, is some person I have befriended in the past. But what is his name?

Suddenly, the smile turned official. "Where do you think you are *(continued overleaf)*

a poet-critic-mystic decries our current culinary concepts and sings the praises of a loving approach to preparing and consuming food

MURDER IN THE KITCHEN

article **BY ALAN WATTS**



A LIVING BODY is not a fixed thing but a flowing event, like a flame or a whirlpool: The shape alone is stable, for the substance itself is a stream of energy going in at one end and out at the other. We are particular and temporarily identifiable wiggles in a stream that enters us in the form of light, heat, air, water, milk, bread, fruit, beer, beef Stroganoff, caviar and *pâté de foie gras*. It goes out as gas and excrement —and also as semen, babies, talk, politics, commerce, war, poetry and music. And philosophy.

A philosopher, which is what I am supposed to be, is a sort of intellectual yokel who gapes and stares at what sensible people take for granted, a person who cannot get rid of the feeling that the barest facts of everyday life are unbelievably odd. As Aristotle put it, the beginning of philosophy is wonder. I am simply amazed to find myself living on a ball of rock that swings around an immense spherical fire. I am even more amazed that I *am* a maze—a complex wiggliness, an arabesque of tubes, filaments, cells, fibers and films that are various kinds of palpitation in this stream of liquid energy. But what really gets me is that almost all the substance of this maze, aside from water, was once *other* living bodies—the bodies of animals and plants—and that I had to obtain it by murder. We are other creatures rearranged, for biological existence continues only through the mutual slaughter and ingestion of its various species. I exist solely through membership in this perfectly weird arrangement of beings that flourish by chewing each other up.

Obviously, being chewed up is painful, and I myself do not want to be chewed up. Thus, the whole scheme bothers my conscience. If the morticians don't get me first, will my being eaten up by germs and worms be fair compensation for the countless cows, sheep, birds and fish that I have consumed during my lifetime? I wonder: Is this entire biological arrangement of mutual mayhem an insane and diabolical contraption that moves faster and faster to a dead end? I have seen plants infested with green fly, one day swarming with plump and succulent little bodies; the next, gray dust on dry stalks. Life seems to be a system that eats itself to death and in which victory equals defeat.

Man can easily go the way of the green fly, because man, as he becomes expert in technology, is seen to be more predatory than locusts or piranha fish. He is devouring, destroying and fouling the whole surface of the planet—minerals, forests, birds, fish, insects, fresh water—all are being converted into suburbs and sewage, rust and smog. Meanwhile, the total conquest of his natural enemies, from tigers to bacteria, allows his own race to swarm itself out of living space, and, through fear of his own rapacious kind, he wastes a huge proportion of his wealth in the manufacture of weapons, ever more deadly and ever more obsolete as technical skill increases. Many prehistoric animals became extinct because of overdeveloped weaponry—the saber-toothed tiger through the unmanageability of its immense shearing teeth and the titanothere through the unsupportable weight of its colossal nose horns.

One can, perhaps, accept the idea that as the individual dies, so must the species. Thereafter, the energy of the universe will appear in new *(continued on page 268)*

 (continued from page 224)

going? Do you remember me? You aren't allowed in Mexico. I know because I am Jorge Garcia, who deported you from Mexico in 1963. You are *persona non grata* in Mexico. *Prohibido.*"

I was still radiating from his warm greeting (Libras thrive on popularity) and pardoned my dear old friend his official excitability. I remembered his pounding the counter in the Mexico City airport in 1963.

"No, Jorge, I have a letter from the *Ministerio de Governacion*, saying that we can return as tourists."

Jorge thought for a moment. "Stay right here." He ran through the waiting room and out to the parking lot, jumped into a car and shouted, "I'll be right back."

At this point, a black spider of paranoia started spinning a sticky web around the waiting room of my mind. Until that moment, I had prided myself on my complete lack of paranoia. Since my first mind-blowing mushroom session —also in Mexico, in 1960—I had been too busy deciphering cosmic plots, contacting Tibetan masters and desperately avoiding brain-control conspiracies to worry about such planetary matters as being busted. How could I be arrested? I had not one shred of guilt about what I was doing and, instead, felt the presence of an enormous bank account of karmic virtue. After all, I had, at the most modest appraisal, provided more satori, nirvana, tantric bliss, illumination, sensory bliss and longer lovemaking for more of my fellow men than any Ph.D. in the history of the American Psychological Association. To say the least.

I walked up to Rosemary, Susan and Jack and whispered: "We're apparently having a little hassle here with the Mexican government. Someone go out to the car and get rid of the grass."

Jack Leary, then 16, nodded and got up. Jack is a super-Libra and routinely deals with the cosmos in a maddeningly superior, deliberate, balanced way. In a crisis, he is the most swift, resourceful, dependable person I know. In a couple of minutes, he sauntered back, disappeared into the men's room and returned to the bench with a mission-accomplished nod.

Good! We're clean.

Then Jorge Garcia reappeared, by this time *mucho* businesslike, an ultraconfident official. "No, Señor Timoteo, not is it possible for you to go to Mexico tonight. I must call the capital in the morning to confirm. You must return to the United States now. It will all be different *mañana*."

In retrospect, it is easy to see that we were caught in a B-movie scenario, swept up by some fast-moving current of melodrama beyond our control. If I believed in witchcraft (and, believe me, I do), I would say that we were under some astrological spell, some black- or white-magic manipulation that moved us, unthinking, to the next spot on the duty-pleasure game board.

You see, we didn't actually have to return to the United States and criminal notoriety. Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, is a border town, a transient tourist town. You can make the scene there day and night without papers. We could have checked into a hotel, showered and then wandered around the streets, watching the hustlers and the pimps and the tourists, eaten enchiladas for dinner and slept like free souls and in the morning returned to the immigration office, got our cards for the interior and proceeded to Yucatán.

But marionette strings pulled us back to the car, which I turned around and steered across the International Bridge. I was nervous, dazed and unaware of scramblings in the back seat. About halfway across the bridge, I saw a sign reading UNITED STATES CUSTOMS, KEEP RIGHT, and it suddenly dawned on me that even though we hadn't been in Mexico, we would have to pass through the American Customs, just like the VW caravans that wend their way from purple Michoacán, golden Acapulco, seedless Guadalajara and the other fabled cities of the southland. My mind flashed alarm: "All the grass is out of the car—right?"

Susan, sitting in the front seat, said, "No, we just found the silver box here."

The car rolled on toward the Customs station. Frantic rummaging in the back seat. The silver box. Can't throw it out the window, blang, bang, metallic flash in the middle of the bridge.

"I hid it," said Susan.

As the Customs officer walked up, I handed him the unused Mexican papers and started talking first and fast. "We didn't enter Mexico, officer." I expected him to check the papers, nod, salute smartly with an understanding smile and let us pass.

He nodded, all right, and ordered everyone out of the car. He leaned in the front door, reached down and came up with something he held in his fingers.

"*What is this seed I found on your car floor?*"

In a flash, the car was surrounded by agents. "Remove all the baggage."

"Officer, you must be kidding!" The station wagon was packed with the impedimenta of a three-month expedition. Sacred books, beach and city clothing, theological manuscripts and scuba gear.

"Yup. All of it. Out!"

Other tourists passing by the check point quick-glanced at us with virtue's detached, shunning disapproval. I wanted to run after them and shout, "It's all a mistake, really, we're not smugglers! We didn't even get into Mexico!"

Then we were ordered to sit on separate benches in the Customs office and forbidden to talk to one another. There were no magazines. Not even Muzak. Phone calls brought two more chief inspectors. Interrupted at eight o'clock on Saturday night by duty's call. What had they been doing? Watching TV? Drinking bourbon? Dressing to go out to dinner? Sorry, dear, there's a big bust down at the office.

With a triumphant flourish, an agent came into the waiting room, carrying boxes filled with brown flour. A cluster of fuzz buzzed around. What's this? Pollen dust from Persia's brilliant red flower? Processed in Lebanon labs and converted to brilliant nod-out crystals near Marseilles and smuggled across the Atlantic by swarthy members of the Seafarers Union? No, it's worse. Gentlemen, there is enough organic health food there to get every high school kid in the country to kick the white-bread habit. Headlines and promotions for every agent who helped smash this unadulterated bread network!

We were called, one by one, into small rooms and examined for needle marks. Our pockets were emptied carefully and the dust and tobacco flakes caught in the linings were combed out and neatly folded into envelopes.

I still couldn't believe we were busted, until the chief agent called me into his office and laid the now-familiar mantra on me: "You are entitled to call a lawyer and to refuse to answer any questions. I warn you that anything you say may be used against you when the entire stenographic record of your life is read before the shadowed court of dread Anubis." Or something to that effect.

At that second, I had a minor revelatory experience, a quick, highly detailed view into the future, like a speeded-up newsreel. I could see the headlines—"EX–HARVARD PROF NABBED AS SMUGGLER"—the arraignments, the bails, the indictments, the pleas, the lawyers' offices, the endless legal ratiocinations, the trials, the fund raisings, the rallies, the HANDS OFF TIM LEARY buttons, the appeals, the trite, only partially re-edited scripts of Dreyfus, Socrates, the earliest Christians, Galileo, Alger Hiss and Dr. Sam.

It was immediately obvious to me that I would have to test the constitutionality of the marijuana laws, return from delicious high retirement, come strolling across the turf from the bull pen and spend long years of public hassle until, in the hushed and marbled solemnity of the Supreme Court, nine black-robed Justices whom I would never meet would rule on the right of American citizens to turn on, to get high, to feel good in their homes. I flashed on: three years of barnstorming and old-fashioned sloganeering. *Don't Tread on Me. Let's Fly United. Six Miles High. Turn on, tune in, drop out. Acapulco Gold Means Fine Tobacco.*

(continued on page 312)

"Well, Mrs. Cratchit, would you like to see Tiny Tim go to Oxford or wouldn't you?"

epigrams from the greek anthology (600 B.C.–900 A.D.)

Ribald Classic

gallus: *an interesting approach to chamber music*

Lydia, taking recorder lessons from three French-horn men, in bed,
Serves as the Instrument for their baroque fingering (*sic*).
These offhand hot licks ignite her. "Oh, Gallie," she raves, "please let's form a
Septet! This supple recorder still has four unused holes."

rufinus: *a new way to wake finnegan, maybe*

Listen, where kissing's concerned, my little Clarissa's the *greatest.*
She can give me the jangles even with her lips closed;
But when she (*à la française*) slides that wild tongue down my windpipe—
If I were two days dead, she'd have me erect in the box.

philodemus: *post-sunset misunderstanding, of sorts, at a singles bar*

Hi, chick. *Hello.* What's your name? *What's yours?* Phil O'Demus. And you are . . . ?
Mari-Jayne. Nice name, doll. You here with some stud? *No.*
Will I do? *Well . . . all right.* Done! Say, you wanna blow the joint now?
I beg your pardon! I mean, find a more Active Spot.
Well . . . I dunno. Where, for instance? My pad. I've stereo, soft lights,
Jack Daniel's. *Well . . . all right.* You'll come, then, M.-J.? *Any time.*
How's about coming right now? *Heavens, you're eager.* Correct, chick.
Well, I'd prefer your pad, but . . . all right, that corner booth's dark.

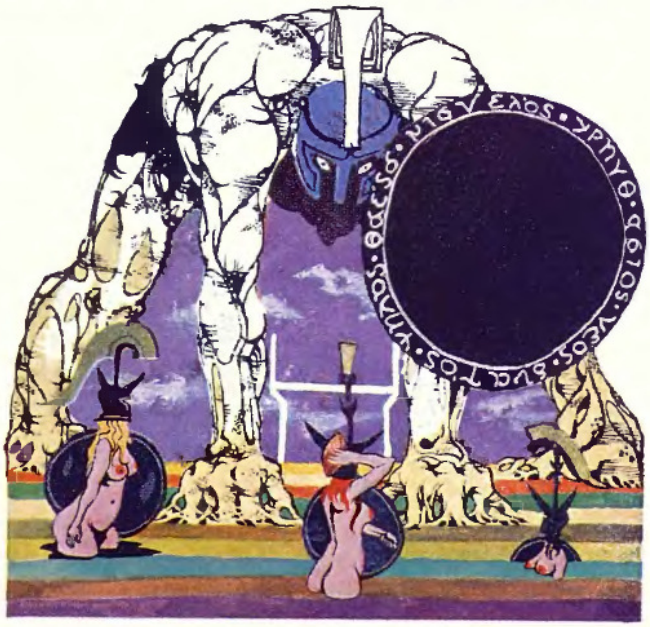
paulus silentiarius: *august table d'hôte at a beach colony*

One afternoon in the Dog Days (the ocean was like a huge sauna),
Menecratis made a mistake: She left her cottage unlocked.
Feeling quite doggish myself, I bounded through to the bedroom
Where that pretty thing sprawled, naked, taking a nap.
The way she lay was inviting. I, a most generous dog,
Arranged the table and gorged, sharing my bone with her.
She'd barely tasted the meat when she woke up, whining she wasn't
Hungry, snarling she didn't care for my one-armed cuisine.
I persisted, however, in stuffing her till she was sated.
—As I was padding out, after I'd topped off her feast
With liqueur (*des caves du château*), she grumbled: "Huh! Last night the Rover
Boys poured me *triples. . . .*" G-r-r-rr-rrr, Menecratis, you bitch!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

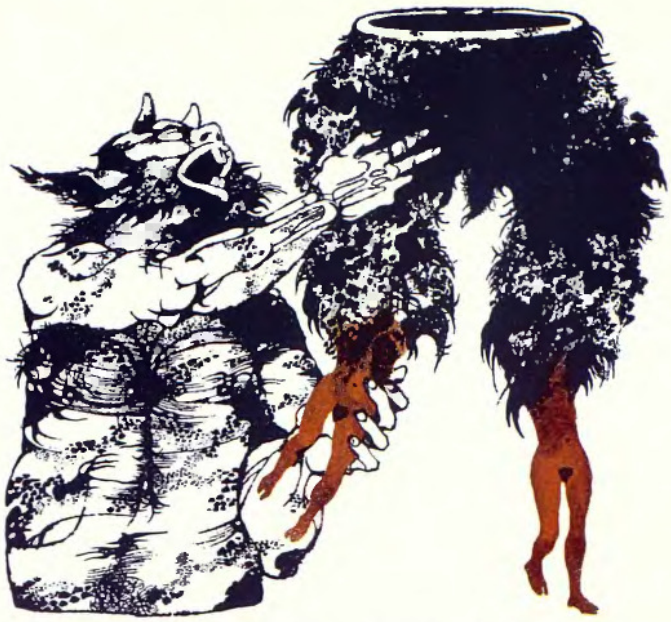
rufinus: *snippet from an exchange of girlish confidences*

"Oh, he's a *bas*tard, that Tom, beating you up before kicking you
Out, stark-naked, merely for finding you in bed with Dick!
My God, who'd want to count all the high-fashion models *Tom*'s slept with?
Baby, forg*et* him. Here, put on this dark pancake—*gobs*,
Then my new Trigère. I'll fix us drinks, then telephone Harry.
He's what you need, dear: frail, timid, myopic and deaf."



rufinus: *social note from our bedroom-sports page*

I'm Al X. Parris, the quarterback (Mondays: September–December).
Ever since last Labor Day, on nights my wife thought I was bowling,
I have been busy as hell, boning up on Naked Reverses.
Three, as a matter of fact: nicely reversed, *very* naked.
The swivel-hipped first opens holes that let me slide in just offcenter.
The second, from spread formations, uses a split end adroitly.
Most deceptive of all, the third also gives me most pleasure:
The hand-off's faked west-sou'-west, see? but the Action is coming due northward
(Linebackers, cornerbacks, safety men—each gets sucked out of position).
The Rams and the Jets run these plays.
If my wife did, I wouldn't go bowling. . . .



philodemus: *letter picked at random from dr. geriatric's morning mail*

Dear Doc:
I work in a bank, dig brunette chicks, am just Under Thirty;
But I've this problem, hear?—A few months ago, I could (*Wham!* BAM!)
Ball a chick NI(!)NE times a night. But lately, God help me, I'm lucky
To ride out One Limp Nightly Ball (if it comes off *before* half past seven).
Geez, if the threads of my Sex Suit're fraying already, what will I
Wear when I'm, like, thirty-*one*? Help!
Your flaccid friend,
Phil O'Demus

automedon: *soliloquy of an insufficient sailor on shore leave*

Shape up, Automedon, phone Miss Roundheels, the c.p.o.'s Solace.
—No!—Avast!—Think twice, Chief. After she's piped aboard
There she'll lie, gear stowed away, stripped for action, hosed down, battle-ready,
Eager to aim her broadsides at those salvos of yours;
But that's no eight-inch gun I see dangling out of your turret . . .
Hell, no, it's salt-water taffy. *Matey, scuttle the ship.*
—Retold by Harry Brown

cross the border

(continued from page 151)

methods that are singularly inappropriate, since both language and method were invented by the modernists themselves to apologize for their own work and the work of their literary ancestors (John Donne, for instance, or the *symbolistes*), and to educate an audience capable of responding to them. Naturally, this will not do at all; so the second- or third-generation new critics in America prove themselves imbeciles and naïfs when confronted by, say, a poem by Allen Ginsberg, a novel by John Barth.

Why not, then, invent a new new criticism, a postmodernist criticism appropriate to postmodernist fiction and verse? It sounds simple enough—quite as simple as imperative—but it is, in fact, much simpler to say than to do; for the question that arises immediately is whether there can be *any* criticism adequate to postmodernism. The age of T. S. Eliot, after all, was the age of a literature essentially self-aware, a literature dedicated to analysis, rationality, anti-romantic dialectic—and, consequently, aimed at respectability, gentility, even academicism. Criticism is natural, even essential to such an age; and to no one's surprise (though, finally, there were some voices crying out in dismay), the period of early 20th Century modernism became an age of criticism—an age in which criticism first invaded the novel, verse and drama and ultimately threatened to swallow up all other forms of literature. Certainly, looking back from this point, it seems as if many of the best books of the period were books of criticism (by T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound and I. A. Richards, by John Crowe Ransom, Kenneth Burke and R. P. Blackmur, to mention only a few names); and its second-best were novels and poems eminently suited to critical analysis, particularly in schools and universities: the works of Proust-Mann-Joyce, for instance, to evoke a trilogy that seems at the moment more the name of a single college course than a list of three authors.

We have, however, entered quite another time—apocalyptic, anti-rational, blatantly romantic and sentimental; an age dedicated to joyous misology and prophetic irresponsibility; one distrustful of self-protective irony and too-great self-awareness. If criticism is to survive, therefore, if it is to become or remain useful, viable and relevant, it must be radically altered, though not in the direction indicated by Marxist critics, however subtle and refined they may be. The Marxists are last-ditch defenders of rationality and the primacy of political fact; they are intrinsically hostile to an age of myth and passion, sentimentality and fantasy.

A new criticism certainly will not be primarily concerned with structure or diction or syntax, all of which assume that the work of art "really" exists on the page rather than in the reader's apprehension and response. Not words on the page but words in the world or, rather, words in the head, at the private juncture of a thousand contexts—social, psychological, historical, biographical, geographical—in the consciousness of the reader (delivered for an instant, but an instant only, from all those contexts by the *ekstasis* of reading): This will be the proper concern of the critics to come. Certain older ones have already begun to provide examples of this sort of criticism by turning their backs on their teachers and even their own earlier practices. Norman O. Brown, for instance, who began with scholarly, somewhat Marxian studies of classic literature, has moved on to metapsychology in *Life Against Death* and *Love's Body*; while Marshall McLuhan, who made his debut with formalist examinations of Joyce and Gerard Manley Hopkins, has shifted to metasociological analyses of the mass media in *Understanding Media* and, finally, to a kind of pictographic shorthand, half put-on and half serious emulation of advertising style, in *The Medium Is the Massage*.

The voice, as well as the approach, is important in each case, since in neither Brown nor McLuhan does one hear the rhythm and tone usual to "scientific" criticism. No, the pitch, the rhythms, the dynamics of both are mantic, magical, more than a little *mad* (a concept that one desiring to deal with contemporary literature must learn to regard as more honorific than pejorative). In McLuhan and Brown—as in D. H. Lawrence—criticism is literature or it is nothing. Not amateur philosophy nor objective analysis, it differs from other forms of literary art in that it starts with the world of art itself, not with the world in general; it uses one work of art as an occasion to make another.

There have been many such mediating works of art in the past, both fairly recent (Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy*) and quite remote (Longinus' *On the Sublime*), that make it clear that the authority of the critic is based not on his skills in research nor his collation of texts but on his ability to find words and rhythms and images appropriate to his ecstatic vision of, say, the plays of Euripides or the opening verses of *Genesis*. To evoke Longinus or even Nietzsche, however, is in a sense misleading, suggesting models too grandiose and solemn. The newest criticism must be aesthetic, poetic in form as well as in substance; but it must also be comical, irreverent and vulgar. Examples have appeared everywhere in recent years—as in the case of Angus Wilson, who began a review of *City of Night* by writing quite matter-of-factly, "Everyone knows John Rechy is a little shit." And all at once, we are out of the Eliotic church, whose dogmas, delivered ex cathedra, two generations of students were expected to learn by heart: "Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation are directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry. . . . The mind of the mature poet differs from that of the immature one not precisely on any valuation of personality, not by being necessarily more interesting, or having 'more to say,' but rather by being a more finely perfected medium in which," etc.

Unless criticism refuses to take itself quite so seriously or at least permits its readers not to, it will inevitably continue to reflect the finicky canons of the genteel tradition and the depressing pieties of the culture religion of modernism, from which Eliot thought he had escaped—but to which, in fact, he only succeeded in giving a High Anglican tone: "It is our business, as readers of literature, to know what we like. It is our business, as Christians, *as well as* readers of literature, to know what we ought to like." But not to know that such stuff is laughable is to be imprisoned in church, cut off from the liberating privilege of comic sacrilege. It is high time, however, for such sacrilege rather than for piety.

The kind of criticism the age demands is death-of-art criticism, which is most naturally practiced by those who have come of age since the death of the new poetry and the new criticism. It seems evident that writers not blessed enough to be under 30 (or 35, or whatever the critical age is these days) must be reborn in order to seem relevant to the moment and to those who inhabit it most comfortably: the young. But one hasn't even the hope of being reborn unless he knows first that he is dead. No novelist can be reborn unless he knows that insofar as he remains a novelist in the traditional sense, he is dead. What was until only a few years ago a diagnosis, a predication (made almost from the moment of the invention of the novel: first form of pop literature and, therefore, conscious that, as compared with classic forms such as epic or tragedy, its life span was necessarily short) is now a fact. As certainly as the old God is dead, so the old novel is dead. Certain writers (Saul Bellow, for instance, or John Updike, Mary McCarthy or James Baldwin) continue to write old novels and certain readers, often with a sense of being quite up to date, continue to read them. But so do preachers continue to preach in the old churches and congregations gather to hear them.

It is not a matter of assuming, as does Marshall McLuhan, that the printed book is about to disappear; only of realizing that in all of its forms—and most notably, perhaps, the novel—the printed book is being radically altered. No medium of communication disappears merely because a new and more

(continued on page 252)

THE HAROLD ROBBINS CO.

article By JOHN SKOW *four days in a trollop trap with the master of sexploitation novels, including "the adventurers," the movie version of which is shown in living color on the following pages*

HAROLD ROBBINS, the bad-book writer, was smoking three packs a day, and his doctors told him to quit, and he did quit, except for midget cigars. Now for five weeks here at Cannes, Robbins had moped about twitchily, not bothering any longer even to climb to the rooftop writing room of his villa. Not a word had been added to *The Inheritors*, the bad novel that was due in six months. The Canadian pulpwood industry was in panic and in the editorial offices of Trident Press, worry beads clicked piteously. If the author of the most beloved bedtime stories since those of Hans Christian Andersen insisted on adopting a healthy attitude, it looked like hard times in the litbiz.

There are pointy-heads who prefer Joseph Conrad or William Faulkner; but, as Robbins admits, they are wrong. Among novelists, he says with a shy smile, as his own heated swimming-pool water drips off him and wets the very hectare of the Cannes hillside where the great painter Pierre Bonnard once had his studio, "I'm the best there is." The world's literate minority seems to agree. *The Adventurers*, *The Carpetbaggers* and seven lesser romances that Robbins began

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAYNARD FRANK WOLFE

In the movie *The Adventurers*, Yugoslav star Bekim Fehmiu plays Dax Xenos, a Rubirosan hero who makes assembly-line love to seemingly endless numbers of jet-set beauties, including Italian newcomer Delia Boccardo, in the film's most explicit sex scene (left).

turning out in 1952 have been bought by salivating Americans, and also by glittery-eyed Germans, smirking Japanese, trembling Britishers, agitated Dutch and wet-palmed Paraguayans, in the astonishing number of 70,000,000 copies. This puts Robbins right up there with Matthew, Mark, Luke and Mickey Spillane.

The 70,000,000 figure was issued by a press agent, who may have computed it by tacking his Zip Code to his Social Security number and rounding off the result—reliable statistics are harder to find in the litbiz than in the nerve-gas industry—but there is no reason to think that the estimate is high. Nor is there any reason to disbelieve the story peddled a few years ago that Robbins received a $1,000,000 guarantee for *The Adventurers* before he wrote a word of it. If Robbins would sell you an unwritten bad novel, there is no better place to put your $1,000,000. Robbins works hard, drinks little and has lost his pilot's license (for flying a landing pattern a few years ago in Bridgeport, Connecticut, that included someone's chimney).

During the writing of *The Adventurers*, he proceeded steadily, he says, 10 or 20 typewritten pages and 60 cigarettes a day, from the beginning of Book One, which opens with the splendid passage in which the six-year-old Dax sees his mother, sister and female household servants raped and murdered by *bandoleros* uttering curious shuddering, animallike cries, and later, when the *bandoleros* have been sentenced to death, pulls the trigger of the machine gun that kills them, so that they sprawl on the ground, their faces tortured in a last frozen agony, their eyes staring unseeingly up at the white sun, to the end of Book Six, 780 pages later, when Dax and his loyal soldiering companion Fat Cat lie gunned and dying. Dax, feeling the icy polar cold creeping up through him, whispers, "Fat Cat, I'm cold," and Fat Cat raises his eyes, and Dax grips his hand, and Fat Cat, his voice hoarse but soft, says, "Hold my hand, child, and I will take you safely through the mountains."

Robbins finished in the agreed-on number of months, taking no more time and experiencing fewer construction delays than a contractor might in erecting a 780-foot Manhattan apartment building with snap-on sides and preamplified

London lovely Imogen Graham (left) is surrounded by erotic sculpture in one of a series of secret sex rooms set up in the villa of an S-M-addicted shipping mognate.

While revolutionary unrest mounts in his Latin-American homeland, Dax does much the same as an international, pleasure-seeking stud. Although he somehow misses an orgy (above) in the Rome villa of banker Rassano Brazzi, Dax makes amends with Olivia de Havilland (below), wife of a Texas oil millionaire, and Candice Bergen (right), whom he marries about the time she inherits a fortune. Meanwhile, back at the villa, Brazzi returns home in the aftermath of the orgy, bewildered by who's been sleeping in his beds.

At the peak of his career as the virtuoso of musical beds, Dax' sexual adventures keep him in almost perpetual motion. Among those who sample his special wares are actress Annick Blanchard (above left); the U. S. opera star Anna Moffo (above right), who plays a none-too-callous diva in the movie; and voluptuous Linda Towne (below), with whom he seems to have been disconnected. At left and bottom left: secret sex roomers Irma Martinez and Elizabeth Moore.

Leigh Taylor-Young (right), a graduate of *Peyton Place* and *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!*, plays the girl back home. Realizing late in the game that Dax digs her the most, as amply indicated in scenes at far right and bottom right, Leigh helps persuade him to give up fun and games to fight for freedom in his country—if he has any strength left.

plumbing. Everyone made money on the project. The litbiz consortium that had guaranteed Robbins' $1,000,000 had done so in the expectation that Robbins and the consortium would make a lot more than that, and this proved to be true. Moreover, Robbins has gone on to bigger deals and larger profits since *The Adventurers*. He now explains, in the tone of a country householder telling how he dug a septic-tank drainage field in a difficult piece of ground, that he has been able to keep his yearly income under $1,000,000 only by deferring large payments into the 1980s and 1990s.

This shower of certified checks and promissory notes unto the third generation suggests that Robbins is worth examining, if only as a degenerative twitch in the long and difficult death of the novel. Strangely, however, it is only the accountants in the litbiz who know what to make of him.

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Literary critics ignore Robbins as a gaudy but unimportant barbarian marauding the outer provinces of good taste. Book reviewers, whose humble and punishing trade does not permit them to ignore anything except meritorious first novels, numbly describe the plot of each Robbins thunderation as it is published and, applying standards appropriate to Flaubert and Melville, complain that Robbins writes dirty. Publishers lacking contracts with Robbins read the reviews and take heart. They hire sensitive young men to write dirty. The litbiz formula for imitating Robbins is: sex and blood, money and power, with all characterizations hung on teasing near-miss descriptions of real celebrities (Dax, the free-living diplomat in *The Adventurers*, is an airy elaboration of Porfirio Rubirosa and *The Carpetbaggers* is a good description of Howard Hughes' left ear).

The formula can be followed by any typewriter owner who reads Leonard Lyons, and it uses erotic fantasies available in every household. The trouble is —and this has become a formidable bafflement to the litbiz, which has given a lot of thought to the problem—that it doesn't work very well for anyone except Robbins. It is embarrassing to swing your handbag under a street lamp and get no takers, but that is what is happening regularly to writers who try to counterfeit Robbins.

One of the spectacular thuds of recent years came when a formula novel titled

The King reached the bookstores. There was no way for *The King* to miss; it was, as *The Galveston Daily News* reported, "supersaturated with 100-proof sex," it had a plot involving show business and politics and its hero was an Italian-American pop singer and boudoir bandit who might easily have been confused with Frank Sinatra. The author, a man named Morton Cooper, was a somewhat more polished writer than Robbins (who is not, in the litbiz phrase, an especially good wordman). And, most important, the book's very large promotion campaign was in the hands of publisher Bernard Geis, a virtuoso of hotcha who discovered some years ago that books sold better if salesmen plotted them and authors were brought in only after the planning stage.

Oddly, *The King* died broke. So did *The Symbol*, by Alvah Bessie, a flawless vulgarization of the life of Marilyn Monroe. The reaction to these books, which did not seem to be different from Robbins' in any important way, was so negative that it seemed almost as if the entire reading public had suddenly acquired the literary discernment of Edmund Wilson.

Even the formula's successes seemed due to impurities slopped into the mixture by accident. Henry Sutton's *The Exhibitionist*—one of Geis' add-saliva-and-stir calculations, about a handsome movie star and his beautiful daughter, who liked to take her clothes off on camera—did poorly in the bookstores until Geis succeeded in turning the author into a celebrity. For some reason, no one cared that the novel—or so rumors went—was really about the Fondas. This was terrible, if what it seemed to suggest was true: that readers did not, as the litbiz assumed, buy bad novels in order to have naughty daydreams about Jane Fonda or Howard Hughes. (Then why did they buy them? The uncertainty was enough to make a nonbook packager wish he had, after all, gone into the mail-order truss business.)

Sales of *The Exhibitionist* picked up smartly, and capriciously, only when Henry Sutton turned out to be David Slavitt, a young poet gone wrong, who rolled his eyes during interviews and explained wickedly that he had written the whole sorry thing for money. People liked that, and it was not hard to imagine them imagining themselves to be Slavitt, snickering evilly and raking in the cash.

All of this came turgidly to mind last year in Cannes, where I was seeing Robbins. It was worth a smile, if you went in for irony, that Slavitt failed when he tried to create naughty daydream figures in his book and succeeded only when he turned himself into one, a kind of little-all-American Faust tempted by Geis' money. Chuckles aside, however, Slavitt's small win did not explain much about Robbins, the legendary *Schlockmeister*, nor about the formula he was supposed to use to make all that loot. My immediate worry was that four days of following Robbins around had not explained much, either.

• • •

A year or so ago, Robbins' press agent had written a letter suggesting that Robbins, a "self-made, self-generating money machine who never wrote a line until he was 30," was worth a magazine story. He was, of course, as the Henry Ford of the no-qual novel industry, but I kept putting off writing it. I had reviewed a couple of his books, unfavorably, and read some of the others, but I had no clear idea of how he managed his trick. An important principle of what is called the new reporting—the fanatic and fashionable detail scavenging practiced by Truman Capote and others—is that the observer set aside his preconceptions before he moves into his subject's clothes closet. But it is comforting to have preconceptions close enough to stroke now and then, for reassurance.

There is a good deal to say for the new reporting. Its assumption is that the traditional interview ("What do you think of American men, Miss Deneuve?") does not often get to the heart of the matter. The new reporter works like a wildlife photographer, crouching in the underbrush 20 hours a day for a month, if necessary, until his subject no longer spooks at his presence and begins to hunt, feed and mate naturally. What is surprising about the technique is not that it works, which it does, usually, but that football quarterbacks, Secretaries of Defense, Klansmen, black-militant machine-gun fondlers, actresses, pot pushers and noble old musicians put up with the fantastic invasion of privacy it requires, as they all do.

Like the rest, Robbins agreed to be invaded. "No, you won't be interrupting anything," he said on the phone, sounding glum. And this turned out to be true. Robbins was not hunting, feeding or mating, naturally or otherwise. He was thinking about cigarettes.

Could Perry Smith, addled by the brain worms of nicotine withdrawal, have revealed the coldness of his blood to Truman Capote's celebrated eight-track intracranial tape recorder? Possibly; Capote has admitted that his instrument is very sensitive. But after several days of watching Robbins twitch, I gave up, having no idea how he had managed to write the most popular bad books since the invention of movable type.

I learned the secret two days later, by accident, in bed. It was not very professional, but I now knew something Bernard Geis did not know. Robbins, it turned out, had perfected an entirely new kind of "dirty" writing, and—was this really a surprise?—it had nothing at all to do with sex.

Before I make my revelation, however (Free, Mr. Geis! Profitable, Mr. Slavitt! Enjoy! Get rich!), the rules of new reporting require that I give an account of the four infertile days with Robbins. Neatness counts in new reporting, but brevity hurts the chances of hardcover publication. It is customary to weave the subtle messages received by the journalist's nerve ends into some sort of fabric, but in this case, a nervously wadded hair ball will have to do.

The messages came in several categories, or subwads:

The whores and the vanished pullover: For some reason, Robbins was spending six or eight hours a day, every day, sitting with some wealthy English friends in the lobby of a large hotel in Cannes. The conversation was singular. Robbins, a small, fuzzy, compact, startled-looking man of 53, tastefully gotten up in a white yachting cap, mirror-surface shades, white sweater, love beads and lavender pants, talked about whores. "She's a whore, twenty-five francs," he would say as a woman walked through the lobby. "That one over there, she's a whore!"

Most of the time, it seemed possible that Robbins was right. The vast and slightly decayed hotel, which suggested New York's Plaza in a soiled-white-linen suit, was a plausible trollop trap, and many of the women who patrolled it—they tended to reappear at intervals—had a glaze that could have been commercial. At any rate, Robbins saw whores, or thought he did, and announced them as if they were trains.

The wealthy English (two men and a woman, most of the time, although once there were three men and two women) took no specific notice of Robbins' discourse, although it was clear they liked him. I never found out why they knew him, but they (and I, of course) followed him everywhere, from the beach to the hotel lobby to lunch at a restaurant or at his villa, then back to the lobby and then, much later, to dinner at another restaurant. Robbins gallantly paid every check, and no one made any contrary murmurs. Wealthy Englishmen are in an awkward position these days; they cannot take more than £50 out of England, and so other people must pay their checks. Robbins' friends accepted their predicament with good grace, and no

"No, this is Mrs. MacArthur—you'll find my wife next door, with Mr. MacArthur."

one but an unashamed cynic would speculate that it takes no more than £50 and a funny-looking suit to set up as a wealthy Englishman these days.

These wealthy English were clearly genuine, bred to lobby sitting, and they proved it by occupying entire afternoons, early lunch to late teatime, in a continuing and pleasurable discussion of a pullover one of them had lost on a previous holiday at Cannes. Was the pullover new, nappy, a coronation robe among pullovers? Or was it, in truth, squalid, to put the matter accurately, a wretched article fit for the dustbin? Was it reddish-brown or was it, in point of fact, wine colored? Baggy it was, and out of shape?

It would not do to give the impression of jibes flung quickly back and forth. These observations would issue from the Englishers at 10- or 15-minute intervals, during which Robbins would have spotted a dozen whores and named their prices. The English were not in the least bored. Their fascination with the dust motes sifting down 20 feet in the sunlight from the lobby's splendid plaster ceiling would seem to be total, and then that spectral, Pinterlike pullover would float back through the open windows of the conversation like a lost parakeet.

On the second or third afternoon of lobby roosting, Robbins interrupted our reverie with a moment of action. A young, modestly pretty girl made the lobby circuit, rump twitching demurely. I said, idly, "I'll take a dozen." Instantly, Robbins was up, grinning, and off. He returned with the girl in perhaps 20 seconds. She sat down very primly, smiled a little and said in French that she would like tea. Robbins ordered. Then his French dried up, or he did not feel like using it. One of the Englishmen knew a few phrases and we heard that the girl was a journalism student from Nice. She said she was 21. Robbins did not believe it and talked across her in English to the effect that she was a whore, and 17, and jail bait. Apparently, she did not understand English, because she did not react. After a few minutes, she declined Robbins' joking invitation to dinner, relayed by the Englishman. She smiled, said thank you and left. In the discussion that followed, everyone except Robbins thought the girl was merely a young, proper student. Robbins still thought she was a whore.

Cars: Robbins is a car miser. During stretches of lobby sitting, he would invent excuses to fetch something from his new gray Rolls, which was parked in front, and he would look at the car for five or ten minutes on these errands. Once, slyly, he mentioned to the parking attendant that he admired another Rolls nearby. It was slightly older, maroon and built with a right-hand drive for the British trade. The car parker smiled at Robbins with a professional's indulgence and said, "You leave me yours and you can take this one, free." Robbins grinned in satisfaction.

He said he would fly the Rolls to Los Angeles, where he spends half of each year. The bill would be $2800. This, he explained, was cheaper than buying another Rolls in L. A. It was also cheaper than sending the car by ship, he figured. The freight bill by ship would be $900 less, but the car would take six weeks to reach the U. S., and "a car like this depreciates fifteen hundred dollars in six weeks."

Robbins also owns two small cars in Cannes that do not fly, and a Jensen Interceptor in Los Angeles.

Wives and daughters: Robbins loves his four-year-old daughter, Adrianna, who can swim across the family pool. He seemed happy with his wife, a young, pretty, wary woman named Grace. He regretted that he is separated from Caryn, 13, his daughter by a former marriage, who is in school in New York. He has been married "a lot," but he would not say how many times.

Film criticism: One day at his villa, the conversation wandered from the movies made from Robbins' novels to profitable films in general, and I mentioned that *The Graduate* was making incredible profits.

"Yeah, isn't that great?" said Robbins. He seemed especially pleased and I asked whether it was because he knew Mike Nichols, the director, or Dustin Hoffman, the star.

"It's because Joe Levine [the producer] owes me three and a half million bucks."

Literature and money: All that money was owed to Robbins in deferred payments for such films as *The Carpetbaggers* and *The Adventurers* (then being filmed in Rome). Levine's Avco-Embassy firm had also signed to produce the film version of *The Inheritors*, the novel Robbins was supposed to be finishing.

Robbins' guarantee for writing *The Inheritors*—the third book of his Hollywood trilogy, whose first two volumes were *The Dream Merchants* and *The Carpetbaggers*—was $1,400,000. Another deferred-payment time capsule had lately been filled with money and buried for him—a $1,000,000 guarantee for *The Survivors*, the TV series starring Lana Turner and George Hamilton as half-sister-and-brother owners of a swinging private investment bank. The terms of this agreement are particularly interesting. Robbins' only obligation was to write a 100-page sketch of characters and situations the series might use. Humbler writers would hack out the actual scripts. Once he had finished the sketch to his own satisfaction, the TV people owed him the $1,000,000. What they did with the sketch was their problem. (It is no small problem; the series must be a very large success or there will be no hope of earning back Robbins' fee and the high production costs. On the other hand, if it is successful enough to run a second year, the producers must go back to Robbins for material. Another 100 pages; another $1,000,000.)

The Harold Robbins Co., as Robbins is known to the Internal Revenue Service, is involved in a great many other projects. One is a film of *Stiletto*, an early Robbins novel about a likable Mafia assassin. Another is a filming of his book *79 Park Avenue*, a bad novel that ends with the true-blue assistant D. A. putting his childhood sweetheart in jail for three to five (she had been raped by her stepfather while still a child and had, therefore, gone wrong and become the biggest callgirl madam in Manhattan) and the sweetheart saying it's not too late, Mike, I'll be out in a couple of years, and Mike saying no, you can't turn the clock back, and later, after she is carted away, a little yellow-haired girl coming to him—her daughter, *his* daughter—and saying, I'm Michele; Mother said I was to stay with you for a while. Robbins himself is going to direct this one, to make sure that it is done right. With any luck, it should get at least a 75-percent rating on the Robbins scale of screenable sex. He rates *The Carpetbaggers* flick at "about fifteen percent of what I wanted," and *The Adventurers* at about 25 percent.

Also, said Robbins, looking me right in the eye, he wants to do a Broadway musical, with "I can't tell you, but he's a very big composer, the biggest," writing the music.

Nevertheless, he said, "The books are what is important." He feels he does well because his characters "illustrate the way we are now." They are not completely realistic, because "they do more than one man could do. But they face the moral choices that a pressurized society is constantly shoving at you."

He went on, turning to his limitations: "A great many of your modern writers, they do the plot first and fill in the people. I do the exact opposite. I don't get great story ideas. If I had Irving's talent at thinking up plots, I'd be the greatest writer in the world." He was talking about Irving Wallace, not Washington Irving.

His face closed and his voice took on a guarded tone as he said no, he did not draw his characters from real celebrities. But *Where Love Has Gone* was an almost exact parallel, wasn't it, of the 1958 killing in which Cheryl Crane, Lana

"We and our Winstons"

we got a real good thing... a real good taste.

KING SIZE

SUPER KING SIZE

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Turner's daughter, stabbed Johnny Stompinato, Lana's boyfriend?—except that Robbins' version had the mother doing the stabbing and the girl taking the blame, because she was too young to get the death penalty.

Robbins looked sulky. "Lana didn't think so. Would she be in my TV show if she did? I did research in San Francisco. There were eleven cases the same year like that. You just happen to know one." He said this in a perfunctory way; it was an old complaint, not provable but not disprovable. Then his voice took color: "You know why I wrote that book? The father, you know he can't see his daughter by court order; and ten years later, she's sleeping with this guy and then he's stabbed. Well, I was divorced from my wife and I wasn't allowed to see my baby daughter Caryn then, and I kept wondering what if I can't see her for ten or twelve years, what's she going to think of me? What would happen to her?"

Robbins, who had been dissembling (as it seemed to me), now was believable. Caught in a painful situation, he had indulged his outrage with a piteously imagined melodrama: the father (true-blue Harold) finally allowed, after a dozen years, to visit his daughter, by now a fallen woman accused of bloody murder, and the daughter sullenly refusing to listen to the reasons for his long absence. Two hearts broken, two lives cruelly blighted. . . . Was there a 19th Century lady novelist inside Robbins, trying to get out?

This line of speculation, although tempting, was cut off as Robbins said unexpectedly that he liked John Updike as well as any of the current novelists. "No book in particular, just his writing." Updike, he said, had a chance to become the new John O'Hara. (Not a fashionable comment, because the old John O'Hara is valued less highly than he should be, but a shrewd one.) He hadn't finished Updike's *Couples*, though. "It didn't say anything; and if you're not going to say anything, you should be funny, and it wasn't funny."

He has never pretended to be funny, and it is clear to a listener that Robbins thinks his books have something to say. Later he produced, solemnly, the "I'm the best novelist there is" brag he uses to unsettle interviewers. I did not respond and there was a small silence. Then he cocked his head to one side, gave an odd little grin and said, "It's a gag with me."

Life and hard times: Whores, cars, Adrianna's swimming and his position as a social novelist could snap Robbins briefly out of the haze of nicotine starvation. His past, although gaudy, could not. He listened to questions, but his answers drifted into silence after a few words.

The grunts and sentence fragments fitted together as follows: Robbins was born in May 1916 and raised as Harold Kane in a Catholic orphanage in New York's Hell's Kitchen slum. He was adopted by a Jewish family named Rubin and took their name (Rubin was his legal name until 1967). He liked the Rubins but ran away at 15½ to join the Navy (for some reason he seems not to have mentioned the Navy episode to other interviewers). At 17, he was kicked out of the Navy because he was underage. Back in New York, he worked as a bookie's runner and clerked in a grocery store. The store's buying methods and inventory control were sloppy and Robbins took charge. He saved a few hundred dollars from his earnings, bought an old open-cockpit Waco and took flying lessons. Using what he had learned about the economics of the grocery business, he would fly South into the Carolina farm country, land beside a farmer's cornfield and buy the crop ("always the worst quality") at a few dollars down, for shipment to New York wholesalers. He made enough money, he said, to move to a penthouse on Central Park South and to go bankrupt for over $1,000,000. Reasoning correctly that sugar would become scarce as the U.S. edged toward World War Two, he bought several shiploads on margin for $4.85 a hundred pounds. President Roosevelt then froze the price at $4.65 and Robbins was wiped out. He was 23.

Then Robbins went into the movies, by way of an unpromising job as shipping clerk in the warehouse of Universal Pictures in New York. Before he was 30, he was a vice-president of the Universal Company, running the firm's budget and statistical department. He read the bad novels Universal was buying to turn into celluloid, decided he could do better and, by 1948, had sold a half-bad novel titled *Never Love a Stranger* to Alfred Knopf. (It is about a tough, decent Depression

"That does it. No more Christmas parties until this place is fully automated."

Authentic.

"'Tis Christmas here. And I will tell you the cold of a Scottish winter is a nasty affair in the Highlands. But we've made a Scotch that's warmed many a man. And with it we send good cheer."

John Dewar

Dewar's never varies.

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kid forced by an uncaring world to become king of the gamblers. Everyone assumed when the book came out that it was about the gambling boss Frank Costello. Half right, at a guess—the book is also a misty appreciation of Harold Kane. Robbins split his character's name down the middle, calling him Frankie Kane.)

From this point, Robbins' history can be read in Joe Levine's checkbook.

Except for the murky bits. Was it true, for instance, that he had spent three months among the bandits in the Colombian mountains, doing research for *The Adventurers*?

"Yeah," said Robbins, standing beside his swimming pool and patting his bathing suit for cigarettes that weren't in the pockets that weren't there.

• • •

This sort of thing might have gone on for six more weeks, except that Robbins left Cannes for a couple of days. I should have left, too, because I had given up on Robbins, but his Britishers had left me without strength to pack. I did what any other healthy male citizen would do when left to himself in a famous resort full of wonders and delights, untied bikini tops, bus tours, water-skiing lessons, darling little shops and interesting waterfront restaurants. I stayed in my hotel room with a stack of Harold Robbins novels.

A day and a half later, I got off the bed, shaved feebly, called the airport and wrote a note to Robbins, saying I would not be troubling him anymore. I had the answer to Bernard Geis' problem.

• • •

Does anyone remember the old pornography, the sexual kind? What fun it was! It is no good talking about it to the young—it is a vanished innocence, like taffy pulling, and it is corny to them. Apollinaire himself could not write pornography today, simply because to make a reader squirm in pleasure at the breaking of literature's strongest taboo, you must have a taboo to break.

Robbins, as it happens, did not break the sexual taboo, even in the prim years of the late Forties and Fifties, when he had the chance. He has always been a moderate, or Nixon Republican, in his use of sex. His novels have never been in legal trouble. The early books contain no more onstage sex than *The Scarlet Letter* does; and by the time he wrote *The Carpetbaggers* (1961) and *The Adventurers* (1966), it was impossible to choreograph a sexual intricacy too offensive to print. Robbins kept up with the times, but he did not lead them; and after the appearance within the past year of Updike's *Couples* and Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*, the raciness of *The Adventurers* seems slightly stodgy, like the chrome on a 1966 car.

Yet Robbins sells books as if he had invented voyeurism. Discount the standard sex-violence-money-power formula; every hack turns the same taps. Discount the non-Lanas and non-Rubirosas, who are merely author's aids. (It is easier and lazier to give minor parts to members of a Kennedylike family, as Robbins does in *The Adventurers*, than to go to the trouble of inventing wholly fictional characters. But it is doubtful that the readers care a damn.)

Is anything left?

A science-fiction writer with a sour affection for irony once postulated a society much like our own, except that sexual acts and the elimination of body wastes were conducted casually, in the open, while eating was a matter of deep shame and was done in private. In such a world, an author who described the secret slide of the tongue over the sweet surface of a maple-nut ice-cream cone would be thought deliciously naughty.

Assume for the moment that Robbins is on to something of this kind, and consider the character of Jennie Denton, the bad girl of *The Carpetbaggers*. Her most horrific sex scene is the one in which she pours good champagne over a Hollywood producer, who is sitting in a bathtub in his skin, and then commits what was once called an unnatural act.

Whoopee. But the development of Jennie's character is more interesting and, unlike the celebrated sex turn, it could only have been written by Robbins. As a young girl, Jennie is good and decent. Naturally (in Robbins' world), this means that she will be gang-raped and will store up bitter hurts that lead her to abandon her nursing career and take up prostitution. Despite her new profession, she falls deeply and truly in love with a good man who wants to marry her. But it is not to be. Fate strikes down her happiness and, in sorrow that contains the beginnings of true joy, she becomes (what else?) a nun.

This is the sort of thing elderly ladies like to read while nibbling soft-center chocolates and dabbing at their eyes with hankies. What is it doing in "a realistic, tough, ruthless, outspoken novel of men and women who always take more than they give," as the paperback cover blurb describes *The Carpetbaggers*?

The fact is that Robbins is the most underrated hanky dampener in modern literature. He loves plucky orphans, lovers reconciled after bitter years of separation, graveside scenes with rueful monologs by the dead, fathers sternly banishing beloved sons, strong men cast down by destiny, crooks in whose stunted souls sparks of decency persist, just deserts for all villains, commercial ladies who behave like Joan of Arc and, in general, a pervading smell of English lavender. He is, to say it as baldly as convention permits, a s*nt*m*nt*l*st.

Here is part of a death scene, plucked with rubber gloves from one of Robbins' novels: "There was a sudden loving warmth around me. 'Rest then, Danny Fisher,' the voice said softly. . . ." (Tough, cynical but basically true-blue Danny Fisher has just been submachine-gunned, and Death is whispering to him.) "'Give yourself up to the quiet, peaceful dark and do not be afraid. It's just like going to sleep.' I reached out confidently toward the dark. It was a friendly, loving kind of dark and in it I found the warmth and love of all I ever knew."

This is raw stuff, not to be left where the baby sitter might find it. If it is not pornography, the word has no meaning. S*nt*m*nt*l*ty is totally loathsome to our century's standards and, in literature, it has no admitted defenders. It is taboo. There are a few granny novelists, such as Faith Baldwin and Taylor Caldwell, who write s*nt*m*nt*l sl*sh for a granny audience, but the mind's eye averts itself from their crimes.

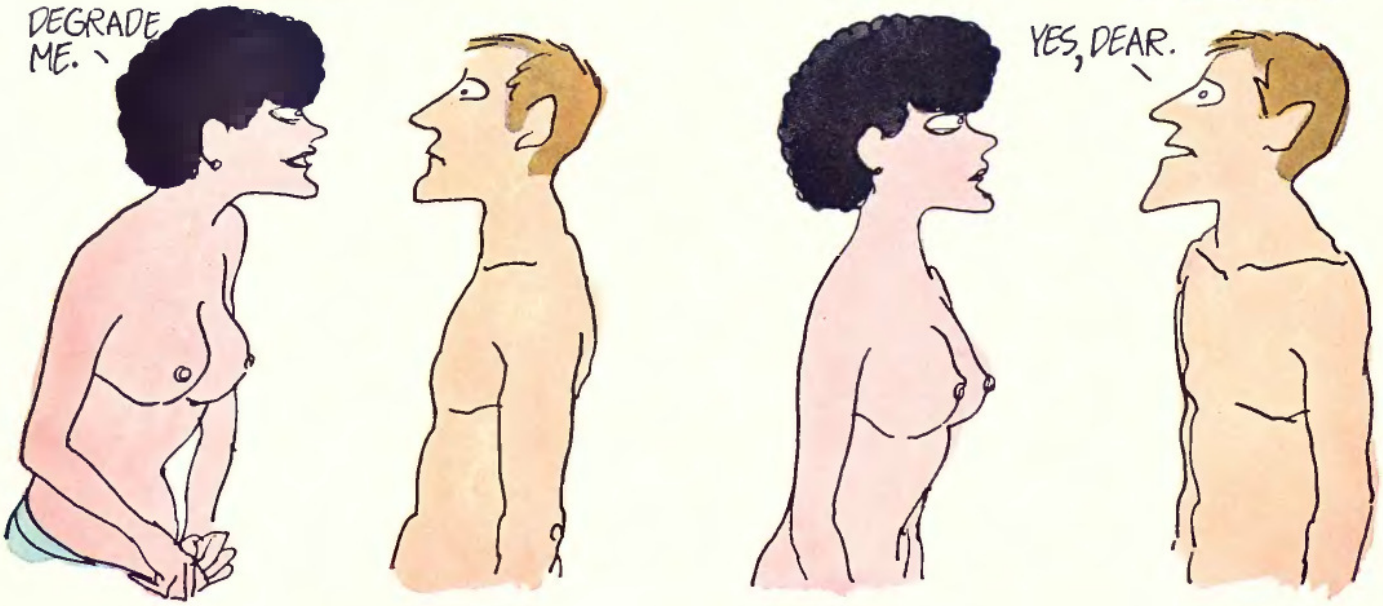
Yet society's wickedness does not seem to decline from century to century—there are always citizens whose tensions lead them to seek political office or mate with ostriches—and it is reasonable to hypothesize that a need for soft-center fiction is not only being felt but met. It is perfectly clear, once the mind adjusts to the idea, that Robbins is peddling sl*sh.

I like to think he does not realize what he is doing—I have, after all, dried myself with the man's beach towel—but there is no question that he is doing it. How he has escaped detection till now is no mystery. Book reviewers, like secretaries of state, fight the battles of 20 years ago, and they are still flustered by sex. Readers must preserve their self-respect, and they pretend to themselves that what they like is the six-year-old boy slicing up *bandolero* rapists with a machine gun and the ostriches or their equivalent in every chapter. It is not necessary for them to admit that what really brings on the hot sweats is Dax and Fat Cat dying hand in hand, as they talk metaphorical guff about going safely through the mountains.

Now that the secret is out—Robbins is a two-fisted Faith Baldwin—I imagine that Bernard Geis won't waste any time getting on the phone to Slavitt. I suppose Slavitt can retool, so to speak, and learn to wet a hanky every 12 pages.

If he does, he's going to make a lot of money. Things may be a little sticky when his kids find out what their father does for a living, but then, new reporters' children don't brag much, either.

The Pervert by JULES ~~FEIFFER~~



HUNGER IN AMERICA

(continued from page 158)

The surplus commodities were stored in brown-paper bags that were infested with rats and insects.

A few of the shacks had running water, but almost none had toilet facilities. Often there were no outhouses, either; only open sewers and stagnant pools of water surrounded the dwellings. The shacks, worth possibly $35 as firewood, were usually windowless and inundated with the odor of urine that emanated from cracks in the floors and walls. There was usually no table and the little food available was eaten by hand out of a bowl or from a newspaper on the floor. There was also the almost unbearable stench of decomposed food in the cracks of the creaking floor.

Most of the children did not have shoes or adequate clothing to attend school. In one situation brought to the committee's attention, five of the nine children in a family were too filthy to get near or to touch. They had gone unwashed for so long that their arms and legs were a blue-gray claylike color. Kenneth L. Dean, executive director of the Mississippi Council on Human Relations, who described some of the family circumstances to us, said: "This family is actually too poor to participate in a poverty program. This type of situation represents hunger at its worst."

The adults in these families, Mr. Dean said, often "are of such a destroyed mental, physical and emotional state that they are incapable of caring for either themselves or their offspring. They are barely communicative. Some of these people have been destroyed to the extent that they fluctuate between the human and the subhuman level." Mr. Dean, like other community workers the committee heard in Mississippi, attributed these conditions in large part to the many years in which Negroes were considered by many whites to be "just a shade below the human level."

"It is this kind of past," Mr. Dean testified, "that has produced this middle-aged Negro woman, whose only pleasure is found in those brief moments of free expression in sex relations with a partially destroyed male who also has a pattern of behavior that has developed outside the norms of society. This woman, having her intellectual, emotional and social dimensions of personality denied development, has been reduced to the condition of primitive man and cannot be condemned for failing to appreciate or recognize the social norms of the community."

The hearing in Mississippi also provided me with substantial evidence that the combination of state welfare programs and Federal food programs had made little headway against extreme conditions of deprivation and backwardness. The average monthly welfare benefit to a fatherless family of four in Mississippi, we learned, was between $50 and $60. Out of this, the mother would have to pay all family costs, including rent, utilities (if there were any), medical bills (if a doctor could be found to care for her family), transportation (if any public transit serviced her area) and clothing. Rarely was there enough money left over to provide the family with sufficient food for a full and balanced diet.

Mississippi was—and still is—the only state in the nation to have a Federal food-assistance program in every county. But the severe hardships faced by the poor were, nevertheless, compounded, because most of the counties had switched, or were in the process of switching, from the free commodities to the pay-as-you-go food-stamp program.

This led me to ask one of the key witnesses, Miss Marian Wright, a black lawyer who was working in Mississippi as counsel to the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, this question: "Is there any feeling that counties have switched to food stamps in order to pressure the very Negroes who needed free food the most?" Miss Wright replied: "That's right, Senator Javits. And many people do feel, too, that it's part of an over-all state policy to not respond to the overwhelming need in the delta in order to force these Negroes out because they don't want them here." She said there was a drastic drop in the number of food-assistance recipients as a result of switches from commodities to food stamps. She gave as an example Jones County, in which 17,500 people had been getting commodities but only 4700 were getting food stamps—a decrease of nearly 13,000—after the county switched programs. The reasons for the sharp drop, she said, were either that needy families could not scrape enough money together to purchase all the stamps, once a month as required, or that state welfare officials had made it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to qualify for eligibility.

Echoing statements the committee was to hear from community representatives across the country, Miss Wright said: "People are not treated with dignity when they go into the welfare office, and they are not allowed to be people, and they are investigated and they are threatened, and this is a terrible kind of thing that has to be stopped."

I came away from that Mississippi hearing with several impressions and conclusions that were to shape my thinking on the hunger problem in the months to come. First of all, needy people were not getting enough to eat, because the Federal food programs were not reaching them. The problem seemed to be a combination of local disinterest and Federal lethargy—a combination that might have been tolerable as just another bureaucratic muddle if people were not starving in the process.

Furthermore, from a practical standpoint, food stamps were beyond the means of destitute families, and those who could afford them usually ran out of food before the end of the month. On the average, six dollars in stamps buys ten dollars worth of food, but the value of a month's supply of stamps never approaches the $120 that the Department of Agriculture says is the minimum a family of four must spend each month to achieve a balanced diet. As far as commodities were concerned, not only did the $22.20 worth of food a month for a family of four fail to provide a balanced diet but commodities, like the food purchased with stamps, did not last a month. Also, the month's supply of commodities was too heavy for most families to carry from distribution centers, so families either had to hire or borrow transportation or do without all the food to which they were entitled.

It was clear, then, that some quick Federal remedies were needed in Mississippi that would also apply to other areas of the nation that faced problems of hunger. There was a dire need for free food stamps for those families that didn't have the money to pay for any. There was also a need to get commodities into those areas where people, for whatever reason, had no food. In other words, the law had to be changed to permit the distribution of stamps and commodities at the same time in the same area. Also, Federal authorities had to be authorized to bypass local government when it became clear that people were not getting food because local officials were not cooperating with the Federal programs. Finally, there was a real question as to whether the food-assistance programs would ever meet the nutritional needs of the poor if they continued to be administered by the Department of Agriculture, whose main concern is with farm surpluses, land utilization and supporting farm prices. Obviously, if Mississippi taught us anything, it taught us that the Federal food programs were a matter of life and death—not simply a means of helping the Government dispose of farm surpluses.

If there were any lingering doubts of the seriousness of the conditions in Mississippi, and what it implied for other impoverished areas of the nation, they were dispelled by the report of six prominent doctors, who, after examining children in rural Mississippi, wrote: "We found it hard to believe we were examining American children of the 20th Century." In their report, "Children in Mississippi," they cited case after case of children suffering mental and physical retardation because they came from the

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wombs of mothers who were unable to provide them with nourishing foods.

The doctors reported "obvious evidence of severe malnutrition, with injury to the body's tissues—its muscles, bones and skin, as well as an associated psychological state of fatigue, listlessness and exhaustion." They related a horror story of anemic, diseased, parasite-ridden children—who cried in pain at the gentle touch of a physician's hand, who moved their arms and legs with the agonized effort of a 70-year-old man suffering from crippling arthritis and who were beyond medical assistance because they did not get enough to eat. The doctors reported finding not malnutrition but children suffering and dying from hunger and disease that they said "is exactly what 'starvation' means." In conclusion, they declared: "It is unbelievable to us that a nation as rich as ours, with all its technical and scientific resources, has to permit thousands and thousands of children to go hungry, go sick and die grim and premature deaths."

Even then–Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman sent the committee a departmental memo that reported evidence of malnutrition and hunger, of families without jobs who could not buy food stamps because they had no income, and of the need for better certification procedures for food recipients. He said that massive layoffs of cotton fieldworkers, resulting from rapid mechanization by landowners who balked at paying the new one-dollar minimum wage, had resulted in 40,000 to 60,000 people unemployed in the delta.

But Secretary Freeman's response to demands by me and other subcommittee members for immediate remedial action in Mississippi served only to point up the Department of Agriculture's traditional inability to recognize or react to the emergency of unchecked hunger. This became painfully clear at a subcommittee hearing nearly three months after our trip to Mississippi. Responding to some heated and persistent questioning by me, Secretary Freeman doggedly refused to declare an emergency in Mississippi, insisting that this action "would make no difference as such and would not authorize the Secretary of Agriculture to do anything he cannot do now in Mississippi and that is not being done now in Mississippi."

Contrary to the legal opinion of the subcommittee, Secretary Freeman contended that his emergency powers under the law did not permit him to issue free food stamps. He ordered instead that the minimum price of the stamps be reduced in Mississippi from two dollars to 50 cents per person, even though he conceded that some families were so destitute that they would not be able to find money even to pay so low a price—they just had no cash at all.

The tragic implications of the Department of Agriculture's position under Secretary Freeman became clear last March, when the Nixon Administration's new Secretary of Agriculture, Clifford Hardin, simply signed an order for the issuance of free food stamps in two impoverished rural counties in South Carolina. Mr. Hardin, who also has made important strides in initiating food-stamp programs in counties that still offered no food programs and in establishing supplemental feeding programs in areas where food stamps have proved insufficient, shows every sign of not being a traditionalist.

His main problems are the same as those of the department under Secretary Freeman: lack of sufficient funds to bring Federal food programs to all the nation's poor and an unwieldy departmental bureaucracy that gives such priority to management of the nation's food surpluses that the fortifying and distribution of these surpluses to the poor may be suffering in the process.

The Nixon Administration at first seemed content merely to place a high priority on initiatives to get current programs to operate more efficiently. There was an apparent reluctance—even among some of the closest advisors of the President—to spend the large sums needed to get these programs to the poor and to educate them on the basics of a balanced diet. The Nixon budget followed precedent by providing more than three billion dollars for farm price-support programs and only $739,000,000 for family food programs—or, as *The New York Times* so aptly put it—"more than four times as much to make food scarce as to make it available."

But then in May, the President, in a historic humanitarian action, announced that he planned to wage an aggressive campaign against hunger, a campaign that would cost an additional one billion dollars a year.

Under President Nixon's plan, there would be $610,000,000 spent the first year and one billion dollars each year thereafter, to augment and improve the present food-assistance programs. I, and other Senators long concerned with the hunger problem, still had to express doubt that even these additional funds would be adequate to guarantee every poor family, no matter how modest its means, a diet that meets the minimum Federal nutritional standards. The Senate lost little time in following up on the Administration's action by voting to boost the authorization for the food-stamp program to $750,000,000 in the coming fiscal year—more than double last year's $340,000,000 and $140,000,000 more than asked by the Nixon Administration.

But money is only one of the answers to how to establish an effective nationwide food-assistance program. If the Federal Government is to continue using local officials to administer its programs, there must be a major effort to ensure that those officials are concerned with the needs and the problems of the poor and will exercise their authority as contemplated by Federal law and policy. It is not only in Mississippi that you find local officials who resist these programs more than they administer them.

The CBS television report *Hunger in America*, which did so much to arouse public concern when it was broadcast in May 1968, showed San Antonio, Texas, County Commissioner A. J. Plock being asked about hunger in his community. Plock replied: "Well, why are they not getting enough food? Because the father won't work and I mean won't work. If they won't work, do you expect the taxpayer to raise all the kids? First, let's do something with their daddies and then, yes, take care of the kids." Commissioner Plock is just one of thousands of public officials across the country who feel that way. It is incredible that innocent children are to be held responsible for the "sins" of their fathers.

Referring to the migrant workers who live in squalid shacks rivaling those I saw in Mississippi, one Collier County, Florida, official told the committee: "They're not Collier County people. They're Federal people." Apparently, the fact that these outsiders made it possible for the county to harvest its $40,000,000 citrus crop did not earn them recognition, much less a living wage.

Even in Washington, D. C., I heard food-stamp applicants complain about the difficulty in getting certified. But the complaints at the certification center I visited did not deal with any hostility or abusiveness on the part of officials involved but, rather, with long delays. When I arrived at ten A.M., there were more than 100 applicants waiting to be processed by six clerks—a process that involves a 45-minute interview. Many people were resigned to coming back the next day. There is really no excuse for such delays, especially in Washington, where even now the food-stamp program fails to serve three quarters of the 122,000 persons eligible for assistance.

And let there be no mistake that hunger stalks the ghettos of Washington, just as it does in New York City's Harlem, Chicago's West Side, Los Angeles' Watts and Boston's Roxbury. Not the blatant, bizarre sort of hunger that you find in the putrid wastes of rural poverty areas; but it is still the insidious malnutrition that is bred of the hopelessness of poverty amid plenty, the malnutrition that saps the energy and ambition of adults and leaves children listless.

On a tour through tenements in the Columbia Road section of Washington, where one of the nation's worst urban riots raged only a year earlier, after the

assassination of the Reverend Martin Luther King, I visited the cramped, stuffy, rat-plagued apartment of Mrs. Florence Spain. She had four children and a disabled husband, and her only source of income was a $131-a-month welfare check. Out of that $131, Mrs. Spain was supposed to pay $80 a month rent and $40 for food stamps that entitled her to $78 worth of groceries. That left her $11 to pay for her husband's medicines, the electric and gas bills, clothing and shoes for her children and the monthly installment on the 12-inch television set that no one was watching in the living room. That month, however, Mrs. Spain did not have enough cash left over to buy food stamps.

I asked Mrs. Spain what she had for breakfast.

"Had no breakfast," she replied.

I asked what she'd had for lunch.

"Had no lunch," she replied.

"How about dinner?" I asked.

She replied: "Don't know about dinner. Maybe some neck bones, potatoes and grits." She said her children get lunch at school under the Federal school-lunch program. She told me that the family table hadn't seen beef in eight or nine months, pork chops in a year.

"It's really hard, you know," Mrs. Spain said.

• • •

The fight against hunger has presented the Nixon Administration with an opportunity to win a dramatic battle in the War on Poverty. Happily, the Administration appears to have seized the opportunity, and the shame of hunger may yet provide the catalyst for waging a vigorous war on poverty on all fronts.

The Administration has already taken a major step toward reforming the overall welfare system. In his address to the nation last summer, the President began the difficult process of moving away from the present inequitable and degrading system. In his subsequent message to Congress, he charted a course for the Federal Government to adopt minimum welfare standards throughout the nation and to pay a share of the resulting higher payments in states that truly cannot afford them. Clearly, the minimums are only a beginning and are still inadequate to meet the human needs of the nation's poor and the fiscal needs of the states and localities that carry the greatest burdens.

Indeed, the proposed Federal minimum of $1600 annually for a family of four would barely cover the food budgets of the poorest families, leaving little—if anything at all—to cover other such basic costs as shelter, clothing and transportation. The President's plan now favors the states doing the least on their own and penalizes the states, such as New York, that are doing more than their share to help the poor. But with adequate funding by Congress, the President's proposal for establishing national minimum welfare standards would go a long way toward ending the exodus of the poor from rural areas where welfare payments are shockingly low to the cities where assistance is generally maintained at more enlightened levels.

The new Administration has shown itself bold enough to overcome the vicious and degrading stereotypes of poverty. Its welfare proposal, for example, requires that assistance programs be available to all impoverished families, including those that have a man in the house. No longer would able-bodied men be encouraged or compelled to abandon their families so that their wives and children could qualify for welfare assistance. No longer would families be disqualified from receiving assistance if the head of the house were able to find work and yet were unable to maintain the family at a subsistence level.

Ultimately, there must be an assured minimum income for the poor—either through a reverse income tax or through income maintenance by family allowance—but always with incentives to work, to educate oneself, to lift oneself out of the degradation and hopelessness of poverty. Such a drastic step cannot be taken in a vacuum. There must, at the same time, be an all-out effort to provide adequate and effective vocational training, to provide Federal incentives for improving education in our ghettos and rural poverty

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"I hate for this moment to end, but we mustn't monopolize the mistletoe."

areas and to provide sufficient day-care centers so that welfare mothers—nearly 1,000,000 of them without husbands to provide for them—can have the opportunity to work while their children are properly supervised.

Such a multifaceted Federal drive to eliminate poverty should not be hampered by state laws and regulations that might inhibit its effectiveness. For poverty is truly national in scope and no one region should be so blind as to selfishly dispose of its poor as it sees fit, at the expense of other areas of the nation.

Another essential ingredient in the drive to eliminate poverty is to bring adequate health care within the reach of all Americans—including those now on Medicare and Medicaid—through a universal health-insurance system. America's capacity for the cure and prevention of illness and disease has never been greater. Yet, our ability to deliver needed health services at a reasonable cost and to provide for the most basic physical needs has never been more in doubt. This crisis is evidenced by skyrocketing health costs, by marked shortages of doctors and other health personnel and by seriously inadequate, obsolete and outmoded health facilities.

In a bill I am preparing for introduction this year, I propose a universal health-insurance system that ultimately would replace Medicare and Medicaid. The medical costs of indigent and dependent persons would be covered by Federal, state and local governments, but the costs of the vast majority of Americans would be financed by employer-employee contributions. There would be freedom of choice among competing plans, but participation in a plan would be compulsory. At the very heart of the system would be the requirement that each plan provide complete health care and that each plan submit itself to realistic cost controls overseen by government health agencies. Thus, everyone, regardless of how much he earns or where he lives, would be entitled to adequate medical care.

The ultimate elimination of poverty—and I am convinced that it can be eliminated—will cost billions of dollars. But for a meaningful and productive start, the Bureau of the Budget has estimated that for an additional one and one half billion to two billion dollars a year, all the nation's poor could be quickly reached by the Federal food-assistance programs. This is considerably more than the three quarters of a billion dollars now being spent on food efforts; but it is a fraction of the 80-billion-dollar defense budget and even less than the four billion dollars now set aside for the space program.

What I am suggesting now is that a new set of national priorities is called for—one that balances internal needs with the requirements of its external security.

At the very least, we must move ahead to provide free food stamps to the poorest of our nation's poor and to lower the price of stamps for those who can barely afford them now. There can be no justification in continuing to compel the poor to pay half to three quarters of their income for food, while the average family in our nation pays less than a fifth. Furthermore, the value of the stamps should be increased to permit at least the minimum level of buying that the Department of Agriculture says a family must do to keep all its members well nourished. Also, extra value should be given to stamps that are used to buy special enriched foods. The cost of this program would be under two billion dollars—a small price for our nation to pay to eliminate the hunger in its midst.

To make such a program work efficiently, and in a manner that upholds the human dignity of the recipient, there must be some basic reforms in the food-stamp program. There should be, for example, a computerized system of preparing and mailing the food-stamp coupons, in much the same way that Social Security and welfare checks are now distributed. There simply is no excuse for continuing the demeaning practice of requiring food-stamp recipients to report each month, often at relatively great travel cost, for what must seem to many a dole grudgingly handed out by an insensitive bureaucrat. Also, the use of food stamps should be extended to permit the purchase of such essential nonfood products as soap, toilet tissue and other items for home and personal hygiene.

It is also essential to provide Federal incentives—including demonstration grants—for developing nutrition-education curriculums and techniques to make clear to parents and children alike what goes into a balanced diet. But education is not enough for expectant mothers. They must also have milk, fortified foods and vitamins, to ensure against mental retardation in their offspring. And the supply of these nutriments must be extended to the newborn as well. For school children from poverty areas, there should be a free school-lunch program to replace the pay-as-you-go program that now reaches mostly children in middle-class neighborhoods and affluent suburbs.

It is important to stress that the attack on hunger should not be limited to the Governmental sphere. Food companies, for example, should be stimulated—with Federal subsidies, if necessary—to produce, package and merchandise fortified foods in new forms—fortified soft drinks, for example—to make them especially appealing to the poor.

There is much more, also, that the medical profession can do in fighting the rigors of hunger. One of the most startling and disturbing revelations before the Senate hunger hearings thus far was that there is a shortage of doctors trained to identify and treat malnutrition. Behind this shortage is a failure of the nation's medical schools to make courses on nutrition an integral part of their curriculum or to encourage students to make field studies of malnutrition in surrounding poverty areas.

All these proposals are contained either in my bill—the so-called Health, Nutrition and Human Needs Bill—or in bills of my Senate colleagues.

Last year, the best that Congress could provide was an extra $55,000,000 for the school-lunch program. This year, Congress plans to authorize $750,000,000 for food stamps alone.

I was particularly gratified that, as this issue went to press, the Senate took the initiative in enacting meaningful hunger reform by rejecting the Food Stamp Bill of the Senate Agriculture Committee in favor of a more ambitious bill cosponsored by Senator George McGovern and me. Our bill, which was passed by a comfortable 54-to-40 margin, would permit the issuing of free food stamps to families earning less than $60 a month. It also would permit the simultaneous issuing of food stamps and commodities in communities that are shifting from commodities to food stamps or establishing food stamps as their first food-assistance program.

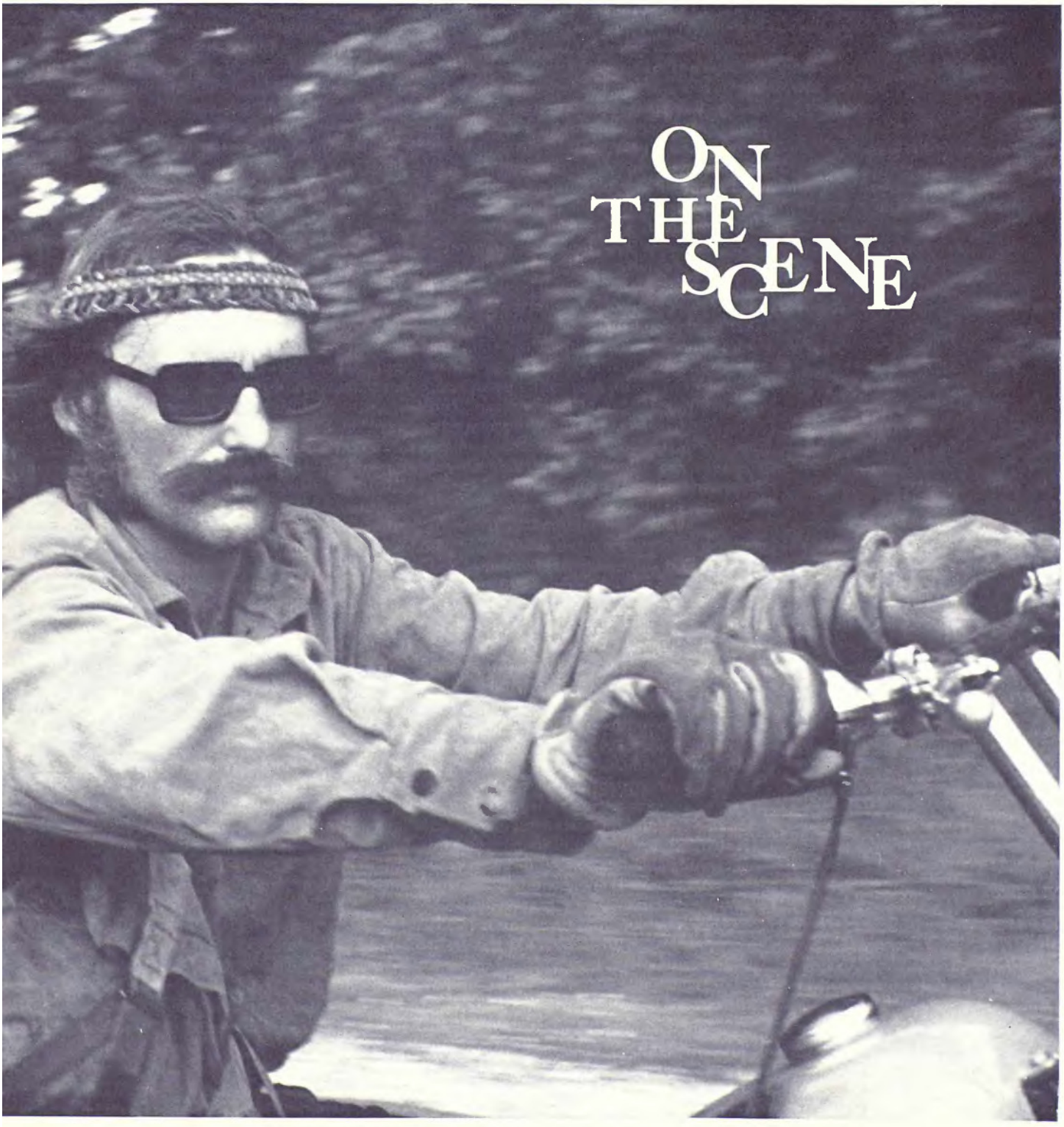
The McGovern-Javits Bill also gives the Federal Government power to bypass local authorities who refuse to establish a program and run it adequately: at present, there is no national standard. And finally—recognizing that poor families should not have to spend a greater percentage for food than better-off families—the bill establishes that no family would be required to spend more than one quarter of its income on food stamps.

This was a truly historic action by the Senate—but one that still must be duplicated in the House, where resistance by the tradition-oriented House Agriculture Committee poses a major obstacle.

But there is hope for meaningful action in 1970. There is a bipartisan determination to surge ahead—represented by Senator McGovern, chairman of the so-called Hunger Committee, by me as its ranking Republican member and by the President himself. Most important, the public has been aroused as never before by the specter of starving Americans. A recent national poll attests to this, showing seven out of ten Americans favoring free food stamps for the nation's most impoverished citizens. With this sort of momentum, hunger in the United States may soon be just another conquered American frontier, leading the way toward the final goal of equal rights and equal opportunity for each citizen to his share of the great American dream.

DENNIS HOPPER *riding high*

AFTER 15 YEARS in the entertainment underground, Dennis Hopper, a onetime Hollywood *Wunderkind*, has finally surfaced, at 33, as director, co-author and co-star of *Easy Rider*, a painfully honest account of blind intolerance faced by long-haired motorcyclists in rural America. A Dodge City, Kansas, product who migrated to the West Coast in his teens, Hopper made himself *persona non grata* at Columbia by talking back to supermogul Harry Cohn; at Warner Bros., he made two films with James Dean, who encouraged his drive toward independence; and after Dean's death, Hopper clashed with so many directors that he became an untouchable. But he continued to earn a modest living by acting in TV shows; and on the side, in addition to getting high, he painted, wrote and became a skilled photographer—in short, practiced all facets of the director's art: "I wanted to be ready if a chance ever came." The chance didn't come until Peter Fonda—who had acted with Hopper in *The Trip*—conceived of *Easy Rider*. After writing it together, with Terry Southern's help, they started cycling and shooting their way across the Southwest. The completed film, sent to Cannes, won Hopper top honors for a new director: and back in the States, it broke box-office records and inspired a flood of commentary—most of it laudatory. For Hopper, it means that his current project, *The Last Movie*, will have million-dollar backing. Dean's disciple, however, has matured enough to cope with screen success: "Triumph and disaster," he says with studied equanimity, "are both impostors, and must be treated alike."



NICHOLAS JOHNSON *media militant*

"MILLIONS OF YOUNG PEOPLE all over the country are fed up with corporate profiteering at human expense," declares 35-year-old Federal Communications Commissioner Nicholas Johnson. Johnson himself is not only fed up but fired up to square accounts between the "media barons" and the public interest: Since June 1966, when he became the youngest appointee in FCC history, he has been the most vocal member of that normally reticent regulatory agency. He has battled mediocre programing, censorship, misleading advertising, video violence, centralized control of the networks and rubber-stamp renewals of broadcasting licenses. Predictably, he has been roundly damned by self-interested elements of the communications industry: *Broadcasting* magazine, the industry's most influential journal, has labeled him a troublemaker, a teeny-bopper and a self-anointed savior. But the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce named Johnson one of the Ten Outstanding Young Men of 1967 for his dedicated public service. An honor grad from the University of Texas Law School (1958), he served for one year as law clerk for U. S. Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, taught law until 1963 at the University of California at Berkeley, then undertook private practice until 1964, when he was appointed the youngest head of the U. S. Maritime Administration. Two years later, he was offered the FCC post. Though only one of seven commissioners, Johnson ably thwarts the traditional lap-dog relationship between the FCC and the industry it was intended to police. As much as one man can, Nick Johnson is waging his own war on air pollution.

ROGER P. SONNABEND *room at the inns*

IN HIS NATIVE BOSTON, Roger P. Sonnabend had long been regarded by the business and social communities as a "good Jew"—he didn't make waves. Raised in the WASP tradition, Sonnabend attended the right schools (Phillips Exeter Academy, MIT, Harvard Business School), served in the Navy and followed his successful father (the late A. M. Sonnabend) into the hotel business. But in the past few years, the 44-year-old president of the Hotel Corporation of America has been rocking the establishment's boat. He doesn't even look the same: He's lost weight, shed his glasses and grown a beard; and the white buttondown shirts, dark vested suits and conservative ties have been replaced by brightly colored and contemporary clothes. But Sonnabend has discarded far more than the businessman's uniform. No longer the conforming nice guy, he's become a vocal critic and an activist opponent of racial discrimination—a fact dramatically illustrated at H. C. A.'s 1968 stockholders' meeting, when he committed the corporation to a new course: hiring and training the hard-core unemployed at the rate of 250 a year and placing 150 blacks in executive positions within five years. Additionally, H. C. A. is helping a New York community group build and own a hotel in Harlem that will be staffed by neighborhood blacks and Puerto Ricans trained on the job. "Of course," says Sonnabend, "H. C. A. cannot be a social cause. But we have to develop a new concept of our responsibility—not merely to our stockholders, employees and customers but a total responsibility. Admittedly, we are just beginning; but at least we have begun."

cross the border

(continued from page 230)

efficient one is invented. One thinks, for instance, of the lecture, presumably superannuated by the invention of movable type, yet flourishing still after more than five centuries of obsolescence. What is demanded of a medium of communication when it becomes obsolete is that it become a form of entertainment, as recent developments in radio (the disappearance, for instance, of all high-minded commentators and pretentious playwrights) sufficiently indicate. Students are well aware of this truth in regard to the university lecture, and woe to the man who does not know it!

Even as the serious lecture was doomed by the technology of the 15th Century and the serious church service by the philology of the 18th and 19th, so is the serious novel and serious criticism by the technology and philology of the 20th. Like the lecture and the Christian church service, the novel's self-awareness must now include the perception of its own absurdity, even impossibility. Since the serious novel of our time is the art novel as practiced by Proust, Mann and Joyce and imitated by their epigoni, it is that odd blend of poetry, psychology and documentation, whose real though not always avowed end was to make itself canonical, that we must disavow. Matthew Arnold may have been quite correct in foreseeing the emergence of literature as Scripture in a world that was forsaking the old-time religion; but the life of the new scripture and the new-time religion was briefer than he could have guessed.

Before the Bible ceased to be central to the concerns of men in Western society, it had become merely a book among others; and this may have misled the Arnoldians, who could not believe that a time might come when not merely *the* Book ceased to move men but even books in general. Such, however, is the case—certainly as far as all books that consider themselves art, i.e., Scripture once removed, are concerned; and for this reason, the truly new new novel must be anti-art as well as anti-serious. But this means that it must become more like what it was in the beginning, what it seemed when Samuel Richardson could not be taken quite seriously and what it remained in England until Henry James had justified himself as an artist, against such self-declared "entertainers" as Charles Dickens and Robert Louis Stevenson: popular, not quite reputable, a little dangerous. The critical interchange on the nature of the novel to which James contributed *The Art of the Novel* and Stevenson *A Humble Remonstrance* memorializes their debate—which in the Thirties most readers believed had been won hands down by James' defense of the novel of art, but which in the dawning Seventies we are not sure about at all, having reached a time when *Treasure Island* seems to be more to the point and the heart's delight than *The Princess Casamassima*.

This popular tradition the French may have understood once (in the days when Diderot praised Richardson extravagantly and the Marquis de Sade emulated him in a dirtier book than the Englishman dared), but they lost sight of it long ago. And certainly the so-called *nouveau roman* is, in its deadly earnestness, almost the opposite of anything truly new, which is to say, anti-art.

Totally isolated on the recent French scene is Boris Vian. He is in many ways a prototype of the new novelist, though he has been dead for over a decade and his most characteristic work belongs to the years just after World War Two. He was, first of all, an imaginary American (as even writers born in the United States must be these days), who found himself in opposition to the politics of America at the very moment he was most completely immersed in its popular culture—actually writing a detective novel called *I'll Spit on Your Grave* under the pen name Vernon Sullivan but pretending that he was only its translator into French. By virtue of this peculiar brand of mythological Americanism, he managed to straddle the border, if not quite close the gap, between high culture and low, belles-lettres and pop art. On the one hand, he was a writer of pop songs and a jazz trumpeter much influenced by the New Orleans style; and, on the other, he was the author of novels in which thinly disguised French intellectuals such as Jean Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir are satirized. But even in his fiction, which seems at first glance conventionally avant-garde, the characters move toward their fates through an imaginary city whose main thoroughfare is called Boulevard Louis Armstrong.

Only now has Vian won the audience he deserved all along, finding it first among the young of Paris, who, like their American counterparts, know that such a closing of the gap between elite and mass culture is precisely the function of the novel now. And though most of the younger American authors who follow a similar course follow it without ever having known him, he seems more like them than like such eminent American forerunners as Faulkner or Hemingway. Vian, unfortunately, turned to the pop novel only for the work of his left hand, to which he was not willing even to sign his own name.

The young Americans who have succeeded Vian, on the other hand, have abandoned all concealment; and when they are most themselves, nearest to their central concerns, turn frankly to pop forms—though not to the detective story, which has become hopelessly compromised

"I always think of the eleventh commandment as 'Thou shall not tax the churches.'"

by middle-brow condescension, an affectation of college professors and Presidents. The forms of the novel that they prefer are those that seem now what the hard-boiled detective story once seemed to Vian: at the farthest possible remove from art and avant-garde, the greatest distance from inwardness, analysis and pretension and, therefore, immune to lyricism on the one hand and righteous social commentary on the other. It is not compromise by the market place they fear; on the contrary, they choose the genre most associated with exploitation by the mass media—notably, the Western, science fiction and pornography.

Most congenial of all is the Western, precisely because it has for many decades seemed to belong exclusively to pulp magazines, run-of-the-mill TV series and class-B movies—experienced almost purely as myth and entertainment rather than as literature—and its sentimentality has come to possess our minds so completely that it can now be mitigated without essential loss by parody, irony and even critical analysis. In a sense, our mythological innocence has been preserved in the Western, awaiting the day when, no longer believing ourselves innocent in fact, we could decently return to claim it in fantasy. Such a return of the Western represents, of course, a rejection of laureates of the loss of innocence such as Henry James and Nathaniel Hawthorne—those particular favorites of the Forties who, despite their real virtues, turn out to have been too committed to the notion of European high art to survive as major influences in an age of pop. And it implies as well momentarily turning aside from our beloved Herman Melville (compromised by his new critical admirers and the countless Ph.D. dissertations they prompted) and even from Mark Twain. To Hemingway, Twain could still seem central to a living tradition, the father of us all; but, being folk rather than pop in essence, he has become ever more remote from an urban, industrialized world. Folk art knows and accepts its place in a class-structured world that pop blows up, whatever its avowed intentions. What remains is only the possibility of something closer to travesty than emulation —such a grotesque neo-Huck as the foul-mouthed D. J. in Norman Mailer's *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, who, it is wickedly suggested, may really be a black joker in Harlem pretending to be the white refugee from respectability. And, quite recently, Twain's book itself has been rewritten to please and mock its exegetes in John Seelye's *Huck Finn for the Critics*, which lops off the silly-happy ending, the deliverance of Nigger Jim (in which Hemingway never believed), and puts back into the tale the cussing and sex presumably excised by the least authentic part of Samuel Clemens' mind, as well as the revelation, at long last, that what Huck and Jim were smoking on the raft was not tobacco but hemp, which is to say, marijuana. Despite all, however, Huck seems for the moment to belong not to the childhood we all continue to live but to the one we have left behind.

"Hi, dear. I just swapped you for some magic beans!"

Natty Bumppo, on the other hand, who dreamed originally in the suburbs of New York City and in Paris, survives, along with his author. Contrary to what we long believed, it is James Fenimore Cooper who remains alive, or, rather, who has been reborn, perhaps not so much as he saw himself as in the form D. H. Lawrence reimagined him en route to America. Cooper understood that the dream that does not fade with the building of cities, but assumes in their concrete and steel environment the compelling vividness of a waking hallucination, is the encounter of Old World men and New in the wilderness, the meeting of the transplanted European and the red Indian. No wonder Lawrence spoke of himself as "kindled by Fenimore Cooper."

The return of the redskin to the center of our art and our deep imagination, as we have retraced Lawrence's trip to the mythical America, not only is based on the revival of the oldest and most authentic of American pop forms but also projects certain meanings of our lives in terms more metapolitical than political, valid as myth rather than as history. Writers of Westerns have traditionally taken sides for or against the Indians; and unlike the authors of the movies that set the kids to cheering at the Saturday matinees of the Twenties and Thirties, the new novelists have taken a clear stand with the red man. In this act of mythological renegadism, they have not only implicitly declared themselves enemies of the Christian humanism but also rejected the act of genocide with which our nation began—and whose latest reflection, perhaps, is to be found in the war in Vietnam.

It is impossible to write any Western that does not in some sense glorify violence; but the violence celebrated in the anti-white Western is guerrilla violence —the sneak attack on civilization as practiced first by Geronimo and Cochise and other Indian warrior chiefs and more latterly apologized for by Ché Guevara or the spokesman for North Vietnam. Warfare, however, is not the final vision implicit in the new Western, which is motivated on a deeper level by a nostalgia for the tribe—a social organization thought of as preferable to both the bourgeois family, from which its authors come, and the soulless out-of-human-scale bureaucratic state, into which they are initiated via schools and universities. In the end, both the dream of violence in the woods and the vision of tribal life seem juvenile, even infantile. But this is precisely the point; for what recommends the Western to the new novelist is pre-eminently its association with children and with the kind of books

superciliously identified with their limited and special needs.

The legendary Indians have nothing to do with art in the traditional sense but everything to do with joining boy to man, immaturity to maturity. They preside over the closing of the gap that aristocratic conceptions of art have opened between what fulfills us at 10 or 12 and what satisfies us at 50 or 60.

In light of all this, it is time to look again at the much-discussed immaturity of American literature, at the notorious fact that our classic books are boys' books, our greatest novels at home in the children's section of libraries; in short, that they are all in some sense Westerns —accounts of an idyllic encounter between white man and nonwhite in some variety of wilderness setting. But suddenly this fact—once read as a flaw—seems evidence of a real advantage, a clue to why the gap we now want to close opened so late and so unconvincingly in American letters. Before Henry James, none of our novelists felt himself cut off from the world of magic and wonder; he had only to go to sea or, especially, to cross our own particular border, the frontier, to inhabit a region where adults and children, educated and uneducated shared a common enchantment.

How different the plight of mid–19th Century English writers, such as Lewis Carroll or Edward Lear or George Macdonald, who had to pretend that they were writing for the nursery in order to enter the deep wonderland of their own imaginations. It makes a difference, after all, whether one thinks of the world across the border as faery or frontier, fantasy or history. It has been so long since Europeans lived their deepest dreams, but only yesterday for us. And this is why even now, when we are at last sundered from those dreams, we can turn rotten-ripe without loss of essential innocence, be decadent children playing Indians—be imaginary Americans, all of us, whether native to this land or not. But to be an American is precisely to imagine a destiny rather than to inherit one, since we have always been, insofar as we are Americans at all, inhabitants of myth rather than of history—and have now come to know it.

In any case, our best writers have been able to take up the Western again—at once playfully and seriously, quite like their ancestors who began the Revolution that made us a country by playing Indians in deadly earnest and dumping all that English tea into the salt sea. There are many writers still under 40—among them, the most distinguished of their generation—who have written new Westerns that have found the hearts of the young. John Barth's *The Sot-Weed Factor* represents the beginning of the wave that has been cresting ever since 1960 and that has carried with it not only Barth's near contemporaries such as Thomas Berger (in *Little Big Man*), Ken Kesey (in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Notion*) and, most recently, Leonard Cohen (in his extraordinarily gross and elegant *Beautiful Losers*) but has won over older and more established writers such as Norman Mailer, whose newest novel, *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, is not a book about a war in the East as much as a book about the idea of the West. Even William Burroughs, expert in drug fantasies and homosexual paranoia, keeps promising to turn to the genre, though so far, he has contented himself with science fiction—another pop form, another way of escaping from personal to public or popular myth, of using dreams to close a gap.

Science fiction does not seem at first glance to have an appeal as universal as the Western's, at least in book form, though perhaps it is too soon to judge; for it is a very young genre, having found its real meaning and scope (after tentative beginnings by Jules Verne and H. G. Wells) only after World War Two. At that point, two things became clear: first, that the future was upon us, that the pace of technological advance had become so swift that a distinction between present and future would be harder and harder to maintain; and, second, that the end of man, by annihilation or mutation, was a real, even an immediate possibility. But these are the two proper subjects of science fiction: the present future and the end of man, not time travel nor the penetration of outer space, except as they symbolize the former.

Perhaps only in advanced technologies that also have a tradition of self-examination and analysis can science fiction really flourish. For only in America, England and the Soviet Union does the science-fiction novel or post-novel seem to thrive; though science-fiction cartoon strips and comic books, as well as science-fiction TV programs and films (where the basic imagery is blissfully wed to electronic music and words are kept to a minimum) penetrate everywhere. In England and America, the prestige and influence of the genre are sufficient not only to allure Burroughs (in *Nova Express*) but also to provide a model for William Golding (in *Lord of the Flies*), Anthony Burgess (in *The Clockwork Orange*) and John Barth (whose second major book, *Giles Goat-Boy*, abandoned the Indian in favor of the future).

Quite unlike the Western, which asserts the difference between England and America, science fiction reflects what makes the two mutually distrustful communities one; as testified by a joint effort (an English author, an American director) such as the movie *2001: A Space Odyssey*. If there is still a common Anglo-Saxon form, it is science fiction. Yet even here, the American case is a little different from the English; for only in the United States is there a writer of first rank whose preferred mode has been from the first science fiction in its unmitigated pop form. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., did not begin by making some sort of traditional bid for literary fame and then shift to science fiction, but was so closely identified with that popular, not-quite-respectable form from the first that the established critics were still ignoring him completely at a time when younger readers, attuned to the new rhythm of events by Marshall McLuhan and Buckminster Fuller, had already made underground favorites of his *The Sirens of Titan* and *Cat's Cradle*. That Vonnegut now, after years of neglect, teaches writing in a famous American university and is hailed in lead reviews in the popular press is a tribute not to the critics' acuity but to the powers of the young.

The revival of pornography is best understood in this context, also; for it, like the Western and science fiction, is a form of pop art. Since Victorian times, it has been the *essential* form of pop art—the most unredeemable of all kinds of subliterature, understood as a sort of entertainment closer to vice than to art. Many notable recent works of the genre have tended to conceal this fact, often because the authors themselves have not understood what they were after and have tried to disguise their work as earnest morality (Hubert Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*) or as parody (Terry Southern's *Candy*). But whatever the author's intent, all those writers who have helped move porn from the underground to the foreground have, in fact, been working toward the liquidation of the very conception of pornography, since the end of art on one side means the end of porn on the other. And that end is now in sight, in films, pop songs and poetry, but especially in the novel, which seemed initially more congenial than later pop-art forms to the sort of private masturbatory reverie that is essential to pornography.

The standard forms of heterosexual copulation, standardly or "poetically" recorded, seem oddly old-fashioned, even a little ridiculous; it is fellatio, buggery, flagellation that we demand in order to be sure that we are reading not love stories but pornography. A special beneficiary of this trend has been Norman Mailer, whose first novel, *The Naked and the Dead*, emulated the dying tradition of the anti-war art novel, with occasional obscenities thrown in, presumably in the interest of verisimilitude. But more and more, Mailer has come to move the obscenity to the center and the social commentary to the periphery, ending in *Why Are We in Vietnam?* with an insistence on foul language and an obsession with scatology that are obviously ends in themselves, too unremitting to be felt as merely an assault on old-fashioned sensibility and taste. And even in his earlier pop novel, *An American*

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Dream, which marked his emergence from ten years in which he produced no major fiction, he had committed himself to porn as a way into the region to which his title alludes: the place where, in darkness and filth, all men are alike —the Harvard graduate and the reader of the *Daily News*, joined in fantasies of murdering their wives and buggering their maids. To talk of such books in terms of Dostoievsky, as certain baffled critics have felt obliged to do, is absurd; James Bond is more to the point. But to confess this would be to confess that the old distinctions are no longer valid and that critics will have to find a claim to authority more appropriate to our times than the outmoded ability to discriminate between high and low.

Even more disconcertingly than Mailer, Philip Roth has, with *Portnoy's Complaint*, raised the question of whether pornography, even what was called hardcore pornography, any longer exists. Explicit, vulgar, joyous, gross and pathetic, Roth has established himself not only as the laureate of masturbation and oral-genital lovemaking but also as a master of the "thin" novel, the novel with minimum inwardness—ironically presented, in *Portnoy*, as a confession to a psychiatrist. Without its sexual interest, the continual balancing of titillation and burlesque, his book has no more meaning than any other dirty joke, to which genre it quite clearly belongs. There is pathos, even terror in great plenty, but it is dependent upon, subservient to the dirty jokes about mothers, Jews, shrinks, potency and impotency; and Roth is, consequently, quite correct when he asserts that he is less like such solemn and pious Jewish-American writers as Saul Bellow and Bernard Malamud than he is like Tiny Tim (himself actually half Arab and half Jew).

"I am a Jew freak," Roth has insisted, "not a Jewish sage"—and one is reminded of Lenny Bruce, who was there first, occupying the dangerous DMZ between the world of the stand-up comedian and that of the proper maker of fictions. But Bruce made no claim to being a novelist and, therefore, neither disturbed the critics nor opened up new possibilities for prose narrative. Before *Portnoy's Complaint*, the Jewish-American novel had come to seem an especially egregious example of the death of belles-lettres, having become smug, established, repetitive and sterile. But *Portnoy* marks the passage into the new world of porn and pop, as Roth's booming sales (even in hard covers!) perhaps sufficiently attest.

It is, of course, the middle aged and well heeled who buy the hardcover editions of the book; yet their children apparently are picking it up, too, for once, not even waiting for the paperback edition. They know it is a subversive book, as their parents do not (convinced that a boy who loves his mother can't be all bad), and as Roth himself, perhaps, was not at first quite aware. Before its publication, he had been at least equivocal on the subject of frankly disruptive literature—full of distrust, for instance, of Norman Mailer—and he appears, therefore, to have become a pop rebel despite himself, driven less by principle than by a saving hunger for the great audience, quite like that which moved John Updike recently out of his elitist exile toward best-sellerdom and relevance in *Couples*.

There is no doubt in the minds of most other writers whom the young especially prize at the moment that their essential task is to destroy just such distinctions and discriminations once and for all—by parody or exaggeration or grotesque emulation of the classic past, as well as by the adaptation and camping of pop forms. But to turn high art into vaudeville and burlesque at the same moment that mass art is being irreverently introduced into museums and libraries is to perform an act that has political as well as aesthetic implications, an act that closes a class, as well as a generation gap. The notion of one art for the "cultured" and a subart for the "uncultured" represents the last survival in mass industrial societies of an invidious distinction proper only to a class-structured community. Precisely because it carries on, as it has carried on ever since the middle of the 18th Century, a war against that anachronistic survival, pop art is, whatever its overt politics, subversive—a threat to all hierarchies insofar as it is hostile to order. What the final intrusion of pop into the citadels of high art provides for the critic is the exhilarating new possibility of making judgments about the goodness and badness of art quite separated from distinctions between high and low, with their concealed class bias.

But the new audience has not waited for new critics to guide them in this direction. Reversing the process typical of modernism—under whose aegis an unwilling, aging elite audience was bullied and cajoled slowly into accepting the most vital art of its time—postmodernism provides an example of a young, mass audience urging certain aging, reluctant critics toward the abandonment of their former elite status, in return for a freedom the prospect of which more terrifies than elates them. Postmodernism implies the closing of the gap between critic and audience, also if by critic one understands leader of taste and by audience, follower. But most importantly, it implies the closing of the gap between artist and audience or, at any rate, between professional and amateur in the realm of art.

It all follows logically enough. On the one hand, a poet such as Ed Sanders or a novelist such as Leonard Cohen grows weary of his confinement in the realm of traditional high art; and the former organizes a musical pop group called the Fugs, while the latter makes recordings of his own pop songs to his own guitar accompaniment.

Even more surprisingly, some who had begun as mere entertainers, pop performers without loftier pretensions, were crossing the line. Frank Zappa, for example, has, in interviews and in a forthcoming book, insisted on being taken seriously as poet and satirist, suggesting that the music of his own group, The Mothers of Invention, has been more a deliberate parody of pop than an extension of it in psychedelic directions; while Bob Dylan, who began by abandoning folk music with left-wing protest overtones in favor of electronic rock 'n' roll, finally succeeded in creating a kind of pop surrealist poetry, passionate, mysterious and quite complex—complex enough, in fact, to prompt a score of scholarly articles on his "art." Most recently, he has returned to acoustic instruments and to the most naïve traditions of country music—apparently out of a sense that he had grown too arty and had once more to close the gap by backtracking across the border. It is a spectacular case of the new artist as double agent.

Even more spectacular, however, is the case of John Lennon, who, coming into view first as merely one of the Beatles, then just another rock group from Liverpool, has revealed himself stage by stage as novelist, playwright, moviemaker, guru, sculptor, etc. There is a special pathos in his example, since, though initially inspired by American models, he has tried to work out his essentially American strategies in English idioms and in growing isolation on the generally dismal English scene. He has refused to become the prisoner of his special talent as a musician, venturing into other realms, where he has as little authority as anyone else. He thus provides one more model for the young who, without any special gift or calling, in the name of mere possibility, insist on making tens of thousands of records, movies, collections of verse, paintings, junk sculptures, even novels in complete contempt of professional standards. Perhaps, though, the novel is the most unpromising form for an amateur age (it is easier to learn the guitar or make a two-minute eight-millimeter film) and it may be doomed to become less and less important, no matter how it is altered. But for the moment, at least, on the border between the world of art and that of nonart, it flourishes with special vigor as it realizes its transitional status and is willing to surrender the kind of realism and analysis it once thought its special province in quest of the marvelous and magical it began by disavowing.

Samuel Richardson may have believed that when he wrote *Pamela* and *Clarissa*, he was delivering prose fiction from that

bondage to the *merveilleux* that characterized the old romances; but it is clear now that he was merely translating the marvelous into new terms, specifically, into bourgeois English. It is time to be through with pretenses: for to close the gap means also to cross the border between the marvelous and the probable, the real and the mythical, the world of the boudoir and the countinghouse and the realm of what used to be called faery but has for so long been designated mere madness. Certainly, the basic images of pop forms such as the Western, science fiction and pornography suggest mythological as well as political or metapolitical meanings. The passage into Indian territory, the flight into outer space, the ecstatic release into the fantasy world of the orgy—all these are analogs for what has traditionally been described as a journey or pilgrimage toward a transcendent goal, a moment of vision.

Pop art can no more abide a mythological vacuum than can high art; and into the space left vacant by the disappearance of the matter of Troy and the myths of the ancient Middle East has rushed, first of all, the matter of childhood—the stuff of traditional fairy tales out of the Black Forest, which seems to the present generation especially attractive, perhaps, because their progressive parents tended to distrust it. But something much more radically new has appeared as well: the matter of metropolis and the myths of the present future, in which the nonhuman world about us, hostile or benign, is rendered in the guise not of elves or dwarfs or witches or even gods but of machines quite as uncanny as any Olympian—and apparently as immortal. Machines and the mythological figures appropriate to the media mass-produced and mass-distributed by machines: the newsboy who, saying "Shazam!" in an abandoned subway tunnel, becomes Captain Marvel; the reporter (with glasses) who, shucking his civilian garb in a telephone booth, is revealed as Superman, immune to all but Kryptonite—these are the appropriate images of power and grace for an urban, industrial world busy manufacturing the future.

But the comic-book heroes do not stand alone. Out of the world of jazz and rock, of newspaper headlines and political cartoons, of old movies immortalized on TV and idiot talk shows carried on car radios, new anti-gods and anti-heroes arrive. In the heads of our new writers, they live a secondary life, begin to realize their immortality—not only Jean Harlow and Marilyn Monroe and Humphrey Bogart, Charlie Parker and Louis Armstrong and Lenny Bruce, Geronimo and Billy the Kid, the Lone Ranger and Fu Manchu and the Bride of Frankenstein but Hitler and Stalin, John F. Kennedy and Lee Oswald and Jack Ruby, as well. For the press mythologizes certain public figures, the actors of pop history, even before they are dead, making a doomed President one with Superman in the supermarket of pop culture, as Norman Mailer perceived so accurately and reported so movingly in an essay on John F. Kennedy.

But the secret he told was already known to scores of younger writers and recorded in the text and texture of their work. In the deep memory of Leonard Cohen writing *Beautiful Losers*, or Richard Fariña composing *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me*, or Ken Kesey making *Sometimes a Great Notion*, there stir to life not archetypal images out of books read in school or at the urging of parents but those out of comic books forbidden in schools or radio and TV programs banned or condescendingly endured by parents. In the newest writers mockery and condescension are absent; they are living in the only world in which they feel at home. They are able to recapture a certain rude magic in its authentic context, by seizing on myths not as stored in encyclopedias or preserved in certain beloved ancient works but as apprehended at their moment of making—at a moment when they are not yet labeled myths.

The present movement—not only in

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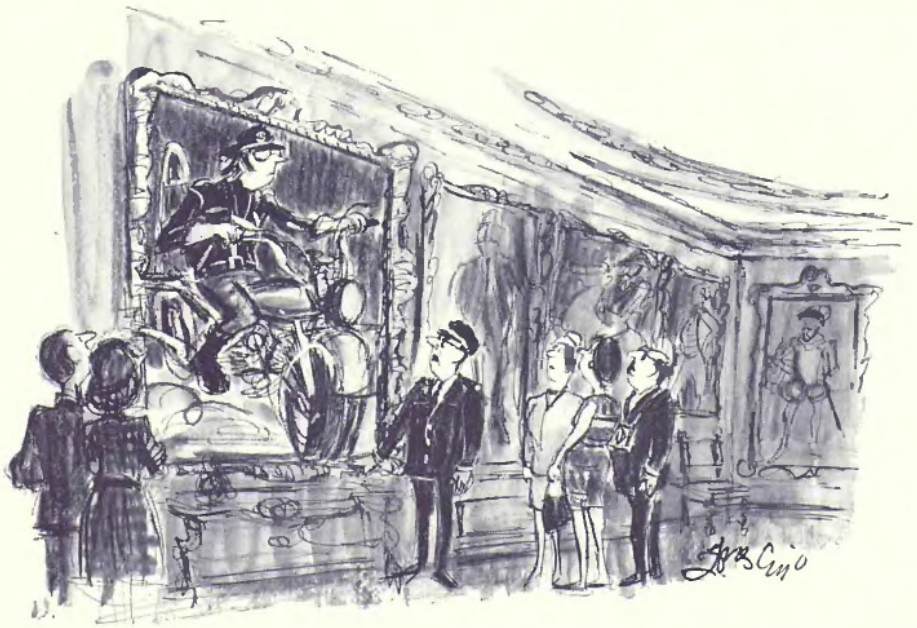
its quest for myths but also in its preference for sentimentality over irony, and especially in its dedication to the primitive—resembles the beginnings of romanticism, with its yearning for the naïve and its attempt to find authentic sources for poetry in folk forms such as the *Märchen* or the ballads. But the romantics turned exclusively toward the past, in the hope of renewal—to a dream of the past, which they knew they could only write, not actually live. And there persists in the postmodernists some of that old nostalgia for folkways and folk rhythms, curiously tempered by the realization that the folk songs of an electronic age are made not in rural loneliness nor in sylvan retreats but in superstudios by boys singing into the sensitive ear of machines. What recent writers have learned and are true enough children of the present future to find exhilarating is not only that the naïve can be machine produced but that dreams themselves can be manufactured, projected on TV or laser beams with all the vividness of the visions of saints. In pre-electronic romanticism, it took an act of faith on the part of Novalis to be able to say, "Life is not a dream, but it can be and probably should be made one."

The dream, the vision, *ekstasis*: These have again become the avowed goals of literature; for our latest poets realize in this time of endings what their remotest ancestors knew in the era of beginnings, that merely to instruct and delight is not enough. They are convinced that wonder and fantasy that deliver the mind from the body, the body from the mind, must be naturalized to a world of machines—subverted, perhaps, or even transformed, but certainly not destroyed or denied. The ending of Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* expresses that conviction metaphorically when the Indian, who is his second hero, breaks out of the insane asylum in which the system has kept him impotent and trapped—and flees to join his fellows who are building a fishing weir on a giant hydroelectric power dam. The dam and weir both are essential to postelectronic romanticism, which knows that the point is no longer to pursue some uncorrupted West over the next horizon, since there is no incorruption and all our horizons have been reached. It is, rather, to make a thousand little Wests in the interstices of a machine civilization on its steel and concrete back; to live the tribal life among and with the support of machines; to shelter new communes under domes constructed according to the technology of Buckminster Fuller; and to warm the nakedness of new primitives with advanced techniques of solar heating.

All this is less a matter of choice than of necessity; because, it has turned out, machine civilization tends inevitably to synthesize the primitive, and *ekstasis* is the unforeseen end of advanced technology, mysticism the by-product—no more nor no less accidental than penicillin—of scientific research. In the antiseptic laboratories of Switzerland, the psychedelic drug LSD was first developed, first tried by two white-coated experimenters; and even now, Dow Chemical, which manufactures napalm, also produces the even more powerful psychedelic agent STP. It is, in large part, thanks to machines—the supermachines that, unlike their simpler prototypes, insist on tending us rather than demanding we tend them—that we live in the midst of a great religious revival, scarcely noticed by the official spokesmen of established Christian churches, since it speaks quite another language. Yet many among us feel that they are able to live honestly only by what machines cannot do better than they—which is why certain poets and novelists, as well as pop singers and pornographic playwrights, are suggesting in print, on the air, everywhere, that not work but vision is the proper activity of men and that, therefore, the contemplative life may, after all, be preferable to the active one. In such an age, it is not surprising that the books that most move the young are essentially religious books, as, indeed, pop art is always religious.

In the immediate past, however, when an absolute distinction was made between high art and pop, works of the latter category tended to be the secret scriptures of a kind of shabby, storefront church—a religion as exclusive in its attempt to remain the humble possession of the unambitious and unlettered as the canonical works of high art in their claim to be an esoteric gospel of art itself, available only to a cultivated elite. But in a time of closing the gap, literature becomes again prophetic and universal—a continuing revelation appropriate to a permanent religious revolution, whose function is precisely to transform the secular crowd into a sacred community, one with each other and equally at home in the world of technology and the realm of wonder. Pledged like Isaiah to speaking the language of everyone, the prophets of the new dispensation can afford to be neither finicky nor genteel; and they echo, therefore, the desperate cry of the Hebrew prototype: "I am a man of unclean lips . . . in the midst of a people of unclean lips."

Let those to whom religion means security beware, for it is no new established church that is in the process of being founded; and its communicants are, therefore, less like the pillars of the Lutheran Church or Anglican gentlemen than they are like ranters, enthusiasts, Dionysiacs, Anabaptists: holy disturbers of the peace of the devout. Leonard Cohen, in a moment of vision that constitutes the climax of *Beautiful Losers*, aptly calls them new Jews; for he sees them as a saved remnant moving across deserts of boredom, out of that exile from our authentic selves that we all share, toward a salvation none of us can quite imagine. Such new Jews, Cohen (himself a Jew as well as a Canadian) adds, do not have to be Jewish but probably do have to be Americans—by which he must surely mean imaginary Americans, since, as we have been observing all along, there were never any other kind.



"And here we have the present Earl of Steercliff."

SEX STARS *(continued from page 220)*

moved over to Cinema Center Films (a CBS subsidiary) to star in and coproduce a script based on William Faulkner's *The Reivers.*

But if a mass vote were taken today, probably the number-one superstar spot would go to Paul Newman. Once a beer-drinking college athlete who turned Thespian after being thrown off his college football team, Newman combines his handsome physical attributes with brains, business acumen and an uncanny ability to choose the kind of offbeat roles that best suit his nonconformist personality. He has become by far the most magnetic embodiment of the star as anti-hero (*Hud, Harper, Cool Hand Luke, Winning*) and, as such, fits neatly into the new audience mood. Nor is he merely out to cater to prevailing tastes. "The hero today is just a great con artist," he once told Digby Diehl of the *Los Angeles Times.* "Heroes may have beautiful faces, but the core of the matter is they are really dull, foul people, because they have no morals." Newman has more than morals: he has principles. He fought valiantly for the nomination of Senator Eugene McCarthy during the 1968 campaign and has blasted away at the war in Vietnam. And he had the courage to take the ultimate step that so many actors dream—and talk—about: With *Rachel, Rachel,* starring his wife, Joanne Woodward, he not only became a director but won the Best Direction award of the New York Film Critics for 1968. Characteristically, Newman stated during the ceremony that he valued this award far more than all his Academy nominations for acting.

Equally nonconformist is brash, boyish Warren Beatty, whose starring role in *Bonnie and Clyde* established him not only as an actor of stature but as a producer who knows a good script when he sees one. It was a picture that exerted a strong appeal for youthful audiences in particular, who tended to look upon the two protagonists as a couple of high-spirited, misunderstood kids who happened to have been born some 35 years too soon. On the crest of its popularity, Beatty could have gone anywhere. Instead, he dawdled—generally, in the company of Julie Christie. Time after time, he indicated interest in a project, then withdrew. Just recently, he went before the cameras again, co-starring with Elizabeth Taylor in *The Only Game in Town;* but the effect of this self-imposed hiatus upon his career cannot be appraised until the new film appears sometime in 1970.

Despite silvered mane and equine features, grizzled Lee Marvin has also managed to capture the imagination of the Pepsi generation, many of whom no doubt see in his up-front honesty, his proud independence of spirit, his cocksure self-assurance and his cool indifference to authority the hopeful projection of themselves when they attain a similar maturity. Indeed, until *Hell in the Pacific* (in which Marvin and Japan's Toshiro Mifune played the only two roles in the film), his box-office record had been impeccable—so much so that his managers took to claiming that *he* was the number-one superstar. For *Paint Your Wagon,* he shares top billing with up-and-coming Clint Eastwood; he has also taken over some of the production reins on the forthcoming *Monte Walsh,* for which he snagged the still-fascinating Jeanne Moreau as his co-star. Having rounded her 40th birthday, she was an appropriate choice for a hell-firing romance with the hardy, hard-drinking Marvin, who makes no secret of the fact that the lady he is living with is not his wife.

No less sought after, although for other reasons, is the dark, liquid-eyed, exotically romantic Omar Sharif, who was seen in five major roles in 1969. In *Funny Girl,* he played cardsharp Nicky Arnstein opposite Barbra Streisand's Fanny Brice; he was Crown Prince Rudolf in *Mayerling,* co-starring with Catherine Deneuve; and then he went outdoors for Carl Foreman's blockbuster Western, *Mackenna's Gold,* playing a greedy gold prospector who seeks to outwit Apaches, the U.S. Cavalry and, most difficult of all, U.S. Marshal Gregory Peck. Less successful are his current ventures, *Che!,* based on the career of the ill-fated Cuban revolutionary; and *The Appointment,* a bittersweet romance filmed in Italy with Anouk Aimée. Although old-fashioned love stories are hardly the thing of the moment, Sharif's services will not go begging as a result. He is probably the only actor in Hollywood with the melting gaze, flashing teeth—and star stature—to be eligible for such roles. No one but a paid publicist would call him a second Valentino, but what other Latin lovers are around?

On the distaff side, the competition in 1969 has seemingly all but eliminated from the top rank of sex stars such erstwhile dazzlers as Elizabeth Taylor, Kim Novak, Brigitte Bardot, Jane Fonda and Julie Christie. While as names they may still be big, it is clear that they are fading in terms of generating anticipation and excitement for contemporary audiences. Whether it was solely their choice of vehicles (as in the case of Liz Taylor's string of fiascos) or a matter of the bloom having left the peach (as with Kim Novak and Brigitte Bardot), the decline and fall was dizzying. In the case of Miss Christie, who zoomed to the fore in *Darling* and consolidated her position as the kookie *Petulia* early in 1968, the lapse is probably due to the infrequency of her appearances. Apart from *In Search of Gregory,* which is due for imminent release, she has busied herself primarily with Warren Beatty.

Still in the circle of the big ones, however, remains blonde, fashionable Faye Dunaway—even though, after her *Bonnie and Clyde* debut, her roles were less than impressive in *The Extraordinary Seaman* and *The Thomas Crown Affair.* The films were hardly impressive, either.

"I did a lot of protesting at college, but it didn't do a hell of a lot of good. . . ."

although Miss Dunaway continued to *look* ravishing in all of them. Of her acting expertise, there was little doubt; not only had she arrived in Hollywood fully trained and trailing a string of critical raves for her off-Broadway performance in *Hogan's Goat*, she even managed to survive her dowdy role in Otto Preminger's inept *Hurry Sundown*. What will happen to her after her current film, *A Place for Lovers*, however, is anybody's guess. One of the more soporific love stories of our time, it is a woeful tale about an American beauty (doomed to die of leukemia) who shacks up in Italy with a man (Marcello Mastroianni) more than willing to solace her romantically and sexually during her remaining months. Again, she looks stunning, and she takes full advantage of whatever opportunities the script provides to build a credible role. But as much as she must have hated to leave Italy and the offscreen attentions of her handsome co-star, Faye was certainly well advised to return to Arthur Penn (the director of *Bonnie and Clyde*) for *Little Big Man*, opposite Dustin Hoffman. The combination is more than promising.

Also more than promising is the news that Raquel Welch, who has been rising swiftly, despite a series of appalling roles in such gaudy action films as *Fathom*, *Bandolero!* and *100 Rifles*, is now at work on *Myra Breckinridge*—in company with such oddly assorted co-stars as John Huston, film critic Rex Reed and the immortal Mae West (her first film in 26 years). Raquel's well-publicized love scenes in *100 Rifles* served to consolidate her position as one of the hottest and biggest of today's female stars. Physically a feast for the eyes, she is also one of the few who can be considered an authentic and direct descendant of the older-style sex queens exemplified by Miss West. Unfortunately, she has been hampered up to now by the fact that her acting range has been limited to one expression—sultry; but few of her roles, and few of her fans, have demanded anything more. Miss Welch, however, is very serious about herself and her career. Aware that being merely a sex symbol is insufficient equipment for competition in the fast-changing world of the new cinema, she has given notice that she intends to prove herself as an actress—and, toward that end, not only has become far more finicky in her selection of roles but has formed her own production company (with her husband and manager, Patrick Curtis) to control her future. Between her determination and her figure, Raquel Welch will probably be around for quite a few years.

Meanwhile, the curious vogue for Mia Farrow continues. *Rosemary's Baby*—and her celebrated relationship with Frank Sinatra, which ranged swiftly through courtship to marriage to divorce—took her to the highest rung. If the diminutive Miss Farrow is decidedly unsexy in type, measurements and looks, she nevertheless seems to correspond to new audience preferences for young women whose virginal appearance belies their free-living, free-loving life pattern; Mia plays just such a girl in *John & Mary*, due for release at year's end. Highly intelligent, highly strung, a frenetic member of Hollywood's jet set, she had proved too much for Sinatra to handle. The question remains, can she learn to handle herself?

With Julie Christie relatively inactive for the time being, her near look-alike, Susannah York, rose up in 1969 to challenge her position as England's leading sexport. Blonde and blue-eyed Miss York, although still in her 20s, has been around a long time. (She made her film debut in 1960, at the age of 18, in *Tunes of Glory*.) Dependably equipped as an actress, equally at home in zany contemporary comedy (*Duffy*) and period drama (*A Man for All Seasons* and, currently, *Oh! What a Lovely War*), she earned her greatest fame earlier this year when she shucked all restraint—and most of her clothing—in *The Killing of Sister George*. As the youthful kept girlfriend of a middle-aged dyke actress, she provided one of the erotic high spots of 1969 when she allowed herself to be seduced by an older woman who found her charms irresistible. In the key scene, Susannah is manually manipulated by Coral Browne, whose lips then descend hungrily upon the girl's bared and straining breast. Not only was Miss York's orgasmic seizure unmistakable but director Robert Aldrich made sure to catch the moment in a remarkably detailed close-up. When later asked about the experience on a Hollywood talk show, Miss York rather primly replied, "But it was all part of the character!"

Nudity, of course, has now become an accepted part of a female star's cinematic duties; and among those who have not shirked their responsibility to reveal themselves in the buff at least once in virtually every picture is the most beautiful of the new crop of stars: French-born Catherine Deneuve. But even though she left little to the imagination as a part-time prostitute in Luis Buñuel's *Belle de Jour*, it was still her face that was her fortune. In fact, she was *given* a fortune to appear opposite Jack Lemmon in the Hollywood-made *April Fools*, a pairing that proved less than congenial. She quickly returned to her native soil for François Truffaut's sex-charged *The Mississipi Mermaid* (with Jean-Paul Belmondo) and soon showed an offscreen preference for her justly famed director's company. By then, she was free of David Bailey, the British photographer she had married after refusing to marry Roger Vadim, the father of her son. Very much her own woman, Mlle. Deneuve keeps to a small circle of intimates, guards her private life from the public eye as much as she can and, when she deigns to talk to a reporter, is apt to claim, "I really care nothing for being a 'film star.' "

It was the fashionable thing to do during the year, and no one epitomized this new attitude better than Vanessa Redgrave, Sir Michael's willowy, patrician daughter. Having left her husband, director Tony Richardson (with grounds for the divorce kindly supplied by Jeanne Moreau, who allowed herself to be named the corespondent), she soon took up with the handsome Italian singer and actor Franco Nero, who had played Lancelot to her Guenevere in *Camelot*. Upon becoming pregnant, she baldly announced that he was, indeed, the father of her child but that she had not the slightest intention of marrying him. She was already visibly enlarged when she seated herself at the Academy Award ceremonies last April; her work in *The Loves of Isadora*—in which she flitted about nude for one of the love scenes and, like Isadora Duncan herself, bared her breasts during one of the dance sequences—had qualified her for an Oscar nomination. She didn't win, but the television cameras lingered upon her beatific expression as she sat with her hands folded over her obviously protuberant belly. No doubt the anti-establishmentarian Miss Redgrave would not have had it otherwise. And a whole new generation of star gazers applauded not only her artistry but her honesty.

Caught in the shift of star rankings in 1969 were many who, a year or two earlier, would certainly have been as important as any of those mentioned above. For some, however, the year saw a paling of their previously established image—as with Michael Caine, who walked through both *The Magus* and *The Italian Job* with scarcely a change of his arrogant, deadpan expression. Sean Connery deserted entirely his former image, that of the insouciant and sack-oriented James Bond, for what he hoped were meatier roles—notably, in Martin Ritt's impressive production of *The Molly Maguires*—while newcomer George Lazenby took over the Bond role. In *A Place for Lovers*, Italy's top male sex star, Marcello Mastroianni, had the misfortune to run afoul of some of the year's most uninspired screenwriting and direction. James Coburn, whose career had been careening forward, abruptly ground to a halt—though perhaps only temporarily—when his two most recent entries, *Duffy* and *Hard Contract*, failed to impress his fans. They seem to have been willing enough to accept the notion that Coburn might be a cold killer, as he was in *Hard Contract*, but not that he could find sexual satisfaction only with prostitutes. And Cliff Robertson, whose Academy Award for last year's *Charly* signaled his arrival as one of the

"How old is this little girl you want to surprise?"

most capable of the screen's leading men, spent most of 1969 out in the Pacific working on a picture whose release is still some months in the offing.

With so many of the leaders faltering, producers inevitably looked for new faces to fill the gaps. Nor was it merely a matter of finding new faces to play the same old roles. Film styles and genres were changing so rapidly that yesterday's hero could easily become tomorrow's underdog—or, as the career of Clint Eastwood neatly suggests, vice versa. Mired for seven years in the bush league of television with the *Rawhide* series, Eastwood spent seven weeks in Spain making a blood-spattered parody of a Western prophetically titled *A Fistful of Dollars*. This off-the-cuff epic proved an immediate blockbuster in Italy and the United States, and Clint was tapped for two almost equally successful follow-ups, after which the tall, rugged, laconic El Cigarillo (as the Italian public dubbed him because of the thin black cigars he habitually dangled from his tight lips) was drafted by the major studios back home. The building process included starring him in an actionful Western with a New York setting (*Coogan's Bluff*), then co-starring him with such well-established and prestigious players as Richard Burton (*Where Eagles Dare*), Lee Marvin (*Paint Your Wagon*) and Shirley MacLaine (*Two Mules for Sister Sara*). So rapidly did he advance that temperament trouble was said to have developed during the making of the last when Universal decided to give him top billing over Miss MacLaine. Eastwood's steadily mounting popularity would seem to come less from his ability to read a line, which is negligible, than from the cool, unflinching manner with which he faces the dangers that Gary Cooper always handled so admirably in the past—that, and the incredible amounts of punishment he seems stoically able to absorb in each of his pictures.

But Eastwood is cut from an older mold, and Hollywood's prime quest in 1969 has been to turn up young actors capable of expressing the morals and mystiques espoused by multitudes of today's teenagers—young stars who might provide the element of identification that would win the new audience to their movies. The leading candidate of the year is tall, purposeful Peter Fonda, old Henry's talented son. Overlooked for a time by the major studios, young Fonda was set on the road to his present eminence by appearing in a brace of American International "programers" beamed straight at the teenage market. As the star of *The Wild Angels*, made by low-budget specialist Roger Corman, Fonda played the leader of a vicious, antisocial motorcycle gang whose members displayed an enormous fondness for alcohol, pot and gang rape. Although their elders were appalled, the teenagers lapped it up—and not merely for its violence, as has been so often suggested: Beneath its often crude surface, *The Wild Angels* portrayed a group bound together by emotional rather than political or economic ties—a rapport that corresponds to the kind of generational solidarity one finds both on and off the campus today. In any case, Fonda, still in his mid-20s, was immediately accorded something of the stature of mythic hero.

The image was reinforced a year later when Corman starred him again, this time in *The Trip*, the study of a young man, successful in his career as a director of TV commercials, who suddenly decides to freak out for an exploratory journey through the hallucinatory world of LSD. Once again, the sense of a heightened verisimilitude, the awareness that not only the director but his entire cast was covering the drug scene without moralizing or shaking cautionary fingers—not to mention the visual excitements of the trip itself—made the film completely appealing to the youth audience and further consolidated Fonda's status as a spokesman and leader. And this year, in collaboration with an actor friend, Dennis Hopper (see *On the Scene*, page 250), Fonda wrote, produced and starred in *Easy Rider*, a film about two young cyclists who hedonistically explore a good part of the country in their search for a mystical freedom. Relaxing with pot as they wheel along, dropping off here at a farmhouse, there at a free-living commune, they eventually reach New Orleans, where they share an LSD adventure with two prostitutes and ultimately are shot down by a pair of red-necks who object to their unconventional garb and hairdos.

A kind of *Pilgrim's Progress* through contemporary America, *Easy Rider* not only captured a prize as best first picture at the Cannes Film Festival this past spring but, accompanied by almost unanimously good notices, has stood high on the box-office charts ever since its midsummer release. Success of this kind is the sort of thing that Hollywood understands best, and the chances are that both Fonda and Hopper (who directed the film) will have further opportunities to make pictures in their own way. It is characteristic of Fonda—and of many of the new young people who are hooked on film—that when American International agreed to finance *Easy Rider* only if the studio had final say on what went into it, Fonda carried his project to Columbia, which offered him less money but complete control. As nonconformist in his personal life as he appears on the screen (he was, in fact, once busted for possession

"We're not going to get anywhere with this guy until sunrise."

of marijuana), this extremely articulate young man seems in many ways to sum up the idealism, the sensitivity and the social indignation of today's hippies, dropouts and protest marchers.

With the new emphasis on attracting young audiences, another youthful actor, Christopher Jones, has found himself very much in demand. One of his assets, of course, is his striking resemblance to James Dean. Raised in an orphanage, Jones would periodically run away, until, at the age of 18, he found a home in the Army; he emerged two years later with the unlikely ambition to become a psychiatrist. In the hope of working his way through medical school, Jones went to New York, where he developed, instead, a taste for the theater, studied with the famed Lee Strasberg and eventually married his teacher's daughter, actress Susan Strasberg. The union lasted long enough for him to father her child. Meanwhile, Jones found a few television parts and appeared with Susan in the Franco Zeffirelli stage version of *Camille*—although he was fired just prior to its Broadway opening. But Hollywood was already beckoning, and he starred in 20th Century-Fox' ill-fated TV series, *The Legend of Jesse James*; it was a somewhat less than auspicious beginning.

Youth-oriented American International soon found a more suitable showcase for Jones' talents, casting him as the millionaire rock-'n'-roll singer in *Wild in the Streets* whose vast under-25 following elects him President of the United States, with devastating results. Jones consolidated his following with this same group as a swinging sophomore in AI's *Three in the Attic*, where he was locked in a girls' dorm and forced to make round-the-clock love to three insatiable coeds. Immediately, he was cast with Pia Degermark—the gorgeous Swedish star of *Elvira Madigan*—in two films: *The Looking-Glass War* and the Italian-made *Brief Season*. With hardly a break in his busy schedule, Jones was then tapped by the prestigious David Lean for his new film, *Ryan's Daughter*. Since all of these are, at this writing, scheduled for imminent release, it is more than likely that Jones will emerge as one of the major stars of 1970.

Another strong contender for stardom is Jon Voight, who burst upon the film scene in *Midnight Cowboy* after his previous picture, *Out of It*, was withheld from release by United Artists to take advantage of what they felt would be a more dazzling debut. A product of Yonkers and the son of a golf pro, the tall, blond actor began his stage career while attending Catholic high schools and universities in Westchester. He first won critical acclaim in an off-Broadway production of Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*, which his future co-star Dustin Hoffman helped direct. And his role in the on-Broadway production of *That*

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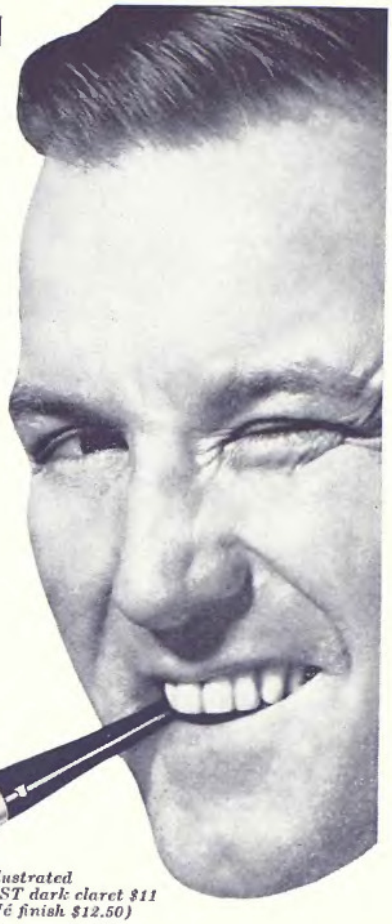

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Summer—That Fall brought him awards, even though the play itself was a flop. For most of the world, however, he was still an unknown when John Schlesinger cast him in *Midnight Cowboy* as swaggering Joe Buck, the young Texan who heads for New York with the aim of selling his sexual prowess to what he assumes to be hordes of love-starved, rich young women. The male hustler was itself something of a novelty on the American screen; and while Joe ultimately proved to be a flop in his chosen profession, audiences were deeply moved by his and Hoffman's sometimes funny, sometimes pathetic but always virtuoso performances. And even though Voight's Joe Buck proved less than virile in the clutch of the one customer willing to pay for his services, and also submitted to a homosexual act in the balcony of a sleazy moviehouse, female members of the vast audiences for *Midnight Cowboy* promptly elected this strapping six-footer with the slow smile to the ranks of potent new sex stars. Voight is currently in England working on *The Revolutionary*, accompanied both offcamera and on by Jennifer Salt, who was seen briefly as Annie in *Midnight Cowboy*.

Nothing, of course, is riskier than to venture a career prediction on the basis of a single film, and perhaps no one bears this out more clearly than Dustin Hoffman's lovely co-star in his earlier success, *The Graduate*—the enchanting and capable Katharine Ross. In *The Graduate*, she was every college boy's dream of the ideal mate—not too easy, not too aloof, a bit alienated but still accessible, a Berkeley girl with a Wellesley façade. Her other appearances in such Universal efforts as *Games* and *Willie Boy*, however, failed to capitalize on this image, although she remained a first-rate actress in both films. Interest in her appeared to be waning until she had the good fortune to be cast in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, playing opposite Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Miss Ross has at least one moment in the film that could revive her career. A seemingly prim schoolteacher out West, she returns from her classroom to her lonely little cottage and begins to divest herself of her hot teacher's garb. Suddenly, she notices the deadly Sundance Kid sitting, gun in hand, beadily watching her. He brandishes his gun, beckoning her to continue the disrobing. She does, slowly at first, then more and more lasciviously, until she finally abandons all modesty and rushes into the outlaw's arms. The kicker is that she has been his paramour all along and had merely been playing his erotic game.

If *Butch Cassidy* restores to Katharine Ross the eminence she deserves, she will nevertheless find herself in active competition with several other glamorous young actresses who bowed in engagingly during the past year. Leading the pack at the moment is soft-spoken, British-born Jacqueline Bisset, whose erect bearing and superb figure began attracting attention even when her name was still buried toward the bottom of the credit sheets. She was seen briefly in *Casino Royale* as the aptly titled Giovanna Goodthighs, and again as a hitchhiking schoolgirl in *Two for the Road*, in which Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney shared the limelight. But 20th Century-Fox (which had released the latter film) was alert enough to put the shapely brunette under contract, and soon she was to be seen in *The Sweet Ride*, wading ashore at Malibu, the upper part of her bikini missing. Understandably, all eyes turned in her direction. When another Fox film, *The Detective*, starring Frank Sinatra, suddenly found itself minus Mia Farrow (as their stormy marriage headed for the rocks), Jacqueline took her place, and her career began to move. In *Bullitt*, she played the acquiescent landscape architect who seems to spend all of her off-hours in Steve McQueen's bed; and in *The First Time*, mistaken for a prostitute by a trio of teenagers eager for their first sexual experience, she graciously assists one of the boys in his initiation rites. Currently one of a planeload of topflight stars in *Airport*, Universal's major release for this coming spring, Miss Bisset seems to combine just the right amounts of sweetness and sensuality to appeal to audiences today.

Several years younger, and a great deal more self-consciously swinging than Jacqueline Bisset, is a doe-eyed, chestnut-haired, lissome lady, pretentiously yclept Leigh Taylor-Young. Most of America knows her best as Mia Farrow's replacement in the late *Peyton Place* television series; but she also registered strongly as the provocatively underdressed hippie who baked those beatific brownies for Peter Sellers in *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!* After that, she waved away several offers in order to make a film with her husband, Ryan O'Neal, whom she had met on *Peyton Place*. Although the resultant *Big Bounce* was hardly one of the best films of 1969, it was certainly one of the sexiest and nudest ever to come from any major studio in Hollywood, with most of the nudity provided by the curvaceous Leigh—as when she tantalizes O'Neal into becoming her slave by posing lasciviously atop a marble graveyard slab. This touch of necrophilic erotica did nothing to prevent *The Big Bounce* from bouncing badly; and those betting on her attaining the heady altitudes of stardom will have to wait to see how she fares in such upcoming pictures as *The Adventurers* (see PLAYBOY's exclusive uncoverage on page 231) and *The Buttercup Chain*. If, perchance, she doesn't make it, there will be some fine equipment going to waste; for no one seems better qualified not merely to play but to personify those sexily eccentric girls of the turned-on generation.

Another dreamy and delicious young star for whom the chances look excellent is Joanna Shimkus, a product of Halifax, Nova Scotia, circa 1943. Of half-Irish, half-Lithuanian parentage, Joanna started a modeling career in Canada, then moved to Paris, where she became one of Europe's highest-paid fashion models. Soon turning to movies, she appeared in two French films (she is bilingual) and made her English-speaking debut as Elizabeth Taylor's mousy secretary in *Boom!* It took the French-made *Zita*, however, to establish her firmly not only with the art-house crowd and the critics but with plain, garden-variety voyeurs; for in that film, she had a fantasy lovemaking sequence that revealed her in all her loveliness. Moving to Hollywood, she most recently co-starred as Sidney Poitier's white girlfriend in *The Lost Man*—a role that both seemed inclined to continue playing, if the gossips are to be trusted, long after the cameras stopped turning.

Curiously enough, while this country provided most of the emergent male stars of the past year, the pattern was different in the case of females. As usual, England turned out its quota of twinkling starlets with star potential: the pert Susan Hampshire, the cute and cuddly Barbara Ferris, the dramatically capable Carol White, the nymphetic Pamela Franklin (the brazen little schoolgirl who posed nude for artist Robert Stephens in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*) and the madcap Judy Geeson (who shared the marital discords of Rod Steiger and Claire Bloom in *Three into Two Won't Go*). Meanwhile, England also launched a star of first magnitude in flaming-haired Maggie Smith. Too long relegated to subordinate or character roles (as in her delightful delineation of Peter Ustinov's Cockney wife in *Hot Millions*), the statuesque Miss Smith uncorked her dramatic abilities in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, then promptly demonstrated her versatility with a show-stopping cameo as a singer in *Oh! What a Lovely War*. All of these luverly ladies have bright futures, and in 1970, we should see a good deal more of them.

Sweden, always a dependable source for delectable female dishes (Bibi Andersson, Harriet Andersson, et al.), again came through with Britt Ekland, who at first remained under the shadow of her then-husband, Peter Sellers. After showing a gift for comedy in *After the Fox*, she revealed considerably more of what Sellers had seen in her in *The Night They Raided Minsky's*, in which she was, ostensibly, the first girl to strip in Broadway burlesque. In *Stiletto*, with Alex Cord, she played a member of the jet set—as she apparently is in real life—and tangled erotically with a top Mafia

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figure. Fetching in quite a different way is her Swedish compatriot, *Elvira Madigan*'s Pia Degermark, who continues to make pictures while professing to be reluctant about becoming a star. Well born, a dancing and skiing companion of the young Swedish Crown Prince Carl Gustaf, she has stated that curiosity overcame reluctance when she was offered the role of the ill-fated Elvira by director Bo Widerberg. "I thought he was crazy to ask me," she later confessed. "He said it was my eyes . . . something about my eyes." Critic John Gruen made it clearer: "Pia Degermark's eyes are incredible," he glowed. "They are of an intense sapphire-blue in which some brilliant magical light has found residence. These eyes, with their long, long lashes, are set in a face of rarest delicacy in which the structure of the cheekbones, nose, lips and chin shape the image of youth, innocence and vulnerability." One who has gazed long and deep into those eyes, as mentioned earlier, is Christopher Jones, with whom she appears in both *The Looking-Glass War* and *Brief Season*. A romance developed between them. How long it—or her career—will last, there is no conjecturing. Will she remain a screen star? "I like it right now," she allows. "Tomorrow I might not like it."

One who makes no bones about being a more-than-willing member of the contemporary sex-star set is Catherine Spaak, who also possesses a formidable background. Her father is the famous screenwriter Charles Spaak (*Grand Illusion* is only one of his notable writing credits); and her uncle is Paul-Henri Spaak, former Secretary General of NATO. Of Belgian birth, the willowy Catherine speaks both French and Italian like a native. Though she has appeared in several American and numerous French films, it is in the Italian cinema that she has been most frequently exposed, although never more fully than in this year's *The Libertine*—in which, as a young but far from grieving widow, she eagerly explores the variegated pleasures and perversions that her late husband had failed to teach her. Slim and cool, Miss Spaak purveys an image of the wholly modern, totally provocative, completely emancipated young woman of today.

Since Denmark, as is well known, has few hang-ups about sex, it's hardly surprising that it has provided a fitting embodiment of its love-and-let-love attitude in the person of Anna Karina, who is fast becoming an international star. The child of a handsome sailor and an unwary teenaged mother in Copenhagen, the shapely Hanne Karin Bayer (as she was then known) could hardly walk down a street from the time she was 14 without being discovered time and again for modeling or filmwork. It happened in Copenhagen; and it happened when, still in her teens, she moved to Paris to strike out on her own. As a model, she became known as the *Elle* girl (the French equivalent of the American *Vogue*), and her special gamin beauty was regarded as typifying the new French face. No matter that she was actually Danish.

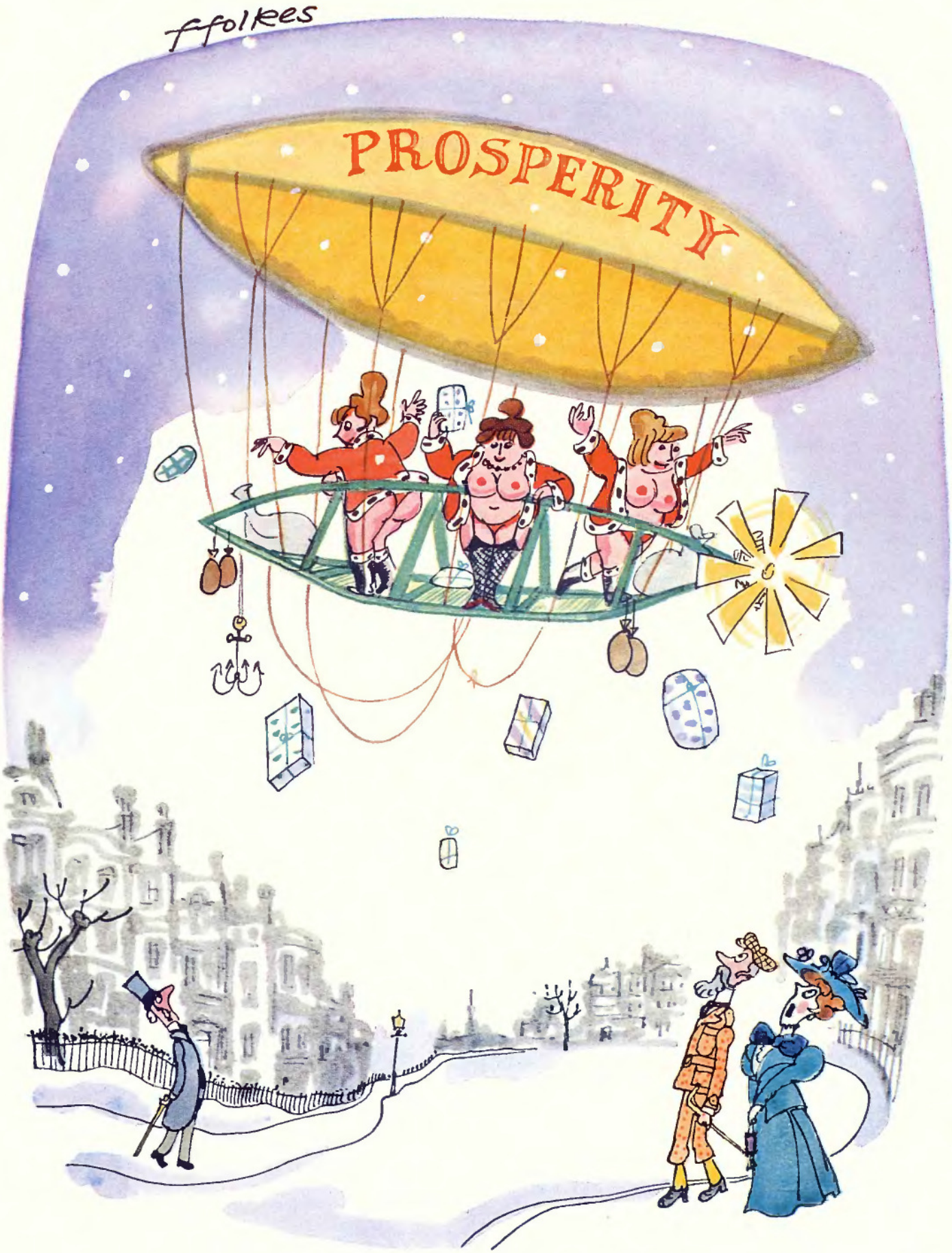
A young French film critic who had seen her in a TV bubble-bath commercial sent her a telegram; he was thinking of making a movie. "Take your clothes off," he instructed her when she appeared for an interview. She refused, and thus didn't get the lead in a picture called *Breathless*, directed by that same movie critic, Jean-Luc Godard. But Godard remembered her—so well, in fact, that he cabled her to come and appear in *Le Petit Soldat*, which he was filming in Switzerland. Mlle. Karina went, fell in love with him, married him and, after some temperamental episodes and some rumored infidelity, divorced him. While still continuing to play in most of Godard's films (her most recent being *Made in U. S. A.*), she moved on to Hollywood for *The Magus* and *Justine*, then to England for *Laughter in the Dark*. Not about to marry again in a hurry, she had a French male roommate for a time, then a rumored fling with Michael Caine during the filming of *The Magus*. After that, she went back and married her roommate. "It's important to have someone to go back to," she told a reporter. With that kind of French-Danish attitude toward affairs of the heart, Mlle. Karina obviously has her own notions about what constitutes a love goddess on the contemporary scene.

Equally emancipated, and equally alluring, is Anouk Aimée, who emerged as an international star in *A Man and a Woman*, directed by Claude Lelouch. On the strength of her work in that film, she received the inevitable summons to Hollywood, although her first American film, MGM's *The Appointment*, was shot in Italy. A romance soon developed between the cool Anouk and her intense co-star, Omar Sharif; when his career took him back to Los Angeles, she followed, working with her gifted countryman, Jacques Demy, on *The Model Shop*. In it, the patrician-featured Anouk seemed somewhat ill at ease as a lady who poses willingly for any amateur lensman with a letch and $20. She was, however, more at home in George Cukor's sumptuous version of Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*, retitled simply *Justine*. Justly famed as a "woman's director," Cukor played to the hilt her innate sexuality as a former prostitute married to one of Egypt's most powerful financiers, who exploits her charms to aid the Jewish underground in its fight against the British in the mid-Thirties—including one sequence in which she shucks her clothes and dashes nude into the surf to win a young Englishman over to her cause. Now in her late 30s, Mlle. Aimée is probably too old ever to achieve front-rank stardom, but she is a consummate actress, and it is to be hoped that she will long continue to grace American films with her special brand of womanly sophistication.

It is back to this country that we must travel to find the year's most-talked-about new star, the seraphic brunette who played in *Goodbye, Columbus* what *The New York Times* termed the "Class A, Number One, American Bitch." It was characteristic of fluctuating movie-star fortunes that it would be a total unknown who would most intrigue the increasingly restless movie public. Her name is Ali MacGraw, a Wellesley graduate (class of 1960) and an art-history major. She had a postcollege marriage and divorce. She modeled for a couple of years and worked as a photographer's stylist. She thought about acting, even took some acting classes with New York's highly regarded Wynn Handman; but no one found her particularly talented. An agent became interested in her, however, and asked her to try out for several movies. Nothing. Then the agent heard about a movie called *Goodbye, Columbus*, and had her audition for the role of Brenda Patimkin, a somewhat liberated "Jewish princess" from Westchester, who has a summer affair with a poor but intellectual library assistant.

As everyone knows by this time, Ali was perfect for the role. After all, what better dream image for a Jewish suburban family—or, for that matter, for any middle-class family—could there be than a daughter who is, in fact, a Wellesley WASP? When the movie appeared, it was an instantaneous hit, and Ali drew most of the raves. Audiences still howl when Brenda is asked at a Jewish wedding how she has been spending her summer. "Growing a penis," she replies. With this single film, Ali MacGraw has become the heroine of that new wave of college girls who know not only the score but all the four-letter words, and who don't hesitate to use them.

Is Ali MacGraw a one-picture star? It's a hard question to answer in these swiftly changing film times. But any year that comes up with an Ali MacGraw has to be a good year; and perhaps what bodes best for next year and the year after that is that directors—now becoming stars of the cinema in their own right—are being given the freedom to cast according to their character conceptions, rather than marquee value. Ali MacGraw, Dustin Hoffman, Peter Fonda, Christopher Jones, Jon Voight represent the new look in sex stars; and they demonstrate loud and clear that young people with the look of today and the talent to back it up are in abundant supply. All it takes is film makers who are willing to look around with open minds and open eyes.



"Well, it's certainly not my idea of Christmas!"

MURDER IN THE KITCHEN *(continued from page 225)*

patterns and guises and dance to different rhythms. The show will always go on; but must the going on be so intense an agony? Must the price of life always be soft, sensitive flesh and nerve squirming under the crunch of sharp teeth? If so, then, as Camus said, the only serious philosophical problem is whether or not to commit suicide.

Again, therefore, the philosopher wonders: Short of suicide, is there any way out of this vicious circle of mutual killing, which, in any case, seems to be suicide in the long run? Is there any way of avoiding, mitigating or generally cooling this system of murder and agony that is required for the existence of even the most saintly human being?

Vegetarianism, for example, is no solution. Years ago, the Indian botanist Sir Jagadis Bose measured the pain reactions of plants to cutting and pulling. To say that plants don't really know that they are in pain is only to say that they can't put it into words. When I pointed this out to a strictly vegetarian Buddhist, Reginald H. Blyth, who wrote *Zen in English Literature*, he said, "Yes, I know that. But when we kill vegetables, they don't scream so loud." In other words, he was just being easy on his own feelings. Buddhist and Hindu monks have carried the attitude of ahimsa, or harmlessness, to the extreme of keeping their eyes on the ground when walking—not to avoid the temptations of lovely women but to avoid trampling on beetles, snails or worms that might lie in the path. Yet this is at root an evasion—a ritual gesture of reverence for life that in no way alters the fact that we live by killing.

Searching my own conscience as to how I should respond to this predicament, I find three answers.

The first is to admit that deciding to live is deciding *to* kill and make no bones about it. For if I have really made up my mind to kill, I can do it expertly. Consider the agony of being halfway decapitated by a reluctant executioner. Death must be as swift as possible and the hand that holds the rifle or wields the knife must be sure. Incidentally, you wouldn't want your surgeon to be so sorry and concerned for you that his hand trembles when he opens your abdomen.

The second is that every form of life killed for food must be husbanded and cherished, on the principle of "I love you so much I could eat you," from which it should follow that "I eat you so much that I love you." This principle has been most seriously neglected by hunters in the past and by industrial farmers and fishermen today. To cite only two examples, modern techniques of whaling are in danger of abolishing whales, and industrial poultry farming is flooding the market with nonchickens and pseudo eggs. The wretched birds are raised in wire cell blocks, fed on chemicals, never allowed to scratch around in the sun, and taste just like that. Whatever is unlovable on the plate was unloved in the kitchen and on the farm.

The third has been expressed by Lin Yutang as follows: "If a chicken has been killed and it is not cooked properly, that chicken has died in vain." The very least I can do for a creature that has died for me is to honor it, not with an empty ritual but by cooking it to perfection and relishing it to the full. Any living thing that becomes me should enjoy itself as me.

The proper love of animals and plants, and of other materials upon which our life depends, is nurtured in the kitchen. Yet one look at the average American or British kitchen shows that it is not a place of love. Stuck off in a constricted corner of the house, it looks like a bathroom or surgery—white, cold and dowdy, though sometimes glossy and militantly clean. Such kitchens are, like toilets, mere conveniences, where food is dutifully rendered chewable and assimilable because it is good for you. And everything that comes from such kitchens tastes as if it were good for you—scrubbed with soap, wiped off with rubbing alcohol and thoroughly disinfected in boiling water. This is a rule of almost mathematical exactitude: Colorless kitchen equals tasteless food.

There is another kind of kitchen, featured in many of the newer suburbs, that is disguised to look like something it isn't, as if the kitchenness of kitchens were a matter for shame. These are the duked-up, coordinated, decorated kitchens that feature plastic countertops that are supposed to resemble wood and deceive no one, refrigerators painted to look like Early American storage chests, "decorative" copper pots hung out for display and never used for cooking, synthetic floor coverings that are supposed to resemble flagstones, and a host of other pitiful deceptions as transparently phony as the so-called edibles that are served forth from them. These are the rooms presided over by the kind of wife who is the instant customer for all those instant foods that presumably emancipate her from the degrading chore of cooking. These kitchens, like the women who inhabit them so reluctantly and like the meals they sling together, are tragic evidences of almost total miseducation.

Both these sorts of abominable kitchens are not the result of poverty. They reflect the fact that the richest and most powerful civilization on earth is so preoccupied with saving time and making money that it has neither taste for life nor capacity for pleasure. The commonly accepted notion that Americans are materialists is pure bunk. A materialist is one who loves material—a person devoted to the enjoyment of the physical and immediate present. By this definition, most Americans are abstractionists. They *hate* material and convert it as swiftly as possible into mountains of junk and clouds of poisonous gas. As a people, our ideal is to have a future; and as long as this is so, we shall never have a present. But only those who have a present, and who can relate to it materially and immediately, have any use for making plans for the future; for when their plans mature, they will enjoy the results. Others, with their eyes fixed on the tomorrow that never comes, will bolt down all times present—forever—along with a vitamin-enriched Styrofoam called bread.

Much may be learned about a civilization from its staple food, which, in our case, is supposed to be bread. Real bread is a solid and crusty substance with an aroma evoking visions of farm kitchens, flour mills, sacks of wheat and rolling, waving fields of grain, golden and gentle in the lazy heat of a late-summer afternoon. Few Americans have such associations and our bread does not suggest them, being a virtually weightless compound of squishy and porous pith injected with preservatives and allegedly nutritive chemicals. It is not so much white as ideally and perfectly colorless, and approximates—as nearly as human genius can manage it—the taste of absolute nothingness. It is a compact of air bubbles, each contained in a film of edible plastic that has been synthesized from wheat or rye, as one gets casein from milk. In contact with liquid, be it gravy or saliva, this plastic film disintegrates at once into a cloying and textureless paste exactly like the revolting white slime that is fed to babies and that most babies, quite understandably, spit back into the spoon.

To begin with, the wheat is grown, unloved, by industrial farming over millions of featureless and treeless acres in such wastelands as Kansas and Nebraska, and is sprayed by airplane with Flit and Bug-Ded. It is then shaved off the face of the earth with immense mechanical clippers, winnowed and ground into a flour, which, by washing with detergents and stewing in disinfectants, is converted into tons of pancake make-up. In vast automated baking factories, these mountains of pure chalk dust are mixed with pantothenic acid, pyridoxine, para-aminobenzoic acid and artificial flavorings, whereafter the whole mass is bubblized, stabilized by heating, sliced, wrapped in wax paper and shipped out in the form of sleazy cushions that are, unfortunately, too small and too perishable for use as bolsters. You may think I am exaggerating but according to a recent issue of *Scientific American*, someone has patented a process for the manufacture of continuous "bread" that flows through electronic ovens like tooth paste from a tube. "A steady stream of ingredients is

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"I've been pretty good, but I think Mother's been putting out. . . ."

mixed, the dough is kneaded and carbon dioxide is pumped into it to make it rise. (Yeast may be added, but only for flavor.)" The resultant product, of course, has no end crusts.

Several years ago, a reader complained about this so-called bread to *Consumer Reports*, a generally admirable magazine designed to protect its subscribers from cheating in the market place. But instead of submitting the product to the judgment of experienced chefs and gourmets, *C. R.* called in dietitians and chemical analysts, who reported that this miserable substance was, indeed, "rich in vitamins and nutritious minerals."

Here is the nub of the problem: We confuse diet with medicine and cooking with pharmacology, and thus it comes to pass that the classes of dietitian and cook are mutually exclusive—the former judging by test tube and the latter by nose and tongue. Labels on food packages read just like labels on proprietary medicines. I have just taken a package of ordinary gelatin from the shelf, and it reads:

> Analysis: Protein 85–87%. Moisture 12–14%. Ash 1.0–1.2%. Fat 0. Sodium 90 mg./100 gm. or 1 mg. per serving. Carbohydrate 0. Calories per envelope 28.

You may not have the slightest idea what this means, but with all that small, scientific-looking print and those decimal points, it sure must be good for you. Our judgment of food is theoretical and mathematical, rather than material, which is my reason for saying that Americans are not materialists but abstractionists.

The mutually exclusive roles of dietitian and cook are nowhere more apparent than in such institutions as hospitals and colleges. In my particular work, it is frequently my fate to have to take lunch or dinner in the student-union cafeterias of universities all over the country. All are identical. Icebox lettuce with a glob of cottage cheese and a wedge of canned pineapple. Slices of overdone and warmed-over beef that have suffered for hours in some electronic purgatory, coated with a gravy made of water, library paste and bouillon cubes. Peas, corn and carrots—boiled. The pie is a sickening slab of beige goo, flavored with artificial maple sugar, in a crust of reconstituted cardboard, topped with sweetened shaving cream squirted from an aerosol bomb. The effect of this fare on the intellectual life of the nation must be catastrophic. Since university politics are mainly a matter of interdepartmental feuding, the home-economics and dietetics people are clearly way out on top, having conspired to deprive historians and mathematicians, linguists and anthropologists of all zest for life by habituating them to the notion that such supernaturally uninspired meals are the proper diet for scholars.

The problem is that the dietitians who actually supervise such "cooking"—as well as the hapless agents of the FDA and the Department of Agriculture who inspect the forced and faked-up products that go into it—can, indeed, prove that it contains the proper amount of proteins, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins. But this is like judging the worth of music in terms of decibels and wave lengths. "This record certified noninjurious to the human ear." Certainly, it is *good* for us—in the sense that it will enable us to put up with existence for a reasonably long time. Even sex is becoming acceptable to earnest squares for the same reason: It is good for you; it is a healthy, tension-reducing "outlet"—to use Kinsey's statistical term for counting orgasms—and some wretched hygienist will soon figure out the average person's minimum daily requirement of outlets (.428 would be three times a week), so that we can screw with a high sense of duty and freedom from guilt. Watch your outlet count and keep a chart beside the bed.

But just exactly what is the good to which we aspire through doing and eating things that are supposed to be good for us? This question is strictly taboo, for if it were seriously investigated, the whole economy and social order would fall apart and have to be reorganized. It would be like the donkey finding out that the carrot dangled before him, to make him run, is hitched by a stick to his own collar. For the good to which we aspire exists only and always in the future. Because of our incapacity to relate to the sensuous and material present, we are most happy when good things are expected to happen, not when they are happening. We get such a kick out of looking forward to pleasures and rushing ahead to meet them that we can't slow down enough to enjoy them when they come. We are, therefore, a civilization that suffers from chronic disappointment—a formidable swarm of spoiled children smashing their toys.

To our ears, therefore, the assertion that time does not exist must sound insane. Time, we say, is money and, man, that's for real! Yet it is impossible to be in the right state of mind for cooking, eating or for any other art or pleasure without realizing that time is purely abstract. There is, indeed, such a thing as timing—the art of mastering rhythm—but timing and hurrying are as mutually exclusive as cooks and dietitians. Clock time is merely a method of measurement held in common by all civilized societies and has the same kind of reality (or unreality) as the imaginary lines of latitude and longitude. The equator is useless for stringing a rolled roast. To judge by the clock, the present moment is nothing but a hairline that, ideally, should have no width at all—except that it would then be invisible. If you are bewitched by the clock, you will therefore have no present. "Now" will be no more than the geometrical point at which the future becomes the past.

For the perfect accomplishment of any art, you must get this feeling of the eternal present into your bones—for it is the secret of proper timing. No rush. No dawdle. Just the sense of flowing with the course of events, in the same way that you dance to music, neither trying to outpace it nor lagging behind. Hurrying and delaying are, alike, ways of trying to resist the present; and in cooking, they invariably show up in the form of spoiled food. To try to save time, that is, to move as quickly as possible into the future, gives you abstract food instead of real food. Instant coffee, for example, is a well-deserved punishment for being in a hurry to reach the future. So are TV dinners. So are the warmed-over nastinesses usually served on airplanes, which taste like the plastic trays and dishes on which they are served. So is that meat that is not roasted but heated through in 30-second electronic ovens. So are mixtures of grape juice and alcohol, prepared in concrete vats, pretending to be wine.

Even our fruit and vegetables have been rushed, so that however magnificent an apple may seem to the superficial judgment of the eye, it is hard to find one that is not simply wet pith under the skin; and most potatoes taste of the same nothingness as the bread. For a while, I thought this might be because I had ruined my palate with too much tobacco; but when I recently returned to my father's garden in England, I found both apples and potatoes as real as they had been to the untainted palate of a child.

Abstractionists would, if possible, save time by eating the menu instead of the dinner, which is almost what actually happens in those restaurants where one reads:

> FILLET OF COLORADO MOUNTAIN TROUT, gently sautéed in bread crumbs to a delicate golden brown, with fresh garden peas simmered in butter, light and crisp French-fried potatoes, and lemon wedge.

Sometimes there is even a colored photograph to whet the appetite for the dismal anticlimax of the reality. The last time I ran into this, in a restaurant where they had the nerve to keep an open kitchen, the "fillet of Colorado mountain trout" was a severe rectangle of some off-white substance that rattled when it hit the grill.

Another way of eating the menu is preferring money to wealth—a psychic disorder directly related to the hallucination that time is a physical reality. To be fair, there are still some substantial and

excellent products for sale in our supermarkets; but if you are bewitched by money, what happens? You take your loaded cart to the cashier, who clicks out a long strip of paper and says, "Thirty dollars and twenty-five cents, please!" You are suddenly depressed at having to part with so much "wealth"—not realizing that your wealth is now in the shopping bags and that you are going to walk out with it. For the money was a future, a promise to pay, an abstraction now converted into present and substantial reality—and you are unhappy because you have exchanged the expectation of good things to come for actual goods. Just as time is a way of measuring motion, money is a measurement of material wealth and power, a system of bookkeeping; and when this is not understood, a nation with vast material abundance can—as in the Depression—starve for lack of purely symbolic cash.

In a civilization devoted to the strictly abstract and mathematical ideal of making the most money in the least time, the only sure method of success is to cheat the customer, to sell various kinds of nothingness in pretentious packages. Spray your watery tomatoes with wax to make them look real. But then, having made the money, there is nothing real to buy with it, because everyone else is cheating in the same way.

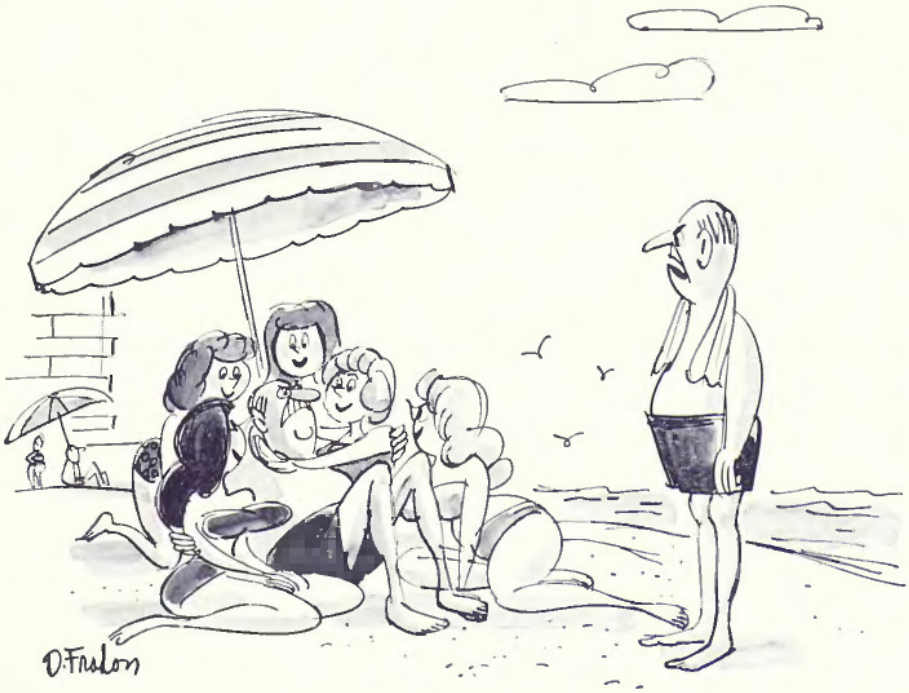
One would suppose that in this richest of all nations, prosperous stockbrokers and admen, plumbers and electricians would knock off work and drive full pelt for routs, banquets and orgies that would make the high life of ancient Rome look like potluck supper at a Methodist social. But as things are, the well-heeled blue-collar people go home to gurgle down cans of an alcoholic soft drink misnamed beer and watch television over hamburgers and catsup. The white-collars live it up by getting anesthetized on martinis and then, perhaps, going to reasonably good French or Italian restaurants with neither taste nor appetite for the fare. In New York, I often stay at a small hotel on a street of celebrated European restaurants. Every morning at six, I am awakened by the banging and thumping of garbage trucks that carry away tons of an immense slosh of leftovers, in which I can just make out the forms of lobster thermidor, oysters Rockefeller, *filet mignon aux champignons*, poached salmon, *moules marinière* and *coq au vin*, slobbered over with almost all the vegetables served the previous evening—since no one ever eats them. Excellent as the cuisine may be, most restaurants in America serve for the eye more than for the stomach, because abstractionists delight in the initial lift of fancy menus and vastly overloaded dishes—suited only to the appetites of growing boys, who cannot afford to eat in such places. The customer wants anticipation; he has no capacity for fulfillment.

The heart of the matter is that we are living in a culture that has been hypnotized with symbols—words, numbers, measures, quantities and images—and that we mistake them for, and prefer them to, physical reality. We believe that the proof of the pudding is in the chemical analysis—not in the eating. This is largely the result of an educational system that is overwhelmingly literary and mathematical, which prepares everyone to be clerks and bureaucrats and provides apprenticeship in arts of material competence only reluctantly—for those considered too stupid for intellectual advancement.

This is not sentimentalizing about the "dignity of labor." It is saying that a culture is hardly a culture at all when it does not provide for the most sophisticated training in the fundamental arts of life: farming, cooking, dining, dressing, furnishing and lovemaking. Where these arts are not cultivated with devotion and skill, time to spare and money to spend are useless. The shops are empty of all but trash, thrown together by slaves working joylessly for cash, with one eye on the clock. Thus, there are virtually no jobs to be had for those who delight in expert workmanship in producing the necessities of everyday life. The jet aircraft and scientific instruments are marvelous, but virtually all houses, cars, fabrics, bathtubs, carpeting, jewelry, suits, chinaware, beds and lighting fixtures are simply phenomenal failures of human imagination. (Incidentally, if you want truly elegant glassware for the kitchen—jars, funnels, decanters, bottles—buy it from a dealer in laboratory equipment.)

In the world of symbols and abstractions—understood in terms of separate and disjointed words—the human person is an isolated thing among other things. One's self is therefore experienced as a lonely center of consciousness and action living inside an envelope of skin. This envelope is an abrupt boundary between one's self and an alien universe, and the main task of life is to join forces with other lonely ones for the conquest of nature—that is, for the violent subjugation of an enemy universe to our wills. Hence, also, our talk of the conquest of space. But as a result of this feeling, we are destroying our environment and fouling our own nest. Increasingly, the world around us looks as if we hated it.

Yet this particular feeling of personal existence is a delusion. The special branch of science that studies the relation of living beings to their environments—ecology—shows beyond doubt that the individual organism and its environment are a continuous stream, or field, of energy. To draw a new moral from the bees and the flowers: The two organisms look very different, for one is rooted in the ground and broadcasts perfume, while the other moves freely in the air and buzzes. But because they cannot exist without each other, it makes real sense to say that they are, in fact, two aspects of a single organism. Our heads are very different in appearance from



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our feet, but we recognize them as belonging to one individual because they are obviously connected by skin and bones. But less obvious connections are no less real.

There are, for example, no strings connecting the widely separated molecules in your own hand. There is no visible material joining the individual stars into the formation that we recognize as a galaxy. But civilized human beings are alarmingly ignorant of the fact that they are continuous with their natural surroundings. It is as necessary to have air, water, plants, insects, birds, fish and mammals as it is to have brains, hearts, lungs and stomachs. The former are our external organs, in the same way that the latter are our internal organs. If, then, we can no more live without the things outside than without those inside, the plain inference is that the words I and myself must include *both* sides. The sun, the earth and the forests are just as much features of our own bodies as our brains. Erosion of the soil is as much a personal disaster as leprosy, and many "growing communities" are as disastrous as cancer.

That we do not feel this to be obvious is the result of centuries of habituation to the idea that one's self is only the envelope of skin and its contents, the inside but not the outside. The extreme folly of this notion becomes clear as soon as you try to imagine an inside with no outside or an outside with no inside.

To see this clearly is to acquire a new attitude toward the physical world that includes, first, a profound respect for the intricate interconnections among all creatures, upon which each one of them depends, and, second, a love for and delight in that world as an extension of our own bodies. True, this world maintains itself by mutual killing and eating; but with this new attitude, murder in the stockyards and on the farms will not be compounded with the murdering of food in the kitchen—nor of the landscape by ill-conceived housing, nor of air and sunlight by industrial and automotive farting.

Thus, the one absolutely essential requirement for the art of cooking is a love for its raw materials: the shape and feel of eggs, the sniff of flour, or mint, or garlic, the marvelous form and shimmer of a mackerel, the marbled-red texture of a cut of beef, the pale-green translucence of fresh lettuce, the concentric ellipses of a sliced onion and the weight, warmth and resilience of flour-dusted dough under your fingers. The spiritual attitude of the cook will be all the more enriched if there is a familiarity with barns and vineyards, fishing wharves and dairies, orchards and kitchen gardens. Among the most heart-lifting and persistent of my memories is a row of oak-leaf lettuce seen at midnight under a full moon—jigsaw patterns of edible jade refreshed with minute drops of dew. I think also of hiding, as a child, between rows of scarlet-runner beans upon sticks, opening the large pods that had gone to seed and crunching the raw purple-mottled beans. After much searching, the joy of discovering a long, heavy pod concealing itself in the vines.

With this attitude, it is practically impossible to chuck food carelessly into boiling water or to roast, distractedly by the clock, without eager peeks into the oven to sniff and baste. A good cook broods over the range like a doting mother, or like an alchemist distilling the elixir of immortality from rare herbs. The preparation must be as delightful for its own sake as the feast, if the feast is to be worth eating. For the cook is, after all, a priest offering sacrifice, and the stove is an altar. There must be the same devotion and absorption as in performing a magical rite or, if you are not accustomed to such things, as in giving the utmost pleasure to a gorgeous woman, in bringing the full sound out of an exquisite musical instrument or in watching the leisurely sail of your golf ball from the tee to the green.

One can sense the style and attitude of ritual in almost any action that is done expertly, with full attention to the present—as when a surgeon handles his instruments at an operation, when a jeweler repairs a watch or when a pilot prepares for the take-off of a plane. Such is the fascination (i.e., magic) of ritual that Americans, who pride themselves on being folksy, plain and direct, will go abroad in droves to witness a coronation ceremony and be thrilled when a maître de comes to a cart beside the table and prepares crepes suzette with flaming brandy. We are, indeed, so starved for ritual that thousands of staunch Protestant businessmen who would be horrified if solemn High Mass were to be celebrated in the Presbyterian Church will, nevertheless, join the Freemasons and the Shriners to wear exotic robes and take part in archaic ceremonies.

Happily, there is still in our souls a primitive and essential awe for that central god of the kitchen whose name is fire. Over the past 20 years, the American paterfamilias has been increasingly drawn to the rites of the barbecue and its ceremonial appurtenances—the long skewers, fork and turner, even the chef's hat and the apron. A return to this timeless form of cooking is a clear sign that all is not yet lost and that we are never going to have any real appetite for meals—now available in some drive-ins—where your order is dialed and delivered electrically in 60 seconds. My faith in human nature tells me that our very nerves will force us to realize that there can be no taste at the table without love in the kitchen.

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GENIUS *(continued from page 128)*

not know what to look for and therefore cannot expect to find it. After stating this in the *Meno*, Plato concluded that the solution of problems involves memory of preincarnations in which the answers have already been found. How logical and how inept! The truth seems to be that genius is capable at some primitive thought level of thinking in the fourth and fifth dimensions. In the fourth dimension, one can explore the interior of a sealed chamber without breaching its walls. In the fifth, one is no longer bound by time but can see things happening in the past or future as easily as, for instance, if seated at ease in an airplane flying faster than clock time, one can watch the setting sun slowly rise again above the sea horizon. The creative act of poetry is fifth dimensional in the sense that a poet catches at the nucleus of a poem, a single half-remembered phrase, and works at it until every line corresponds as nearly as possible with his foreknowledge of how the completed poem would be. Creative genius in dancing or music follows much the same principles.

In 1958, I visited the Weizmann Institute at Tel Aviv. Professor Sonnerschein asked me what I thought of his computer. I answered that we had not yet established any contact; it was busy with a spectroscopic job on helium rays. He assured me solemnly: "This machine can do all that the human brain is capable of doing and better!"

It came into my mind to ask: "Can it ordain cosmic coincidence?"

Professor Sonnerschein did not seem particularly taken aback by the question, but I had a suspicion that he did not quite understand what I meant. At any rate, he answered: "Not yet!"

I was asking, as a matter of fact, whether this huge, complicated and costly dingbat could think in the fifth dimension, as geniuses can, discover the answer to a problem by proleptic thought and then discover the problem itself by analeptic thought. Cosmic coincidence is a fifth-dimensional manipulation of time for making events concur against all statistical probability.

Mathematics as a field of abstract thought, rather than of Pythagorean magic, conveys so limited a sense of personal blessing and its adepts enter regions of the mind so far abstracted from common humanity that they tend to forfeit a necessary ingredient of genius; namely, love. Mathematic genius is also notoriously short lasting—it reaches a peak at the age of about 23 and then declines—and is, as a rule, colored by persistent emotional adolescence. Since advanced mathematicians are too easily enticed into the gray political underworld of nuclear physics, a remarkably high percentage of mental breakdowns among their wives is everywhere noted.

Psychopaths are often mistaken for geniuses. The most common psychopath is the confidence trickster. The prisons are full of con men; so are politics. Their power to read a victim's mind and so take advantage of his weaknesses is fortunately counterbalanced by their megalomania. Every con man or political rabble rouser tricks himself in the end. Alexander the Great, Napoleon and Hitler have been hailed as geniuses; but all were psychopaths conning themselves with their own boastful legends until they ruined their own countries and died shamefully, with no sons to succeed them. So also, perhaps, was golden-tongued Pericles, who savagely oppressed his slaves, conducted outright massacres in the Greek island of Mytilene and elsewhere, and relying on his immensely powerful fleet, challenged the Spartans, his neighbors, to war. They began raiding Athenians' territory, burning crops and huts, felling olive trees, driving away stock; and Pericles, all too logically, built the famous Long Walls from the city down to the port of Piraeus, so that Athens became a secure and easily defended fortress. But one of his ships, trading in the East, brought back rats with bubonic plague. The crowded semi-siege conditions behind those famous Long Walls fostered an epidemic that carried off a great part of the population, including (by what the tragedians would have called poetic justice) Pericles himself. Julius Caesar at least was no psychopath. He had a heart, courage, mercy, a sense of humor, Roman genius and remarkable humility; and though he fought with no holds barred when his life was threatened, he kept faith with his real friends, had the future of his country at heart and knew its weaknesses.

Genius diagnoses a situation by nonlogical thought and supplies the remedy. A horse-and-buggy doctor in the good old days would identify a disease first with his nose—one sniff was usually enough as he entered the sickroom—then with his ears, then with his eyes, then with his touch. He could, as a rule, dispense with a fever chart. Few of that breed survive. Today, most general practitioners have lost the sense of smell from having spent so much of their medical training in cities where smell, taste and hearing soon degenerate. Diagnosis, for them, depends on textbooks; yet, as a rule, these say nothing about that almost imperceptible twitch of an eyelid, that slight slurring in the patient's speech, that curiously sour whiff of sweat, which informed the horse-and-buggy doctor exactly what was amiss.

The Roman view of genius as guardian of the male creative process has much to commend it. Man's strongest concentration of mental power occurs when he falls in love. The gonad glands control this impulse; but in the course of millenniums, the power of love has become enormously extended and diversified. The first awareness of genius comes, it seems, with the common mystical experience of prepuberty, in which a child is convinced that he knows everything or can do everything and keeps his illusion for some hours. Since this experience can be related to the first active awakening of his gonads, we may presume a continued relation between gonad and genius. The relation, however, tends to weaken whenever genius is defrauded: for example, by the discovery of how much easier it is to steal than to earn, to cheat than to work, to lie than to tell the truth and to do whatever one pleases rather than obey one's conscience. Yet a recollection of this mystical assurance of superhuman powers and a belief in its basic reality will, I believe, support whoever dares make that sudden leap in the dark, that escape from the tyranny of time, which fifth-dimensional genius implies.

A remarkable contemporary genius, Dr. Maclarlane Burnet, the Australian immunologist, began his investigations by a poetic opposition of the self and the nonself. How does the self recognize nonself and expel it from the body? Dr. Burnet's answer was that the self occasionally makes mistaken experiments that defraud its own genius and set chemical bodies acting against the body's component cells. This view has at last made such diseases as rheumatoid arthritis intelligible to biologists and led to a startling new concept of immunity. One can now study which cells control the self's defenses, and how they do it. The nonself is not, however, a built-in evil genius, as the Greeks would have seen it, but, as the Romans would have seen it, an invader. The principle of immunity is, roughly, that the self dispatches a cell to take stock of the nonself, find out what it is projecting, then return and advise its fellow cells exactly what chemical repellent to manufacture for spreading over these projections. They keep on at this task until they have manufactured enough for their purpose, which explains the two-to-three- or seven-day period of an illness, followed by rapid recovery.

Genius was a word loosely used by expatriated Americans in Paris and Rome, between the Versailles peace treaty and the Depression, to cover all varieties of artistic, literary and musical experimentalism. A useful and readable history of the literary Twenties is *Being Geniuses Together* by Robert McAlmon and Kay Boyle—Joyce, Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Pound, Eliot and the rest. They all

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became famous figures, but too many of them developed defects of character—ambition, meanness, boastfulness, cowardice or inhumanity—that defrauded their early genius. Experimentalism is a quality alien to genius. It implies doubt, hope, uncertainty, the need for group reassurance; whereas genius works alone, in confidence of a foreknown result. Experiments are useful as a demonstration of how not to write, paint or compose if one's interest lies in durable rather than fashionable results; but since far more self-styled artists are interested in *frissons à la mode* rather than in truth, it is foolish to protest. Experimentalism means variation on the theme of other people's uncertainties.

Winston Churchill, whom I knew off and on from 1916 until 1948, had escaped the educational routine that inhibited so many of his university-trained fellow politicians. After a bad start at school, he was admitted, through family connections, into the cavalry, where he educated himself. His was an inconsistent genius, frequently defrauded by political commitments; but his courage, humor, generosity and loyalty to his friends were beyond exception. I once met Lloyd George, Churchill's onetime colleague and national hero of the First World War: a rabble rouser with a golden voice and little personal honor, who passed for a genius during the First World War. Having plotted against his colleague Asquith, he seized power from him, kept the War going at enormous cost of life and treasure for two years longer than necessary, left his country all but bankrupt and, at Versailles, helped sow the seeds of a second, still more disastrous War.

After a brief glimpse of Einstein at Princeton in 1933, I could not doubt the early genius, which corresponded with his later humility, kindliness and sense of humor. His theory of relativity had been classical and humane, and his universe made good geometrical sense, however startling at the time. But his successors have broken through into a postclassical phase of algebraic thought so far beyond practical human apprehension that the cosmic observations now summarized by computers make no intelligible terrestrial sense. Though this obviously wholesome limit set on human thought may one day encourage a reappraisal and reform of human society, at present it has tempted advanced scientists to despise all creative human values. How many of these ratiocinative cosmonauts have defrauded their genius is shown by the shambles that they make of their private terrestrial lives and their readiness to encourage terrestrial nuclear warfare. That warfare is a natural human function need not be disputed—

"I'll show you mine, Miss Fister, if you'll let me see yours."

most young men are pugnacious—yet I agreed with T. E. Lawrence when he told me that war ceased to be human at the battle fought in August 1346 at Crécy, where the English first used artillery on a battlefield. Military genius has now come to be a contradiction in terms; all modern wars are fought at a distance with pitiless logistics, with scientific poisoning of the enemy's land and water and with a singular absence even of military talent.

Student riots all over the world seem symptomatic of an approaching change in the modern way of life, since the focus of disorder is almost always the philosophy department of a university. Such riots are a natural reaction against the growing control of education by the political machine, big business and a body of docile scientists who conduct experiments on lines laid down by their directors. The students are protesting, however blindly, in the name of genius against its antonym logic and in clear agreement with Plato's enemy the sophist Protagoras, who held that "man" (meaning, as he explained, man with an inborn sense of justice, nobility and holiness) "is the measure of all things." They are also, incidentally, protesting against wars fought against ideal communism—which, after all, is no more than a different theory from ours as to who should direct and control the flow of money—in contravention of international agreements about permissible means. Male students in these riots, now sporadic throughout the non-Communist world, are more active fighters than their girlfriends, who, as a rule, seem content merely to incite violence. Yet in Mexico, just before the recent Olympics opened, I learned that on four separate occasions, a pair of Bonnies had assisted their Clydes by the same womanly stratagem. The girls would wait for the approach of a single, unsuspecting police officer and then start ripping each other's clothes off, tearing out each other's hair and screaming abuse. When he gallantly tried to separate them, out would come daggers and slide into his lungs or stomach. Dirty work; but Jael, Delilah and Judith had set the Biblical precedent. It is, indeed, women who stand to lose most by a further strengthening of mechanically directed and computed thought, which threatens to hasten men's physical impotence—a phenomenon now

reported at an increasingly premature age among steady-going married executives.

The Romans refused to credit women with an individual genius, on the grounds that, instead of engendering, they parturiated: and regarded them, instead, as lying under the divine guidance of the goddess Juno Lucina. This implied that men themselves were ruled by a male code but women by a divinity that absolved them of obedience to any code at all, except that of being true to their own bodies. And though a patrician Roman's appetite might casually involve him in affairs with women from whom he declined to breed children, his social conscience opposed a corresponding instinct in his female relatives. Roman women at first accepted the practical value of this ban on their sleeping with men who lacked the generous tutelary power of patrician genius; but by Catullus' time, female morals had noticeably relaxed. The goddess Juno Lucina, as he reminds us, was not only the wife of the Almighty Jupiter and the protectress of women in childbirth: she was also the powerful, enchanting, lecherous, perpetually virgin moon goddess—huntress, prophetess and healer.

Western high society still deprecates *mésalliances*; but wherever acceptable alliances are judged not merely by a man's wealth, influence and talents but by his integrity, women too often create trouble by falling in love with outsiders whom their fellow men recognize as cads or crooks. The male proverb "No woman is wise below the girdle" is, of course, a libelous exaggeration; but few married women like to be cheated of their traditional satisfaction in the marriage bed—which the Romans called "the genial couch." Moreover, in choosing their lovers, few women of spirit realize that a man who has forfeited his sense of honor by some disgraceful act can never be redeemed by even a perfect woman's love. That women themselves are infinitely redeemable makes it hard for them to realize that what the Romans called "a lost man" (meaning one who had assassinated his genius) is like a drinking glass, which, however neatly repaired after breakage, will never again ring clear when tapped with the fingernail. I wrote once about a womanfriend of mine:

She is no liar, yet she will wash away
Honey from her lips, blood from her shadowy hand,
And, dressed at dawn in clean white robes will say,
Trusting the ignorant world to understand:
"Such things no longer are; this is today."

That was not written in anger: I was merely echoing the text of *Proverbs* 30:20.

Under normal semicivilized unmechanized conditions, a man's physical metabolism used to change so little from the age of about 15 to 80 that his genius was held to remain with him until he became incapable of generation and took to the chimney corner. Thus, in *Deuteronomy* 34:7, Moses was extolled as having kept his virility and eyesight until he died on Mount Pisgah at the age of 120. By contrast, not only does a woman go through a dramatic change both at puberty and in middle age, after reaching her menopause—Sarah, who gave birth to Isaac at the age of 90, was a remarkable exception!—but during each pregnancy, the presence of her unborn child, which has different genes from her own, will noticeably affect her character. However, even throughout her nubile period, any woman unspoiled by education is capable of using her mind in the timeless, nonchalant way characteristic of genius: which will be to make extraordinarily complicated problems seem as simple as counting on one's fingers—by the genial manipulation of time. And women are granted the mystical prepuberty experience of "knowing everything" as often as boys; I have even known one who had it under an anesthetic during the birth of her first daughter.

Once I wrote of a woman genius:

If strange things happen where she is
So that men say that graves open
And the dead walk, or that futurity
Becomes a womb and the unborn are shed,
Such portents are not to be wondered at,
Being tourbillions in Time made
By the strong pulling of her bladed mind
Through that ever-reluctant element.

In real love, as opposed to confused sexual groping, or a simple decision to marry and settle down, genius is always present, and manifests itself with its usual suprasensory bending of time into a manageable ring. Only a few advanced mathematicians have so far become aware of this phenomenon, of which, being professionally free of the tender passion, they claim no personal experience.

"I may be a little late, dear. I'm in group therapy!"

TWO PATHS TO THE TOP

(continued from page 112)

Bigness itself often exerts a strong draw. Some years ago, I was much impressed by the evident potentials of a young man who intended making a business career, and I offered him a job with one of my firms. "No, thanks," he shook his head. "Since I've made up my mind to climb, I want to tackle the biggest pyramid I can find."

He obtained a bottom-layer executive job with one of the nation's ten largest corporations—and is now one of its vice-presidents. We've remained friends and, when he was in Europe recently, he stopped to see me in England. He told me he never regretted his original decision. "At each stage, I felt I'd accomplished more than if I'd reached the next higher level in a small organization," he said. "Maybe the competition hasn't been as stiff as it would have been in a small firm—but there was much more of it, and that's always made each success seem greater and more gratifying."

Most huge companies have widely scattered branches and subsidiaries. More than a few executives state that this aspect appeals strongly to them. It is understandable. There is excitement, even adventure in being rushed out to take over the Tokyo office or to clean up the mess that has suddenly developed in the Caracas plant. Other advantages enjoyed by big-business managers are the facilities, expert advice and scientific and technological aids at their disposal. These are seldom equally available in small companies.

But big business has drawbacks, too. The executive must, to some degree, submerge his individuality in that of the organization; while he need not become a faceless number, he will not give many virtuoso performances, either. Cog, little gear, big gear or even generator, he remains *part* of a complex apparatus that, by its very nature, cannot always function with optimum speed and smoothness.

A familiar big-business handicap and source of executive frustration is that, even at best, the structured organization is still likely to be cumbersome. For example, in such a company, it's seldom possible to find one man who can quickly give an answer or make a decision. "In a big outfit, it takes three days to round up the three committees that'll spend the next three weeks mulling the question at hand," a veteran entrepreneur grumbled to me not long ago. This, of course, is an exaggeration; but the behemoths *do* frequently get bogged down in procedural rules, committee meetings and other forms of folderol that cause able, imaginative managers to lose—or tear—their hair.

Organization also tends to proliferate administrative departments, paperwork and red tape, reducing flexibility and eventually leading to hardening of the company arteries.

Small business offers the success-seeking executive an entirely different mix of advantages, disadvantages, problems and challenges. For instance, the small-business executive won't be a specialist for long, since the company's size will not permit honeycombed compartmentalization. He may spend a year in production, then shift to merchandising. Or, after he has acquired a little seasoning, he may well find himself wearing several hats at the same time.

I know this from the early days of my own career. After having gained a bare sufficiency of all-round experience, I became a small—a very small—businessman in the oil fields. As such, I was my own drilling superintendent, purchasing agent, salesman, bookkeeper and just about anything else one could imagine. Had they actually existed, my various hats would have filled my cubbyhole office from floor to ceiling and wall to wall.

The small-business manager seldom enjoys as much security as his big-business counterpart, but he usually has more independence. This is not pure blessing,

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for he consequently carries a greater load of personal responsibility, with attendant risks to his job and career. He will frequently need to make his own decisions and may often feel very much out on a sagging limb if he has made a serious mistake.

Withal, there is liable to be greater operational efficiency in a small firm than in a large one. In the former, it is usually possible to find that one man who can say yes or no on the spot. The individual in small business has a far greater chance to exercise his individuality and initiative and to innovate and improvise. The small company is seldom wagged by its administrative tail; a telephone call or a five-minute chat will often accomplish what would require endless memorandums and committee meetings in a giant-sized firm.

Parenthetically, it is interesting to note that some huge concerns concede all this and are seeking to find happy mediums. "Many [large corporations] are doing effective concrete things to stimulate the creative atmosphere of small business," says Harvard Graduate School's Professor Mace.

Often cited as examples are W. R. Grace and Company and Thiokol Chemical Corporation. The former has many divisions, subsidiaries and partly owned companies, each of which is said to enjoy a remarkable degree of autonomy. The latter is credited with wedding the best of the big and the small through a project-management method.

Let me emphatically state that I acknowledge the achievements of the nation's great, structured organizations and am aware of the many production and distribution miracles they have performed. However, I, personally, have always remained at heart a small businessman. My associates and I have consistently sought to maintain small-business flexibility, creativity and efficiency. As an example, one of the companies in which I hold a substantial interest employs an over-all total of 450 people. A competing firm does about five times the gross business—but has 400 paper-pushing employees in its administrative offices alone. The difference is that the executives of my company operate in a loosely organized, highly flexible manner. Believe it or not, the firm does not even have a formal organization chart. Each manager knows his job, does it and couldn't care less what title, if any, is painted on his office door.

But what works well for J. Paul Getty and his associates may not work at all for the next man. Each person must determine which type of business shoe fits him best and will carry him farthest. Unfortunately, there are no infallible gauges for the novice; but I do think that some reasonable, helpful departure points can be provided. An intelligent young man may check these against his personal inventory and begin to form some conclusions about which of the two paths—the big- or the small-business route—he wishes to follow.

1. As a rule, giant corporations tend to offer structured work situations. Employed by such firms, the young executive will have greater security than in small firms, but he must keep a rein on his individuality. He will, in most cases, be required to conform, to play the game according to the book. He must, at least in the beginning, accept the fact that he is more or less anonymous and should not be dismayed to find himself in the type of work situation Professor Mace has called "the civil service of big business."

2. Generally, structured organizations produce specialist executives. Big companies offer ample opportunity for advancement, but prospects of gaining wide experience or a broad business perspective are not as good as in smaller companies.

3. The average manager in the average large corporation needs to restrain many of his impulses to make independent decisions or to take unilateral action. He is always restricted to some degree by company policy that may well be formulated in a home office located 2000 linear miles away and 1,000,000 light-years away insofar as his immediate problems are concerned. Such restrictions are counterbalanced by the fact that if something goes wrong, the chances that his head will roll are greatly reduced.

4. The small company will usually allow the neophyte manager to show and exercise his individuality. The executive will be bound by fewer rules—and he will encounter many situations in which he will have to make his own rules as he goes along. But remember, the smaller the group, the more clearly visible is each individual in it and the easier it is to observe his actions, good, bad or indifferent.

5. In a small business, a manager is likely to learn quite a bit about what goes on in departments other than his own. His experience will be much broader than that of the specialist; but even this presents dangers. A man establishing an excellent record in, say, two different departments and then, for whatever reason, failing in a third may find his earlier achievements forgotten and learn that his one strike is enough to put him out.

6. In sum, the manager in a small business will have to do much of his own thinking, decision making and implementing of those decisions. But, while he may get credit for his accomplishments, he will certainly have to take all the consequences for his blunders.

There are advantages and disadvantages to any work situation. Only the individual himself can make up his mind which sector—the big or the small—appeals to him most and promises him the best chance of proving himself and achieving success.

Luckily, under the business conditions that prevail—and that I believe will continue to prevail throughout the foreseeable future—the beginner's initial decision does not imply a lifetime commitment. Nowadays, the executive who spends all or even a major portion of his career with the same company is a rare bird, indeed. It is a universally accepted fact of business life that modern managers maintain a high degree of job mobility, particularly in the early stages of their careers. "Changing jobs is part of one's own selective process," declares Alan Wolffey, financial vice-president of Scovill Manufacturing Company.

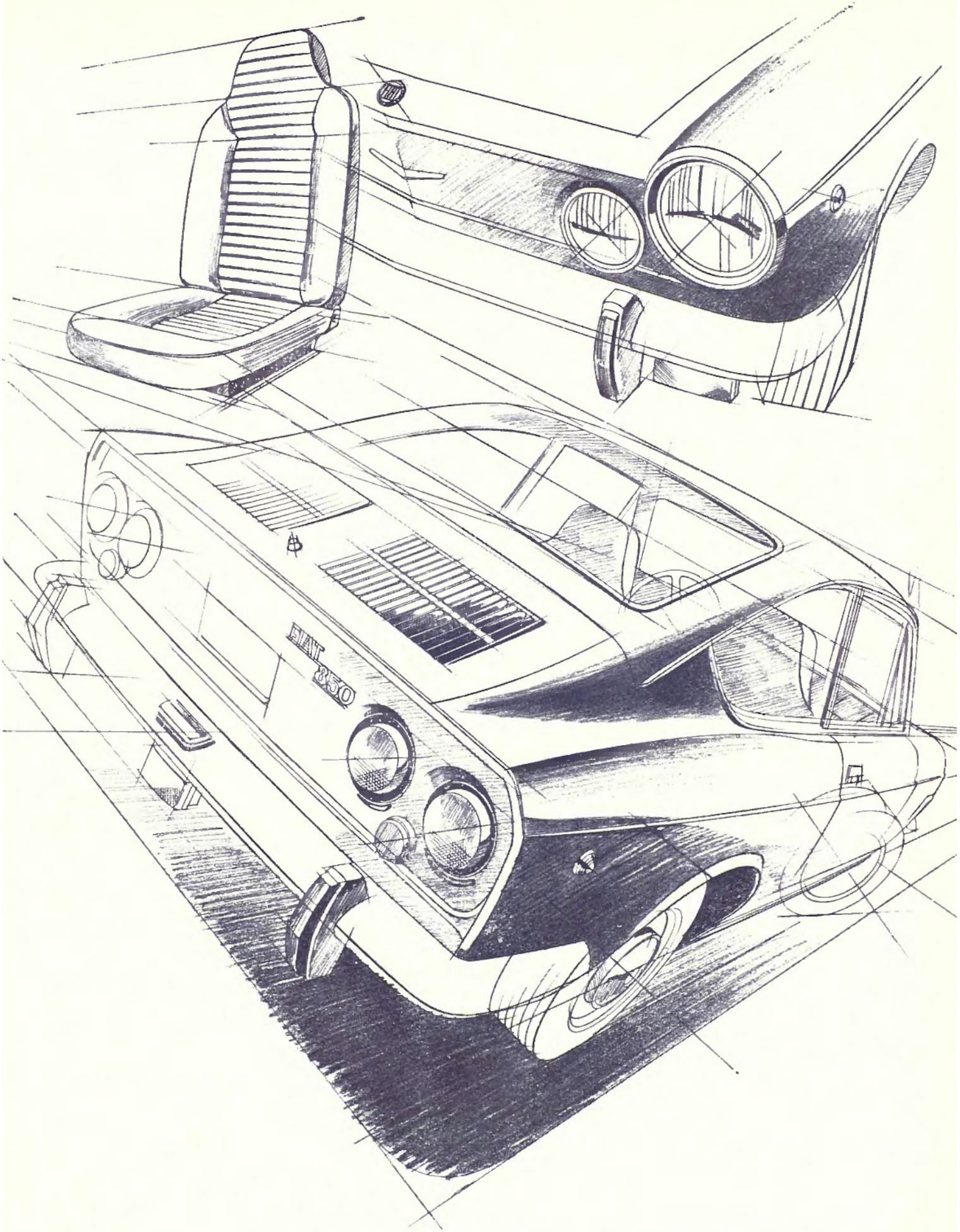
Personnel-selection specialist Jack H. McQuaig went as far as to write: "It is perfectly normal for a man to try four or five different jobs in his first three or four years at work." Frankly, I think that's carrying the job-mobility concept a shade too far. I'd be inclined to view a manager who'd held five different jobs in three years with skepticism, if not downright suspicion. However, the young executive *will* move around during his first few years; and, as long as he does it within reason, no prospective employer will think the less of him for it.

Thus, if a budding executive adds up all the credits of big and small business and he still cannot arrive at a clear-cut decision, he can certainly accept what appears to be the happier compromise in either sector. If, after having given both the job and himself a fair trial, he finds he'd rather work in a structured organization than in a small company, or vice versa, he can always shift.

After trying both the big and the small, he should have a clear picture of what he has to gain or to lose in each type of work situation and which fits his nature and personality better. The same holds true for the man who does make a definite initial decision and chooses, for instance, small business and then discovers that he's made a mistake. He, too, can always change.

Once the individual finally determines which of the twofold paths to success will allow him to travel the farthest and fastest, he is well on his way to the top. Provided he has what it takes to make the climb, he will reach his goals along either route.

The opportunities are all there, waiting for those—be they big- or small-business oriented—who will make the most of them. America's rapidly multiplying millionaires prove that beyond the shadow of a doubt.



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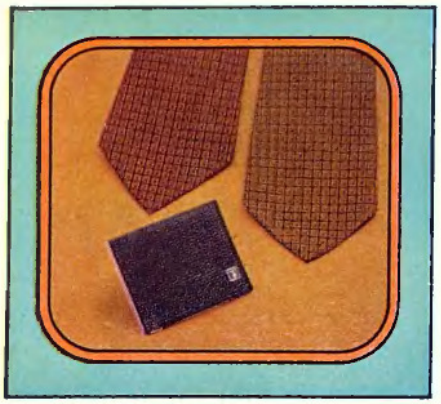

Christmas trimmings for him. The Playboy Tie, 4¼ inches of handsome Rabbit-patterned silk and polyester in navy, silver, maroon, green, gold and brown, WA102, $6.50. His assets pack flat in the Playboy Money Fold of luxurious glove leather in black or olive, JY107, $6.

When cold winds blow. Hit the slopes in Playboy-Playmate sweaters of pure virgin wool with Rabbit in white on cardinal red or black, or black on white. For him, S, M, L, XL, WA101; for her, S, M, L, WA201, $25 each. The Playboy Turtleneck of flat double-knit zephyr wool in white, black, gold, medium charcoal gray, marine blue, brown with color-matched Rabbit in S, M, L, XL, WA108, $30. Gift a lift of spirits with Playboy Mugs. 22 oz. Beer Mug, MM319, $6; 10 oz. Coffee Mug, MM320, $3.

Soft touch for slumber. The Playmate Night Shirt with Cap in candy stripes of cuddly cotton flannel. One size fits all playmates, MM201, $6. Playboy's Rabbit-emblazoned pillow adds a decorative touch. 100% cotton, permanently flocked, MM329, $6.

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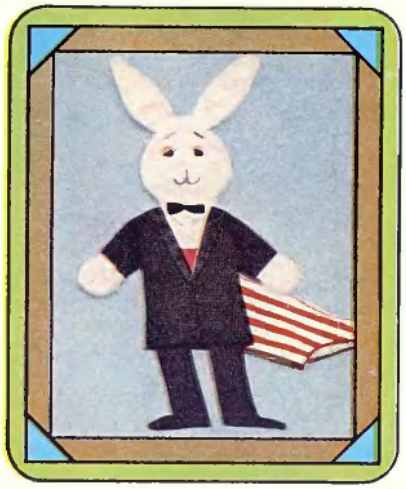

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"You want me to accept it in the spirit in which it was given—right?"

THE FLASHLIGHT *(continued from page 124)*

it, burning all the grass near the houses and back for about a mile into the hills as a safety measure. The whole neighborhood would turn out to watch a fire, to see the flames walk across those hills, leaving a black sheet of ash in its wake. It was always something of a shock to Stacy to see those hills transformed in an instant from tall grass to burned-out cinders. Black and barren, the hills were no good for walking barefooted, and there was no hope of finding any fowl concealed in a clump of grass. The youngsters of Crescent Heights did not enjoy the hills when the grass had burned. Fortunately for them, the fires never succeeded in burning all the grass, and they could always go deep into the hills until they found a point to which the flames had not penetrated.

One time the hills were so burned out that the gang had to hike a long way before reaching the green grass. Mitch, characteristically, set the grass on fire to spoil their day. Helplessly, Stacy and the others watched as the fowl took to the air. Turning on Mitch, they punched and kicked him until he cried. Stacy did not tell them to stop. Mitch was mean as a dog. From him, the others learned early that a human being is full of surprises and capable of evil improvisations.

Mitch was full of peevish taciturnity. He was sullen and vicious. The others watched him, waiting for each new manifestation of his scurviness. Many times, Stacy had sat mystified in Mitch's back yard and listened with astonishment as he cursed out his mother. He would hurl at her the most vile names, in English and Spanish and combinations of both languages, and his mother, who seemed not at all surprised or shocked, would never raise her voice. She would ask him, in very gentle tones, how he could talk to his own mother that way, inspiring an infuriated Mitch to a new torrent of epithets. She would stand there, at the top of the stairs, gently, calmly drying her hands on her apron, waiting for him to finish, never interrupting him. If she had started to speak and he cut her off, she would stop in midsentence, half apologetically, and let him finish; then she would start again, very slowly, cautiously, kindly.

"I'm your own mother," she would say to him in Spanish, or: "Come inside and talk to me, son; you can bring Stacy with you, too, if you like."

Mitch would only curse her more.

After a while, Stacy, unable to stand it longer, would make Mitch come away with him. Stacy liked Mitch's mother. He saw her as a sweet old woman who always gave the neighborhood kids little Mexican goodies to eat, which she made up and kept on hand for when they came around. Big and fat, she went to Mass every Sunday morning, rain or shine, with a black shawl over her head and shoulders, her small children trailing behind her. These small children were one of the mysteries of Crescent Heights and the subject of endless rumors. Mrs. Chapultapec had children who were over 40 years old, while Mitch was 14. There were always new children being added to the household. Around the yard, they followed her like tiny shadows. Nobody seemed to know just which of the children were her own or, in fact, if any of them were actually hers. If asked, she would only smile and say that all the children in the world were her own, and refuse to discuss it further. The older people understood that she had had, all her life, a great love and tenderness for children, and she would take in anybody's unwanted child and raise him as her own. Nobody knew how many children she had actually raised. Some she would keep for a few years, then their parents would come and take them back. At the bottom of Mitch's rage lay the fact that he did not know who his parents were, because he did not believe anything Mrs. Chapultapec told him.

Once, a new little face showed up in the house, and it so happened that Mitch knew that the little boy belonged to one of the women who lived in the project. Overhearing Mrs. Chapultapec telling someone, in her way, that the little boy was her own, Mitch was suddenly blasted by a vision that Mrs. Chapultapec was not really his own mother and that he did not know who his real mother was. When he asked Mrs. Chapultapec about it, she just told him that he was her very own. He accused her of being a notorious liar.

Mitch used to threaten to kill his father, or, rather, Mr. Chapultapec, whom Mitch always had believed to be his father but whom he later "disowned." A small, stooped, white-haired old man with quick, birdlike movements, he would never scold or correct the children. He was terrified of them. He would go straight to work and come straight home in the evening, except on Friday evening, when he would stop off at the Cozy Corner Café, down a few beers with the old-timers and listen to a few Spanish records on the jukebox. Tipsy from the beers, his spirits charged from the music and the few moments spent in the company of the gents he had known all his life, he would walk crisply home, speaking to all he met.

"*Buenas noches, Señor Chapultapec,*" Stacy and the others would say to him on Friday evenings.

"*Salud, muchachos,*" he'd answer with extreme good feeling.

If Mitch was there, he would hurl a curse at the old man, who would cast a frightened look Mitch's way and continue on without a pause.

On Sunday evenings, Mr. Chapultapec could be found down at the Catholic church across the street from the project, sitting in the little area set aside for *fiestas*, sanctioned by the Church, which were held several times each year. There were booths set up where bingo was played; where darts three for a dime were tossed at balloons to win a Kewpie doll or a piggy bank; where washing machines and sets of silverware were raffled off; where kids, their eyes blindfolded, took turns trying to burst the *piñata* with a stick, then scrambled over the ground to retrieve the prizes that had been inside. At *fiesta* time, the whole neighborhood would turn out, drop by the church to look, to be seen, to participate. And although the church belonged more to the people of the hills than to those of the project—most of whom seemed to be Protestants or atheists or people who did not belong to anything—they, too, came round.

But on these Sunday evenings, the churchyard would be quiet; and while Mr. Chapultapec sat outside with one or two old men, watching the cars going up and down Mercury Avenue, watching the people passing by, Mrs. Chapultapec would be in the little kitchen in the back of the church with four or five other old women. They would make *tacos, tamales, burritos* and chili with fried beans, which they sold over a counter through a slitted window, like tellers in banks. The customers would mostly take their purchases with them to eat from paper napkins like hot dogs; but if they chose, as often happened if a fellow had a girl with him, they spread their orders on a table in the yard and enjoyed the serene atmosphere. Stacy could recall that when he was very little, he and the others would go to the window and the old women would give them a *taco* or a *tamale* free, with a kind word and a smile. After he was older and had the money, Stacy would still drop by Sunday evenings to purchase these warm goodies. He loved these old women and their quiet Mexican dignity. They asked no questions and condemned no one and seemed always to have their inner eyes fixed on a distant star.

It was from these old ladies that Stacy first heard the legend of the *Llorona*. He had been younger and the story fascinated him. In the long, long ago, the old women had said, in a small village deep in old Mexico, a wicked woman murdered her three children in a jealous rage, to get revenge on her unfaithful husband, who had run off with a beautiful *señorita*. She hid their tiny bodies so well that even she could not find where

she had hidden them. Sometime later, an angel from God visited her to deliver a divine sentence. Until she found the bodies of her children and took them to the priest for a proper burial, she would know no peace. The wicked woman searched all over but could never find her little ones. Her doom was to wander the world over—in vain!—searching for her lost *niños*. When the wind, blowing down from the hills, whistled through the trees, or when a coyote or a dog howled mournfully, or when there was any other strange noise in the night, it was said to be the *Llorona* crying for her lost *niños* and for mercy from God. The mothers of Crescent Heights kept their kids in line by saying that if they were bad, the *Llorona* would come carry them away. That was why, when Mitch cursed Mrs. Chapultapec, sometimes he would put in, "Fuck the *Llorona* up her ass!" At this, Stacy would feel a chill down his back. One day, Mitch screamed at Mrs. Chapultapec:

"You're the *Llorona*!"

• • •

Stacy's would be the last generation to grow up in the old Crescent Heights, the Crescent Heights of the hills. They sort of felt that. They felt themselves to be part of something that was passing away. The world of the housing project would conquer in the end. Along with the houses, which were succumbing to decay, Crescent Heights was dying. An image of its death was reflected in the decaying bodies of the old men and women. The younger people were moving deeper into the central city, drawn from the outskirts of town to the inner core by the same forces that attracted other generations of Americans into the new cities from off the farms and out of the countryside. Like all those other great neighborhoods of Los Angeles of the first half of the 20th Century, Crescent Heights had commanded a fierce tribal loyalty from its inhabitants and, along with Maravilla, Flats, Temple, Clanton, The Avenues, Hazard, Happy Valley, Alpine and Rose Hill, it had achieved a greatness and a notoriety in the folklore of Los Angeles. But the glory of these neighborhoods was of a genre alien to that inscribed in the official histories of the city. These were outlaw neighborhoods inhabited by Negroes and Mexicans, viewed by the whites in the core of the city as a ring of barbarians around their Rome, a plague of sunburned devils raging against the city gates. But the people of these neighborhoods had their lives to live. They were born and they died, they loved and they hated, they danced and mated with each other and fought against each other and won their reputations by day and by night.

A clue to the unimportance with which the city fathers regarded Crescent Heights is the fact that during election campaigns, the candidates never bothered to visit there in search of votes. They neither needed nor wanted those tainted votes. In turn, the people of areas such as this viewed the metropolis with distrust and hostility, if not hatred and scorn. Their sons were inducted into its Army and were locked into its jails and were channeled, along with their daughters, into its factories. But it could not claim, nor did it seem to want, their loyalty and respect. The metropolis asked no such tender sentiments of the peripheral neighborhoods: It asked only for their sons and daughters.

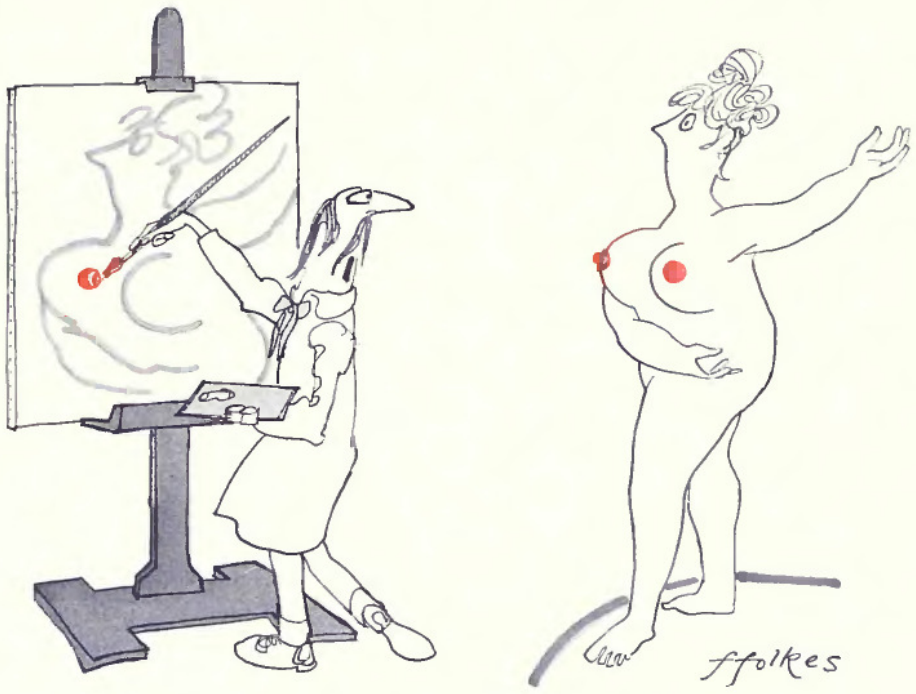
After the heart had been cut out of Crescent Heights and the housing project built in its place, the inhabitants of the old neighborhood, or what was left of it, lived on in an uncertain wind, under the threat that at any moment, county and state authorities would take over their land, invoking eminent domain. There were all kinds of rumors, inspired by uncertainty and the memory of how suddenly and without warning the other homes had been condemned. One would hear of secret plans to build a country club and golf course in the hills, that the hills would be the site of a huge new campus of the University of California, that the Brooklyn Dodgers were coming to L. A. to build a stadium in the hills or that the Housing Authority would extend the project, covering vast areas of the hills with concrete, with the pink and yellow rows of apartments designed to official specifications. The only sure thing about these rumors was their effect on the people. No one bothered to lay plans, because they might be forced to move at any moment. No one bothered to improve or repair their houses and land, because they did not want to go to the trouble and expense, only to see their work rolled down the hills by bulldozers—just as they had seen the other houses and dreams demolished to make way for the project. All that was left of the old Crescent Heights were the old people and the last of their children. And in the new, the Crescent Heights of the project, there were only the women with their fatherless children—and the Marijuanos.

• • •

In that underground world, psychologically as far beneath the consciousness of a city's solid citizens as a city's sewerage system is beneath its streets, in the subterranean realm of narcotics peddlers and users, marijuana peddlers, gamblers, pimps, prostitutes, the thugs and the cutthroats, the burglars and the robbers, and the police—Crescent Heights had long been known as the marijuana capital of Los Angeles. If the old Crescent Heights was dying, the marijuana traffic

"I want you to lay off that alcohol and switch to pot, Mr. Fuller. Your kidneys are in terrible shape."

did not feel the sting of its death, and it was not the odor of decay that the marijuana pushers smelled but the aroma of folding greenbacks. Even before the project, there was marijuana in Crescent Heights, grown in the hills in modest quantities. But the demand so vastly exceeded the supply that could be cultivated with safety in the hills that of the tons of marijuana flowing into Los Angeles from Mexico, hundreds of pounds of the weed found their way to Crescent Heights. The project became the base of operation, and the weed was controlled by the outlaws of old Crescent Heights, known by the local people as the Marijuanos. They were the alienated sons, in their 20s, of the people of the hills, those sons whom the metropolis had found indigestible. They had criminal records or had dropped out of school without acquiring any skills to fit into the economy. And they were either unfit or disinclined to enter the Armed Forces. They had fallen back on the skill of the hills, the knack of eluding the police while trafficking in contraband.



"You moved, Miss Marchand."

While he was very young, Stacy had the exciting experience of knowing a neighborhood hero who happened also to be one of Mitch's older "brothers." Known as Flamingo, his heroism consisted of the fact that he was the first guy from Crescent Heights to go to San Quentin. Surprised in the act of robbing a liquor store in El Serrano, he was wounded in a blazing gun fight with police. His crime partner was shot dead. When, years later, he got out of prison, Flamingo joined the Marijuanos and started dealing in weed. Soon, however, he disappeared from the scene. No one seemed to know where he had gone, but it was said, with knowing winks, that he had gone to Mexico and bought a fabulous hacienda from which he directed the flow of marijuana into Crescent Heights.

In Stacy and his gang, the Marijuanos inspired a romantic apprehension just short of fear. Not that they had anything to fear from the Marijuanos, whom they had known all their lives and to whom they were connected by memories and, in some cases, by blood. But the presence of the Marijuanos infused Crescent Heights with an aura of danger and mystery. At night, while Stacy and the others would be down at the playground, loafing, they would see the strangers who came to Crescent Heights furtively, after dark, and who would sometimes ask them:

"Are any of the guys around?"

Stacy had directed many an inquirer to the spot where the Marijuanos might be. But if, when out at night, Stacy's gang was always aware of the whereabouts of the Marijuanos, it was more for the purpose of keeping out of their way than anything else. If the Marijuanos came too near, Stacy and his gang, with the excited feeling of being brushed by danger, would run away to another part of the project. But the Marijuanos kept generally to the darker sections of the project and Stacy and the others had the playground and other lighted areas to themselves. It was commonly known that the Marijuanos sometimes knocked out street lights to make it darker in certain favored spots; it would be a couple of months before the county sent someone around to fix them.

If Stacy or the others ever saw a policeman, they'd run tell the Marijuanos. "The narcs are over there," they'd say, and the Marijuanos would melt away into the shadows. But every so often, Stacy would hear that one of them had gotten caught by the narcs and was put in jail.

• • •

Stacy wanted something to happen. The gang was beginning to seem like a prison and, although he continued to play his role, he went through the steps mechanically, his mind drifting, looking for somewhere to lodge. He had toyed with the idea of quitting school to look for a job somewhere, but it did not occur to him that he would really do this; it was more or less his way of threatening himself. He did want profoundly for his life to change. He felt that he could no longer endure school, the gang and the endless round of throwing raids on El Serrano. Now, when he burglarized a building, he would come away feeling disappointed, no matter what the haul. He no longer had the patience to search out all the hiding places, and so if things were not left out in plain sight, he would miss them. And this had been Stacy's main function in the gang. He was known to have a nose for sniffing out the valuables hidden by the owners in some secret cranny. Now he could feel a growing dissatisfaction among the others and, although no one criticized him, he knew they were watching him, wondering. How could he explain to them what was going on inside himself, when he himself didn't know? How could he explain that his pride was offended by what they were doing? How could he make them understand that if they carried off everything in El Serrano, it would not be enough to satisfy what he was beginning to feel inside?

He did not voice these questions; they were the ghosts behind his changed attitude toward the others. It began to bother him that when they burglarized a place, he was always the first one to go in, to look around and make sure it was safe before the others entered. If he didn't go in first, they'd just stand there and scare each other, and the fear would travel round the circle until panic set in. But even after he had crawled through the window, searched the whole place for hidden danger—a night watchman, a dog—they were still afraid, it seemed to him, of the dark, of what they could not see in the dark if something were there. It was easy for them to imagine anything being there: a squad of policemen crouching in the corner, waiting until they were all inside, before switching on the lights

to mow them down with shotguns or to capture them and take them to Juvenile Hall; or a pack of menacing Doberman pinschers or German shepherds too cool to bark that would leap on them from behind and rip their flesh to shreds. This fear had always been with them and, in the past, they all used to laugh at it. But now it seemed totally unacceptable to Stacy.

Mitch, though, was never afraid. The danger with him was that, spurred on by his total contempt for everything, he would crawl through a window as if he owned the place and, once inside, while shaking it down to see if it was safe, would growl viciously to attract any dogs, kick over packing crates, upset tables and chairs, in an effort to smoke out something. He'd open closets and storerooms. Unable to see in the dark, he would not hesitate to yell into the void:

"Hey, you in there, I see you! Get the fuck out of there!"

The first time he did that, pandemonium broke loose among the others and they took off, running. Stacy had to run after them, overtake them, shake some sense into them before they could understand that it was only Mitch who had shouted. It had been a hard job persuading them to go back with him and impossible to get them to crawl through the window into the dark room, because Mitch, when Stacy called to him to prove to the others that it was safe, refused to answer. Stacy pictured him, leering at them through the dark, that sullen, scornful scowl on his face. In that moment, Stacy wanted to kick that face. He knew that Mitch was probably looking right at them, at the window that was a patch of light silhouetted against the night sky, but would not answer.

"You lousy bastard, Mitch!" Stacy said into the dark window. But in another sense, Stacy thought it was beautiful of Mitch not to answer, especially at a time like this, when he himself was absolutely serious and the others were afraid and they all were a long way from home and in danger of being shot or taken to jail. It took real dedication for Mitch to remain perverse in such circumstances. The others refused to precede Stacy through the window.

"Well, fuck all of you, then," he said, exasperated, and went swiftly through the window.

The others hesitated at first, decided all at the same time that they'd rather be inside than out, and they all tried to squeeze through the window at once, making a ton of racket, cursing and scratching each other as they fought to get through.

Then Mitch, somewhere in the darkness, hissed at them. "Shut the fuck up!"

Guided by his voice, Stacy caught Mitch in the dark and, bringing up his knee with just slightly less than hostile force, he shook Mitch up and shoved him to the floor. "Next time, you better answer me, you stupid shit!" he said. And, extending his foot in the dark, he made contact with Mitch, jarring him with a stiff thrust. It felt like he got him in the side.

Now that they were inside, Stacy could hear the others as they scuffled about in the dark, searching for objects of value with which to fill their gunny sacks. Stacy did not even unroll his sack. He leaned against a wall and let his mind drift as he waited for the others to finish. He was thinking of what had happened the previous week, when he had first made up his mind that this could not go on, that something had to change, that he had to find himself a new life.

• • •

The thought had come to him during a raid on a school cafeteria a week before. After eating all they could hold and filling their sacks, they had thrown all the other food on the floor, gutted the refrigerator, smashed all the cups, salt and pepper shakers and glasses, scattered the silverware, bent the trays out of shape and overturned the tables.

"Stacy, make Mitch stop!" Turtle said.

Mitch had turned all the jets of the gas range up full blast. Flames leaped at the ceiling. Shoving Mitch aside, Stacy began spinning the knobs to shut off the flow of gas. Screaming, Mitch came at him with a fork. Stacy feinted at him and, when Mitch slashed at him with the fork, Stacy stepped back and caught his arm, twisting it behind his back.

"Drop it!" Stacy demanded, applying pressure.

"You cocksucker!" hissed Mitch, defeated, holding the fork just long enough to register his defiance.

Stacy turned all the burners down.

"Let's burn this motherfucker down!" Mitch pleaded. "Then the *gavachos* won't have a school to go to!"

"That's going too far," the others protested in a chorus.

That did it. That nauseated Stacy. *That's going too far.* The words burned into his mind. What did they mean by that? That's when Stacy really knew that he was finished, that he had to cut all this loose. Like a sailor locking the hatches on a submarine, he twirled the knobs, opening all the jets all the way, and the range burst into flames again.

"Let's go!" he shouted. He helped the others out the window. Looking around, he saw Mitch in front of the range, jumping up and down, laughing hysterically and cursing the flames in Spanish. Stacy rushed back and dragged him away by his belt.

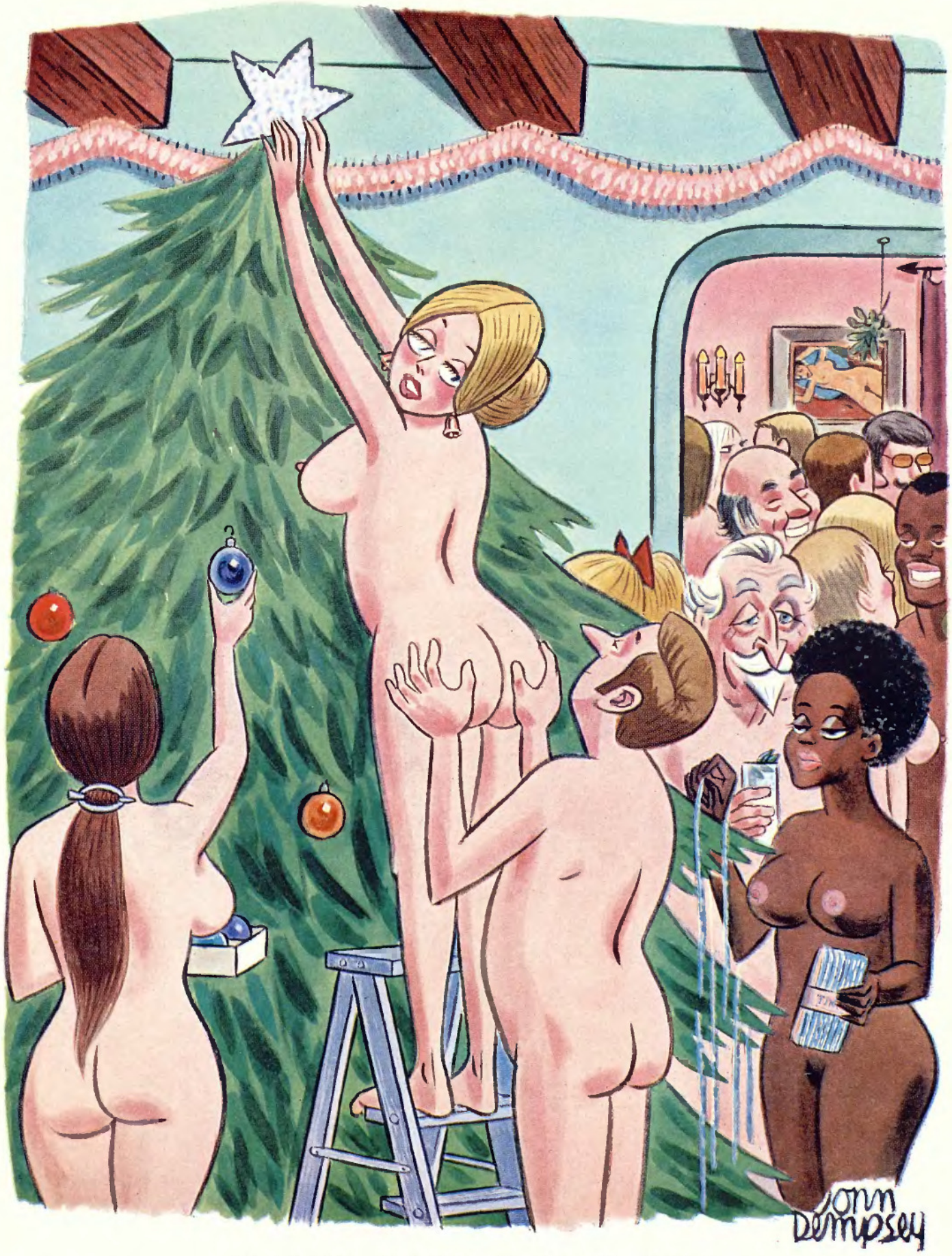
"Leave go! Leave go!" Mitch yelled, as he struggled to free himself, straining toward the flames.

The building was mostly of wood and in a minute it would be one raging inferno. Stacy, seeing that Mitch would not relent in his efforts to return to the fire, hit him in his gut and shoved him up and out through the window. As Stacy came through the window, just as he expected, Mitch tried to kick him in the face to knock him back into the burning room. Catching Mitch's foot in the air, Stacy hurled him backward into the dark night air, landing him on his ass; and as Stacy ran past Mitch, he was very careful not to miss stepping on him. He heard curses behind him in the night as he ran to catch up with the others.

The idea, voiced by the others, that Mitch had been "going too far," bothered Stacy. It sounded like the belief that if one sailed far enough over the open seas, one would eventually sail off the edge of the world. He found solace in repeating to himself: The world is round; you can sail on and on and end up where you started. It was as if the others were saying to him that the world is flat. His mind seized upon this incident to justify breaking with his gang. He was only waiting for the right moment.

• • •

The next time the others asked him to go on a raid, Stacy said no. After the others resigned themselves to inactivity for the night, Mitch and he stole away from them, leaving them sitting around the playground looking dejected, and the two of them headed for El Serrano by themselves. They prowled around for hours, without spotting anything worth while. It was Saturday night and every house seemed occupied; every business establishment, though they saw some that were obviously deserted and closed down for the weekend, seemed strangely forbidding and whispering of threat, crawling with hidden danger. They both felt this, without speaking about it, tacitly deciding there was no chance for action that night. Walking through alleys, down dark streets, always in the shadows, cutting back, zigzagging, to avoid the glow of street lights, they trekked to the heart of El Serrano. They knew they could not afford to be seen by anyone, because only whites lived there and one look at them and it would be all over. If a car headed their way, they scrambled for cover, crouching behind parked cars, lying flat behind trees, kneeling down in the shrubbery near houses. The police would know, upon seeing them, that their only business there was to steal. El Serrano was their happy hunting ground. They had been hunting there for years, and for as long as he had been doing it, not one of his gang had got caught. The cops would lie in wait for them, leaving a bait of valuables out in clear sight, but they always passed it up. "That's a fishhook," they'd whisper to each other in the dark, gliding through the shadows. Sometimes



"Just holding the ladder will suffice, Mr. Jacobs."

they'd sneak noiselessly right past the cops sitting in their patrol car parked in the shadows. Once, Mitch had crawled up to their car on his belly, like a commando, and removed the valve from a rear tire. By the time the cops detected the flat, Mitch was well away.

"Let's hit a few cars, if nothing else," Stacy said to Mitch, as they crept silently down an alley.

"OK," Mitch said.

With their screwdrivers, they jimmied the vent windows on the passenger side of a few cars, sticking in an arm to roll down the window, then shoving their heads through the window to look around inside the car. It was their habit to take anything of value. They'd take coats, binoculars, guns, tools, radios, groceries, anything they could use or sell. Most of their loot they sold to the people of the project at cheap prices. They didn't care; all they wanted was a little something to keep them going from day to day. Goods in hand, they'd go from door to door and show what they had. The people would jokingly call them bad boys, but they were always glad to see them. They'd let them in, pull the curtains and examine the display. Clothes for their children, for themselves, cooking utensils, lamps, clocks, radios—everything went. If they could not sell something, the gang would give it away. If nobody wanted it, they'd throw it away. But most of the time, if they had something that wouldn't sell, they'd let Mitch keep it. His cellar contained a wealth of worthless loot.

Their pockets and sacks filled, Stacy and Mitch had almost called it quits when Stacy saw another car that seemed to beckon to him. That car, he was to think later, communicated with him. He had already got himself a nice leather jacket that, because he was big for his age, was not a bad fit. He got to the car and opened the window. On the front seat was the long, snaky body of a five-battery flashlight and a fifth of whiskey in a bag. Good for a few bucks, Stacy thought. He fell in with Mitch and they headed for home.

As soon as they were a safe distance away, Stacy tested the flashlight, playing it down a pitch-black alley, fascinated by its powerful beam.

"Put out that fucking light, man!" Mitch growled curtly. "You trying to signal to the cops where we are, or something?"

Stacy shined the light in Mitch's face. Mitch tried to stare the beam down, but it wounded his eyes, forcing him to turn his head.

"You crazy fucker," he said in disgust.

Stacy felt giddy about the flashlight, his new possession. Its properties he seemed to appropriate and incorporate into his own being. The light, he felt, was a powerful extension of himself.

• • •

The next night, when they all met at the playground, Stacy took his flashlight with him. It was an instrument that had to be used, a charge that by its potency refused to lie idle. As he left his room, it all but leaped into his hand, guiding itself into his palm. He had taken it completely apart several times, feeling a flush of triumph each time he reassembled it, flicked the button and saw the bulb glow. It seemed to him that when he assembled the parts, he was creating the light. And he had the strange feeling that this light would be the instrument by which great change would come into his life.

He loved his light. When he broke it down, he would caress the five batteries with his fingers, and the bulb, the gaskets, the spring in the cap. So closely did he examine each part that he had no doubt that out of a mountain of similar parts, he could easily select his own.

He would use the power of the batteries sparingly. As they all lay on the grass of the playground, the others kept urging him to turn it on, to show them how powerful was its beam. Stacy stood up and cast the beam into the hills, and a patch of light could be seen dimly sweeping the surface of the hills at a great distance. The others were impressed. Stacy lay on the lawn, fondling the metallic tube that held the mysteries of his future.

"Where did you score it?" asked one of the others.

"El Serrano," Stacy answered.

"When?"

"Last night."

"Last night?" Turtle perked up. "I thought you said last night you weren't going?"

Stacy made no reply. A heavy silence ensued. The others, not looking directly at Stacy, were nevertheless watching him closely, waiting for an answer to clarify what looked now like a betrayal.

Stacy said nothing.

A few minutes passed in this silence.

Then Mitch said, "Don't you punks know when you're not wanted along? Can't you take a hint?" Mitch spoke in a harsh, contemptuous tone, which was not directed to Turtle alone but to all the others. "Me and Stacy ducked you suckers last night and we scored heavy by ourselves. I got myself a flashlight, too, just like that one." After a significant pause, he added, "Who needs you guys with them? All you ever do is make noise."

Stacy was embarrassed, for he could feel himself how Mitch's words were hurting the others. He smothered an impulse to smash Mitch's face, to make him shut up, to make him retract that lie about his own flashlight—but he held back. Inside, he was glad that Mitch had spoken these things, for now something was done that could never be undone, and he had the intimation that Mitch was setting him free. Then he said, "You've got a big, dumb mouth, Mitch."

"It's my mouth," Mitch snapped back, "big or not."

Suddenly, Stacy felt a deep loathing for the position he was in. He hated the necessity of giving them an explanation. If he acknowledged that he owed them an explanation, he would be sucked back in and lose this chance. Jumping up, he kicked Mitch in his side, and as he ran off into the night, he could hear Mitch's laughter following him.

He ran until he was exhausted, then walked until he found himself at the other end of the project. Around him, it was quiet and dark. The apartment windows were yellow squares where the shades stopped the light. He sat down on the lawn, propped himself up against a tree and closed his eyes. His heart still raced in his chest from running. He clung to his flashlight, glad to be alone.

Sometime later, he became aware of the sound of movement near him; he heard the muffled rustling of paper. Opening his eyes, at first he could make out nothing, then just below him, where the lawn on which he sat sloped down to meet the sidewalk, he saw a shadowy form kneeling and reaching into the hedge next to Mrs. Chapman's front door. Stacy realized it was a Marijuano, but he couldn't make out which one. As he sat there, watching, it seemed to him that he was becoming aware of the Marijuanos for the first time. Then he wondered, what would the Marijuano do if he shined the flashlight on him? This thought, this possibility of making something happen, already had fastened upon his imagination; and even as he hesitated, he knew that he would end by doing it. He perceived, in a flash, that such a step would set in motion forces of which he was not even aware. What will happen? he wondered. Am I afraid to do it? By putting the question to himself in terms of his courage, he knew that he had to do it.

Silently, he got to his feet and squatted on his haunches. Aiming his flashlight at the phantom, he savored the keen edge of the moment before the action, anticipating it with sharp exhilaration. Then he pressed the button. It was Chango! Chango froze, all lit up, his face contorted, eyes wide with panic. For the briefest moment, Chango remained motionless, his arm buried in the hedge up to his shoulder. Then he exploded, scooting backward on his knees, stumbling to his feet, tripping, falling down, crawling, looking over his shoulder to see if he was being chased, his face hysterical. Stacy kept the light on him till he turned the corner on the hump, then

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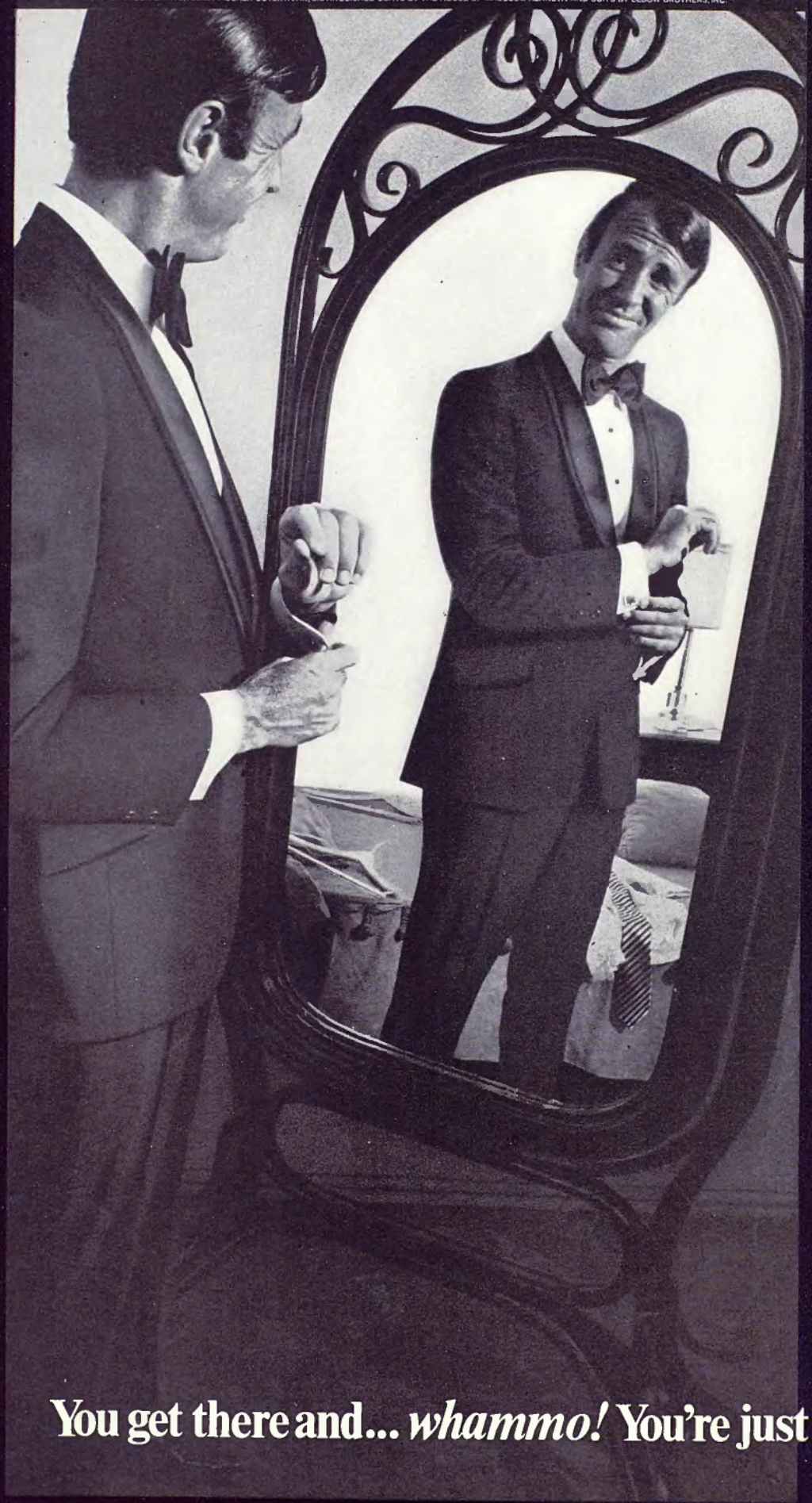

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he flicked off the light and ran toward the playground. When he came to another dark spot, he fell onto the lawn and laughed till he could hardly breathe, rolling on the ground. The way Chango had looked when the beam first split his face, how he had flown! For long after, just the thought of it would send him chuckling.

That night, he dreamed that the world was inside a box with steep sides and no top, like the walls of a frontier fort, and the sun was a huge flashlight of a billion batteries with a tube so long it never ended; and some kid in the sky watching the people groping in darkness below pressed the button and the people said "Day" and he released the button and the people said "Night." Stacy woke up in a sweat, clutching his flashlight, keenly appreciative of the powers of light.

• • •

The next day, time seemed to slow down on purpose to torture him. It was with a keen foretaste of pleasure that he awaited the setting of the sun. All during school, he could think of nothing but his flashlight, the Marijuanos and how he would terrorize them again tonight. He saw himself chasing them all over the project. They would be there tonight, he had not the slightest doubt. They were always there. When it rained, they donned heavy coats and plastic slickers and did business as usual. The only time the Marijuanos would leave was when the cops came; and when the cops went away, the Marijuanos reappeared, like air drawn into a vacuum. That evening, Stacy hid in the bushes around the square at the end of the row of apartments in which Mrs. Chapman lived, not far from the spot where he had surprised Chango. The square was one of several located at strategic intervals throughout the project, placed there by the architects to add beauty to public housing. It was a concrete-covered clearing 30 feet by 40 feet, surrounded with hedges and flowers and shaded by a tall tree. The tree's rich foliage hung over the square like a giant umbrella. It could actually stop rain. On each side of the square were four cement benches of the type often seen in public parks: a flat slab resting on two upright stays. During the daylight hours, the little kids scampered and romped in the square, riding in their wagons and on tricycles, catching and bouncing big rubber balls, jumping rope, playing jacks and hopscotch. At night, the Marijuanos took it over, using it to contact customers who came to Crescent Heights from all over Los Angeles to score their weed.

Stacy waited for the right moment. Hidden in the shadows of the square, the Marijuanos were smoking weed and making transactions. The acrid aroma tantalized Stacy's nostrils. He had smelled burning marijuana before, but never from so close. He knew that what he was doing was very dangerous and this knowledge, coupled with the intrigue of the night, the smell of the burning marijuana and the sight of men moving back and forth, talking in low voices and laughing now and then, gave it all a touch of adventure. Stacy felt keenly alive. He was doing something not often done, something he had never done before, something none of the others had ever dreamed of doing. He knew also that if a bush moved, the Marijuanos noticed it. Like him, they were all neighborhood boys who had spent their entire lives in the immediate area. They knew every tree, every hole in the ground, every rock, every bush and everybody. They could feel a cop coming. No cop could have snuck up on them as Stacy had done. It would not have been natural. But Stacy, who knew and loved every inch of the earth of Crescent Heights, had crept right up on the Marijuanos. With a little effort, he could have reached out and touched them. When he could bear it no longer, Stacy aimed his flashlight into the square. Before pressing the button, he gave the bushes a violent shake, drawing the Marijuanos' attention to him, then let go with the light. The Marijuanos gave up the square in a mad stampede, crashing through the bushes and running over each other. Stacy then dashed off in the direction the Marijuanos were least likely to take: He sprinted to the well-lit playground.

Three days later, at school, Mitch said, "The Marijuanos are after you."

"After me for what?" Stacy asked, a look of surprise on his face.

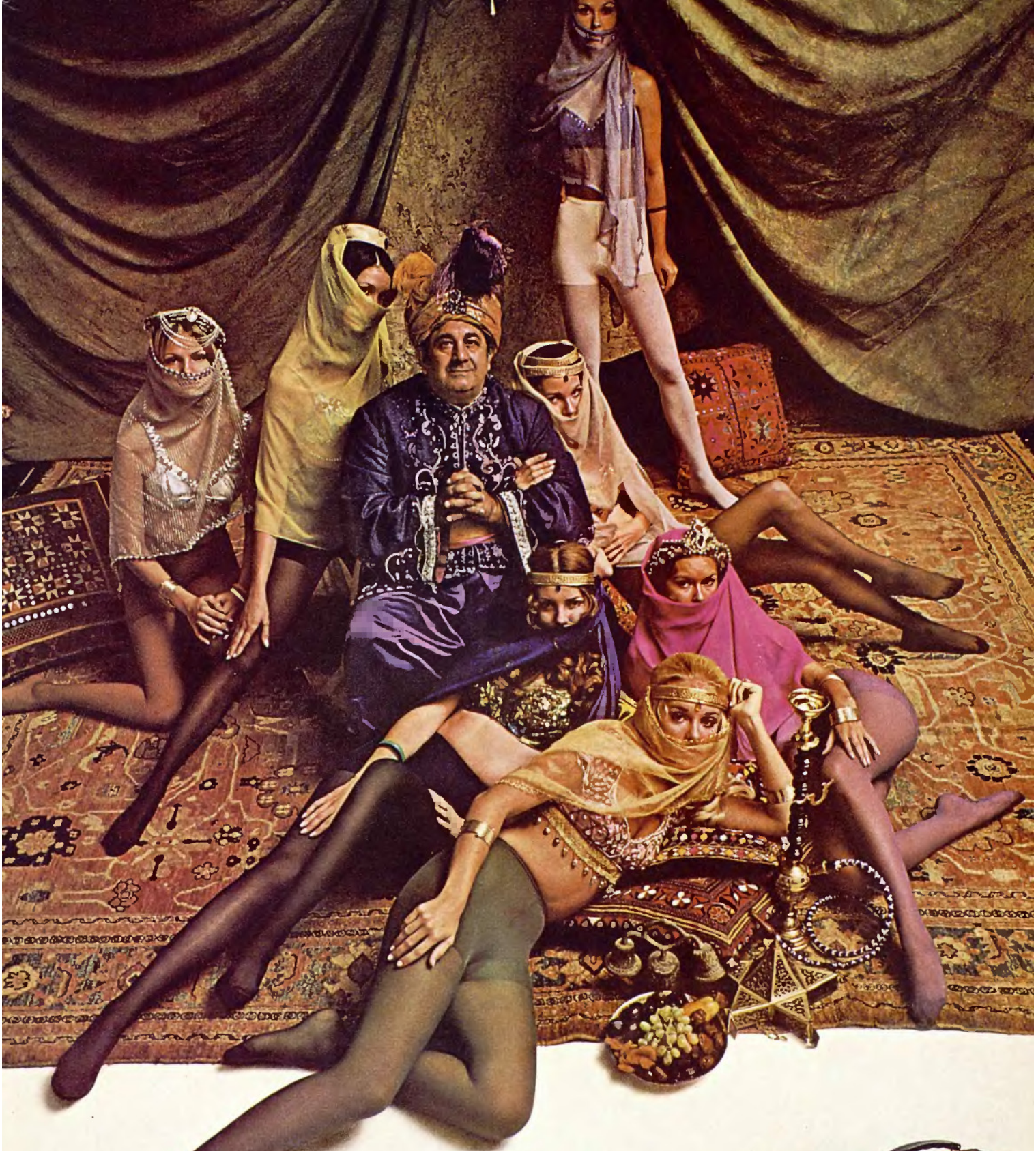
"You know for what," Mitch said curtly. "You and that flashlight, that's what."

"What about my flashlight?" Stacy asked, hungrily wanting to hear any details.

"You won't be playing dumb when they catch you," said Mitch. "Cutie, Chico and Chango said they're going to catch you and fuck you up. You know better than to fool around with those guys."

Stacy had not expected the Marijuanos

"You weigh a hundred and sixty-five pounds and you're going to be in big trouble if you don't get off my foot, earthman."



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to send him congratulations, but he did not really feel in danger; just as when he went on raids to El Serrano, he had not regarded the dangers as real. They were part of a game, like a penalty in football. If one made no mistakes, it was as if the penalties did not even exist.

"Fuck the Marijuanos," Stacy said.

"That's easy to say," said Mitch, "but wait till they get their hands on you. The Marijuanos don't play around when they mean business."

Stacy had assumed that each time he turned on his light, the Marijuanos would automatically react the same way —run. But now that they knew it was he and not the cops, he knew their reaction would change. Whereas their main purpose had been to flee from a cop, it was now an angry desire to extinguish Stacy's light.

"The Marijuanos said you're putting the heat on them," Mitch had said.

"Later for them," Stacy said. But he was jolted by that charge. In Crescent Heights, only a rat would knowingly put the heat on someone. And a known rat couldn't last five minutes in Crescent Heights. It was unheard of. Stacy had not expected such a charge. He threw it from his mind as too absurd and unpleasant to think about. He continued to creep up on the Marijuanos and flash his light on them. And when he did, it was he who had to take off, running, because the Marijuanos would be right on his heels. It was easy for Stacy to outdistance them. They laid traps for him. Some of them hid in the bushes while the others tried to sucker him in. They laid up a store of bricks, bottles and beer cans. Once, they hid near Stacy's home to ambush him on his way home. Stacy laughed at them and outflanked their every maneuver. Their battle, the Marijuanos' efforts to catch Stacy and his efforts to escape, became notorious in Crescent Heights. Everybody knew they were after him. Everyone waited for news that Stacy had at last been caught. Eluding the Marijuanos became his full-time occupation. He defied them with pride.

But underneath it all, Stacy had some regrets that the feud had ever gotten started. He would have liked nothing better than to be out of the spot he was in, which was becoming more difficult to occupy. He wished that he could just leave them alone and drop the whole thing, to be done with the whole affair, to be free from worrying about how to get away from the Marijuanos in a given situation. But he continued to force the issue, convinced that he would somehow come through it all unscathed. The Marijuanos became marksmen with bricks and bottles and it took some prize footwork by Stacy to keep from getting his brains knocked out. Even so, they hit him in the side once with a heavy rock that took the wind out of him, and the only thing that kept him from collapsing on the spot was the sure knowledge of what they would do to him if they caught him.

The Marijuanos sent people to talk to Stacy, but he refused to listen. They repeated that he was ruining their business.

Stacy's mother said to him: "Son, you better mind your Ps and Qs. I know what you been doing and you'd better stop it."

"I know what I'm doing," Stacy said.

Now the other members of the gang shied away from Stacy. They said he had gone crazy and they saw nothing positive in his keen thrill of excitement in outwitting the Marijuanos. They didn't know how it felt to be hunted by them, to elude their traps, to spring out of the bushes unannounced with a blazing torch and scare the pants off of the Marijuanos. The Marijuanos were all in their 20s and Stacy, who felt neither old nor young, enjoyed this relationship with individuals already grown. He was a factor in their existence, whether they liked it or not. He had chosen them, like some gadfly in a dangerous game. They were stuck with Stacy and it was up to them to solve the problem. For his part, Stacy's course was clear. He would continue to bug them with his light.

One night, he climbed up a tree and from his perch saw Polio, a fat, phlegmatic Mexican, hide a little bag behind a bush. Several times, Polio returned to the bush, extracted from the bag, replaced it and went away. Stacy shinnied down the tree and chose a spot ten feet away from Polio's stash. The next time Polio came back, Stacy waited until he had gotten the bag and stuck his hand into it, then he hit him in the face with the blinding beam of the light. Dropping the bag, Polio uttered a cry and was in full flight before he realized it was Stacy, himself already running through the night in the opposite direction. He had scored again. It was coups like that that egged him on.

The Marijuanos tried a new trick. As Stacy walked home from school with the others one evening, two cars, one in front of him and one behind, pulled sharply into the curb and out poured the Marijuanos. They had not, however, counted on the speed of Stacy's legs. Stacy leaped over a fence into someone's yard and, before the startled dog in the yard realized what was happening, ran out the back way, was over the back fence and cutting out up the hill. Looking back, he saw the Marijuanos pile into their cars, burning rubber getting out of there. The stakes were going up. Such desperation!

When Stacy was in his classrooms, he was careful to sit near a window, in case the Marijuanos burst in to trap him. He suffered through his third-period class, because it was on the second floor and there was no ledge outside the windows. He felt trapped in that room. He fully expected the Marijuanos to know all about this particular room, and he would not have been surprised to look up one day and find them there. He watched for them in the halls, on the stairways, in the schoolyard, behind lockers in the gymnasium. During lunch hour, he often saw the Marijuanos drive by the school, their faces sweeping the crowd with Stacy-seeking eyes.

• • •

One day, the Marijuanos stopped chasing him and they stopped throwing things at him. When he crept up on them and flashed his light, they'd just look at him, in his direction. Stacy couldn't figure it out, but he didn't hang around waiting for answers. He ran away, as usual. One evening, Stacy was down at the playground, loafing, with his flashlight stuck in his belt like a knife or a gun. Turtle walked up to him.

"Chico wants to talk to you." Turtle said, pointing to another part of the playground, where, dressed in blue denims and wearing dark glasses, Chico stood waiting on the other side of the Cyclone fence. Warily, Stacy walked over, staying on his side of the fence, continually looking over his shoulder to see if the other Marijuanos were sneaking up on him while Chico held his attention.

"What do you want?" Stacy asked, mistrustfully.

"Say, Stacy," Chico began, "this shit has got to stop, man."

Stacy could see that Chico was burning with anger but trying also to conceal it. It shone like flaming coals in his black eyes. His mouth was set in a fixed, downthrusting scowl. Through the fence, Stacy got the same feeling he had had when, at the Griffith Park Zoo, he had stood outside the cage of a lion and stared into its huge cat eyes. He was thankful for the fence between them. He said nothing, only stared into Chico's dark glasses, at the fire in those eyes, and he saw something there besides anger and hatred, something that surprised him: He saw the embryo of a smile.

"I want to make a deal with you," Chico said.

"What kind of a deal?" Stacy asked, regarding Chico narrowly. His anxiety was that the other Marijuanos were sure to try something.

"Here," Chico said, and he shoved a ten-dollar bill into a square of the fence. Stacy let it lie there, wedged in the wire.

"What's that for?" asked Stacy.

"For your flashlight." Chico said.

"For ten dollars, you can buy three or four like this one," Stacy said, patting his flashlight on his side.

"I want yours," said Chico.

The flashlight weighed heavily on

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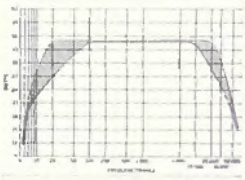

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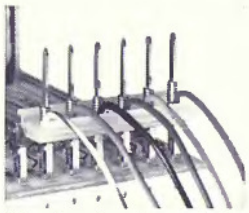

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Stacy's side. The full realization of what a burden it had become flowed in upon him. He wanted with all his heart to be rid of it.

"Listen to me, Stacy," Chico said. "You're a young cat and you don't realize what's going on. But you'd better think fast, because you don't have much time left. You know what the other guys want to do? Look." He lifted the corner of his shirt and showed Stacy the handle of a pistol stuck in his belt. "They want to just kill you. Because you're ranking our play. You're messing with our bread and butter, man."

Strangely, Stacy was not afraid. But he felt a knot in his chest, to think that the Marijuanos had been discussing his death.

"Listen, man," Chico went on. "We could kill you and bury you up on Walnut Hill and nobody would ever find your body. It would be no trouble at all. The cops wouldn't even look for you. You're just another nigger to them and they don't give a fuck about you. You know why we haven't done you up?"

Stacy stared at him impassively, not trusting himself to ask why, for not wanting to sound too urgent.

"Because you're one of us. You're from Crescent Heights." Chico paused. "So we decided to give you the respect of letting you make a choice. But maybe you're too fucking wild to see what's happening. We never like to fight with each other in Crescent Heights, Stacy, you know that. Because by sticking together, we can all make it, maybe. At least better than by fighting ourselves. At least we'll have a better chance. I'm a married man and I have my family to look out for. I don't have time to fuck around with you or anybody else. This is strictly business with me. If I get caught, I'm going to the can, and I don't look forward to that. I'm going to do everything in my power to see to it that I never get caught. Right now"—Chico paused, then went on—"right now, you are more of a problem than the narcs. So we've got to settle this right now. Right now. You know what, Stacy?" Chico looked at him and seemed to be measuring him. "You're getting to be about that age. . . . Do you get high? Do you blow weed?"

"No," Stacy said.

"Well, pretty soon. . . ." he paused. "It won't be long before you're going to get tired of running around in a pair of dirty Levis, fucking off your time with those other young cats. I've dug you and I know that you've got something on the ball. Pretty soon, you're going to want some nice clothes and some money in your pocket, some of that folding money, and you're going to want a little car of your own to ride around in with the bitches. But then you're going to find out the world is not a"—he broke off, looking around him, and swept the area with his arm—"a playground. You're going to find out the world is not a merry-go-round. It's hard, hard, Stacy. But we've got a good thing going for us here in Crescent Heights, and we intend to keep it working for us. You guys call us Marijuanos. . . . Yeah, we're Marijuanos, all right. But there are lots more Marijuanos in L. A., and lots of them come to us to score their jive. And you, with your flashlight, are fucking with all of that. I used to think like you and act like you. You know my brother Black Jack, don't you?"

"Yeah," Stacy said. "Everybody knows Black Jack."

"He used to control the action in Crescent Heights." Chico went on. "And he used to try getting me interested, but my mind was locked somewhere else. I was about your age and I used to call him Marijuano. Now I've got the bag and you're calling me Marijuano. It goes around and comes around; you take it a little way and then pass it on. Pretty soon, the little kids will be calling you Marijuano and, someday, kids that are not even born yet will be calling them Marijuanos. It will never end. But it's going to end for you unless you straighten up your hand.

"Take the money," Chico said, "and we'll forget the whole thing. We'll forget it all happened."

Stacy hesitated for a long moment, then said, "What about the others?"

"Same with them," Chico said. "Nobody will bother you. I give you my word. But you have to give me your word that you won't fool around anymore. I'm not giving you the money to buy you off. I'm giving it to you to wake you up."

"What good is your word?" Stacy asked. "How do I know you're not just setting me up?"

Chico looked at Stacy fiercely. "I never break my word when I give it like this. If I say I won't bother you, I won't. If I say I'm going to kill you, you're as good as dead."

Stacy walked down to the end of the fence, where it was lower. As he jumped over, he saw Mitch and the others watching. He walked up to Chico and handed him the flashlight. Chico pulled the ten-dollar bill from the fence and placed it in Stacy's hand.

"Play it cool," Chico said and walked away.

Stacy did not turn around to look after Chico. It felt good. It was a relief not to have to look over his shoulder anymore. The others walked over to Stacy. They all understood what had happened. They were all glad it was over. They all laughed and punched each other lightly to the body.

"You punks are crazy," said Mitch, off to the side.

"Let's throw a raid on El Serrano tonight," Turtle suggested.

"Count me out," Stacy said with mock astonishment, "I might find another flashlight!"

• • •

That night, Stacy walked into the square. When they saw who it was, the Marijuanos quickly surrounded him. There was murder in the intense way they crowded him.

"What the fuck you want?" Cutie snapped, fuming, his voice menacing, with overtones of blood.

"Nothing," Stacy said. He felt crushed, confused.

"Leave him alone," Chico spoke up. "Forget about it. I gave him my word that it was all over."

"You gave him your word," said Cutie, "but I didn't give him mine."

Stacy heard the click of Cutie's knife as it sprang open, although he couldn't see it in the darkness. He was afraid. Cutie was breathing in his face. The others stepped back. Stacy calculated his chances of running. All Cutie had to do was thrust upward with the blade to do damage.

"When I gave him my word, I gave him yours," Chico said. "And nobody's going to make me out a liar. Leave him alone, Cutie." Chico spoke with force and authority and he added, lowering his voice ominously: "Or are you going to make me out a liar?"

Cutie stepped back from Stacy and put his knife up. Tension evaporated from the square. The Marijuanos lit up joints of the weed.

Chico offered Stacy a joint.

"Never mind." Stacy said halfheartedly.

Chico fumbled with the joint and then lit it from the one being smoked by Gato. After he had taken a couple of drags, he passed it to Stacy.

"Here," he said.

Stacy took the joint between his fingers and raised it to his mouth, puffing in and immediately coughing out the acrid smoke. It felt like breathing over a burning rag. He was amazed at how the others could be smoking it if it tasted so bad.

"Do it like this," Chico said, taking the joint from Stacy. Chico took a long, powerful drag. Stacy watched the coal of fire travel up the joint as Chico consumed about half of it in that one drag. "Take it down into your lungs and hold it," he said. "You'll get used to it. The main thing is to hold it in your lungs as long as you can."

Stacy struggled over the remainder of the joint, coughing and choking occasionally, his throat getting raw, his eyes running, his heart racing. He was confused and a little apprehensive but continued to inhale the weed and hold in

"Oh, we don't kill them, lady—we just control them."

the smoke until his lungs expelled it. Then it was as if he ceased to exist. He was confronting a stranger in a body he recognized as his own but with which he was out of touch. His former state was now a memory; his new state was a soft, jet-smooth present fact. He had the sensation of being two disembodied beings fighting to inhabit one yielding body. His body, offering no resistance, became a battlefield on which two rival armies contended. The pitch of the war escalated as he took in more marijuana from the joints being passed around the circle of Marijuanos. Stacy accepted every one offered to him, and once he ended up with a lit reefer in each hand, puffing first one and then the other. He no longer cared or tried to keep track of how the war inside him was progressing. No matter which way it went, he thought, he'd still be the winner. He lost track of time. Everything seemed to occur without sequence, as if it was all happening simultaneously and spontaneously, separated rather by space than by time. He was dimly aware of people furtively entering the square, engaging one or another of the Marijuanos in short, snappy conversation. He watched as the Marijuanos collected money and disappeared from the square for a few moments, to return and hand something to the customer. These furtive shadows would brace up and, in a moment, fade from the square into the vast Los Angeles night.

Stacy was so high off the weed that the center of his vision was blotted out, although he could see perfectly well around the edges; and through these clear edges, he was trying to see into the center, around the dark spot. He had the impression that someone had taken a bottle of liquid shoe polish and, using the dauber, painted his eyeballs down the center. He did not notice that everyone was leaving, had drifted out of the square and gone for the night—except Chico, who was talking. At first, Stacy could make no sense of what he was saying.

"What? What?" Stacy kept asking him, over and over again.

"Go home, Stacy."

"What?"

"Go to your pad, man. I'm going to split."

"What?"

"It's one o'clock, man. You got too high."

Chico was laughing in Stacy's face. He was really having a big laugh. Stacy laughed, too. His face felt like rubber and he couldn't control his expression, though it was very dark in the square and Chico could not tell. Stacy's face seemed to be sagging and he was flexing his facial muscles to hold it in place, but it kept sliding down again. "I'm not high," he said.

"No, you're not high," Chico said, laughing. "You're wasted!"

Stacy was laughing, too.

"Do you think you can find your way to your pad?" Chico asked.

"Sure," Stacy said. "Who could forget that?" Even as he spoke, he experienced the panic of having no idea where he lived. "Where are we right now?" he asked Chico.

Chico knew that, although it was funny, it was also a serious phase Stacy was going through; and if he had not been there, Stacy might have wandered around Crescent Heights all night, looking for his house.

"We're in the square by Mrs. Chapman's house," Chico said.

"Where is Mrs. Chapman's house?" Stacy asked.

Chico turned Stacy to his right and he recognized Mrs. Chapman's apartment at the end of the row. From there, traveling like a beam of light, his mind raced off into infinity, reconstructing that portion of the universe of which he was aware. . . . There is Mrs. Chapman's pad, this is the square, the playground is down there, that's Boundary Avenue up there, Florizel Street over there, Mercury Avenue over there, downtown L. A. is that way, Pasadena is that way, Lincoln Heights is over there, El Serrano and Alhambra are over there—I live down that way. Stacy felt serene, lucid, triumphant, peculiarly masterful and at peace.

"I'm going home," he said to Chico.

"Think you can make it?"

"Sure," he said. "Ain't nothing to it."

"I'll see you around," Chico said.

Stacy had started to walk in the direction of home when he missed something. He stopped, wondering what it was he was forgetting. Then he remembered the flashlight and laughed to himself. He did not know yet whether a Marijuano had any use for a flashlight. As he walked dreamily home, he had no doubt that he would soon find out.

manage you properly."

"I understand now," he said.

"Good luck in Rome," I said.

"Thank you, Mr. Robinson," he said, "but maybe if you do retire, maybe you'll be my manager then. Mr. Robinson, if you retire, you'll have the time to be my manager then. If you forget, I'll remind you."

"You do that," I said, turning away.

"Thank you, Mr. Robinson," he continued, his big eyes still staring at me. "Thank you, anyway."

"OK," I said. "I've got things to do."

Inside my café, I turned to look at him again. He was on the sidewalk, staring back. I waved and he walked away. Over the years, I had been stopped by some awful pests, but at least this kid was a polite pest.

"If that kid can fight like he can talk," I said to somebody at the bar, "he'll be something."

He soon proved that he could. He won his Olympic gold medal in the light-heavyweight class at Rome. When he turned pro, he kept on winning. He kept in touch with me. He would phone every so often and tell me about his fights and his next opponents, about how he had copied my style.

"You are the king, the master, my idol," he would say, quite seriously.

By now, his mouth was making more headlines than his fists. He was predicting the round that he would knock out his opponent in and making good on the boasts. He was reciting poetry. He was calling himself The Greatest.

"Cassius," I teased him once on the phone, "how come you're The Greatest now? You always told me I was."

"You really are," he said. "All that stuff is just something I say to make people notice me. And it works."

By the spring of 1963, he had talked himself into a main event with a heavyweight contender, Doug Jones, at the Garden. The newspapers in New York were on strike at the time, but that meant he had more time for TV. Once, he was on TV reciting poetry with some beatniks at a Greenwich Village coffeehouse. That was too much. That was no way to train for a fight. The next day, I told him that at Wiley's Gym.

"Well, what should I do?" he asked me.

"What you need," I said, "is somebody to watch over you, somebody to keep you happy and relaxed. I know a man like that, Drew Brown, he likes to be called Boudini. He was in my camp a few years ago. I'll send him up to see you. You'll like him. He'll help you."

"Sugar Ray," he said, "if this man helped *you*, he's got to help me."

He hit it off right away with Boudini. He liked to laugh and Boudini did things that made him laugh. When he was training for Liston, he and Boudini had an act they'd put on for the writers and photographers.

Boudini would yell, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee."

Then they'd both shout, "Rumble, young man, rumble," and Clay would break up laughing. Boudini had him relaxed and happy, like a fighter should be, but Boudini knew when to be serious. One day, my phone rang at six in the morning.

"Ray," he said, "you've got to talk to Cassius."

"What's the matter?" I said. "What's gone wrong?"

"He ain't doing his roadwork. Just now, he ran two blocks and came home. Yesterday, he did the same thing, he ran a couple hundred yards and quit, said he don't need it. He *thinks* he's in shape, but he ain't. He ain't running at all."

"I'll talk to him," I promised.

When I phoned Cassius, I didn't want it to sound like I knew anything, so I talked about things in general at first, then I maneuvered to the point.

"How's your training going?" I said.

"Good," he said. "Boudini's my man, just like he was your man."

"How's your roadwork?"

"I'm doin' what I always done."

"Is that enough?"

"Always has been."

"But this time," I reminded him, "you might have to go fifteen rounds. You've got to be prepared to go fifteen rounds. Proper roadwork is the only way you can get ready to go fifteen rounds. How many miles are you running each day?"

"I never count 'em," he said.

"I used to start off with a couple miles —running, jogging, sometimes running backward. The last few weeks before the fight, I'd increase it to three miles, and then to four, and eventually to five miles."

"Five miles a day!"

"No other way to do it, man," I said, "no other way."

"*You* ran all that?"

"For every big fight," I said.

"Man," he said, all shook up.

"Cassius," I said, "if you believe in me, you'll make sure you do those miles in the morning. But don't do it for me, man, do it for yourself. You're the one who's going in with Liston."

The next morning, Boudini told me later, Clay was like a kid with a new toy. All he wanted to do was run.

After that, Cassius phoned me every day, sometimes twice a day, and told me how he was training. Angelo Dundee was supervising his workouts and advising him, and Angelo is a sharp boxing man. But sometimes a fighter likes to discuss his training with somebody besides his trainer. When Cassius wanted advice, he phoned me.

"And now I got a big question for

"Tell me, Narcissus, is there someone else?"

you," he said one day on the phone. "How should I fight Liston?"

"The same way I fought Jake LaMotta," I said. "The matador and the bull. You can't match strength with Liston, just like I couldn't match strength with LaMotta. He was the bull, but I was the matador and I outsmarted him. You can beat Liston the same way. I'll send you the film of my LaMotta fight and you study it."

"Better than that," he said, "you bring it. You must be here for the fight. You must be with me."

I was between fights, so I agreed. On the flight to Miami, I realized that he had slicked me into becoming sort of his manager after all. He had me advising him on his training and his tactics, as he had asked me to do that day outside my café in 1960. Instead of resenting the way he had charmed me, I was enjoying it. But when I arrived at the pink-stucco home he had rented in the Negro neighborhood of Miami, the scene was unlike anything I'd ever seen for a fighter a few days before the biggest thing in his life.

Noise, man. Wall-to-wall noise.

His sparring partners, including his brother Rudolph Valentino Clay, were there, and that was good. But some young girls were there, too—foxes, Cassius called them. And some middle-aged men—Black Muslims, I later discovered. All I knew was that there was too much commotion and too much temptation.

"Cassius," I told him when I got him alone, "you've got to clear out these people."

"What for?" he said. "All these foxes keep me goin'. They give me more incentive."

"Man, they'll give you nothin' but trouble. Save your incentive for after the fight."

I wasn't sure that he'd go along with me, but he did. The house quieted down. He got more rest. He had more time to think about how he was going to fight Liston, how he was "going to bait the bear," as he called him. He liked to taunt Liston. One day, he had stopped at the hotel where Liston was training, to shout and yell at him. The day of the fight, I had a talk with him before we left for the weighin.

"When you see Liston," I said, "play it cool. Don't go mouthing off, man. The fight is *tonight*."

"Don't worry," he assured me. "Everything's gonna be all right. The bear already is in my trap."

The moment he saw Liston, he forgot his promise. He started to shout and yell about how he was The Greatest, about how he was going to beat Liston like he was his daddy. The more he shouted, the wilder he got. His eyes looked like they were going to jump out of his head. I was trying to calm him down; so were Boudini and Angelo Dundee; but nobody had any influence over him. He was like a maniac. The commission chairman fined him $2500. One of the commission doctors pronounced him "on the verge of hysteria." In the midst of the excitement, Bill Faversham, one of the Louisville millionaires who had bankrolled Clay, took me aside.

"Ray," he said, "please do me a favor."

"I'll try, Mr. Faversham," I said. "What is it?"

"Stay with Cassius the rest of the day."

"You don't want me for that, you want a padded cell."

"Ray, he'll listen to you."

"He didn't here," I replied. "I warned him not to make a scene here."

"But he doesn't listen to *us* at all."

"All right," I said, "I'll try to calm him down when we get back to the house."

"You're our only hope, Ray," he said.

The strangest thing was, when we got into the car to return to the house, Cassius had cooled off completely. I couldn't believe it. When I finally had him alone in the house, I sat down across from where he was resting in his bed.

"Now, listen, Cassius," I began.

"I'm all right, man," he said. "Calm and collected."

"That's not the point," I said.

"Then what is?" he said quietly.

"If you're not going to listen to me, Cassius, then you don't need me here with you. I'm trying to be your friend, trying to give you advice. But if you're not going to take it, I'm not going to bother to give it. Everything you're going through today, waiting for a title fight, I went through dozens of times. Now, either you listen to me or I leave."

"Sugar Ray," he said slowly. "Sugar Ray, the greatest. I must listen to you."

"All right, then," I said. "When you go into that ring tonight, no nonsense."

"OK, no nonsense," he said. "But that bear turns me on. He thinks he's so tough. And he can't beat me. No way."

"That's just it," I said.

"Just what?" he wondered.

"You've got to prove that he can't beat you in the *ring*, man, no place else. That's where you've got to make a fool out of him. All this talking don't win you the fight. Nobody at the weighin raised your hand and pronounced you the new champion because you outtalked Liston. You got to beat him in the ring. That's the only place it counts. In the *ring*."

"Sugar Ray," he said, looking up, "you know what the business is all about."

The rest of the afternoon and in the early hours of the evening, he was perfectly relaxed. He dozed off for a nap. He watched TV and when he saw his antics at the weighin, he laughed so hard he shook. But that night in the dressing room, I had another scare. Willie Reddish, who trained Liston, came in to check the taping on Clay's hands. Reddish teased Clay about the wild weighin.

"Man," Cassius said, "I'll whip you right here and I'll whip your bear in the ring."

Reddish, who had once been a heavyweight, went into his stance and flicked a couple of playful jabs. Clay hopped off the rubbing table and made a big bluff out of going after Willie. He didn't get far. Angelo grabbed him. So did Boudini. And so did I.

"Sit down and stay there," I said.

When I saw the little smile in the corner of Clay's face, I realized he was fooling with Reddish; but I don't think Reddish realized that. When he returned to Liston's dressing room, I'm told he shook his head and said, "That kid is crazy"—crazy like a fox; because when the fight started, he made a mess of Liston. He stuck his jab in Liston's face whenever he wanted to, and he had him bloodied up long before Liston stayed on his stool when the bell rang for the seventh round. I don't know if Liston had a sore shoulder, like he claimed, but I know he had a sore face.

The moment Clay realized that he had won, he started leaping around the ring.

"Eat your words," he shouted at the sportswriters at ringside. "Eat your words."

Virtually all of the sportswriters had rated Clay a braggart instead of a boxer.

When he spotted me in the ringside seats, he yelled, "The matador and the bull."

Now that Clay was the champion, I had a decision to make. Several days before the fight, he had mentioned that he wanted me to join him as an advisor on strategy and theater-TV plans. Meanwhile, I had discovered his leanings toward the Black Muslims. The day after the Liston fight, he announced his conversion. He had been tutored by Malcolm X, then the chief aide to Elijah Muhammad. In his way, Malcolm X was a brilliant man, a true orator. But he wasn't my style. Neither was the Muslim doctrine.

"Cassius," I told him, thankful for the excuse, "I'm still a fighter. I just can't get involved with you full time now."

He accepted that and I hustled back to New York. He changed his name to Cassius X and he later changed it to Muhammad Ali. He would phone me every so often, but I went to Europe again. During my trip, he required hernia surgery that delayed his November return bout with Liston. In February 1965, when he was still recuperating, I was in Kingston, Jamaica. When there's snow in New York, it's always nice to

Blended Whiskey, 80 Proof, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits, Paul Jones Distilling Co., Louisville, Kentucky.

arrange a fight somewhere in the Caribbean. When the promoter there heard me discussing my friendship with Clay, he had an idea.

"Call the champ in Miami," the promoter said, "and invite him down to work in your corner as a second."

It was a good stunt. Clay had never been to Jamaica. He was colorful and would add to the crowd and to my percentage. When I phoned him, I told him I'd give him $1000. He was on the next plane, along with his first wife, Sonji, and Boudini. When he strutted down the ramp, he was waving and yelling.

"The greatest second has arrived," he was shouting, "for Sugar Ray—the king, the master, my idol."

He always used the same line, but I loved it. The way he dramatized it, I always had to laugh at it. He was a funny kid. I mean funny comical; but he could be funny weird, too, whenever he preached Muslim doctrine.

"The white man is destroying the world," he would say.

"Don't talk foolish," I said. "You don't make any sense."

"Allah," he said, "Allah is the only one who can save us all. And his prophet is Elijah Muhammad, the leader of the nation of Islam. The last time I saw Elijah Muhammad, in Chicago, he told me to tell you that if you would embrace the Muslim faith, he'd collect seven hundred thousand dollars for you."

"For me—seven hundred thousand dollars?"

"There are seven hundred thousand of us Muslims," he said, "and Elijah told me that each one would gladly contribute a dollar if you joined us and announced that you have embraced the Muslim faith. The great Sugar Ray Robinson, a Muslim."

"But I can't do that," I said.

"What do you mean, you can't?"

"Because I don't believe in the Muslims," I said. "Cassius, a religion is something you've got to believe in. You believe in it, and I respect you for it. I don't agree with you, but I respect your right to believe what you want. To me, any sort of belief in God is good—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Muslim. But from a little kid, I've believed in Christianity and in the Bible, life with Jesus Christ. All the Christian religions preach love for your fellow man. But not the Muslim faith. The Muslim faith preaches hate for the white man."

He didn't seem to know what to say.

I continued, "You know your slogan—the white man is a devil, the white devils. That's terrible. You can't live in this world hating people. You can't live without the white man, or the black man, or the red man, or the yellow man. Your hate is wrong. People should be against hate, not with it."

"All right," he said, "but if you ever change your mind. . . ."

"I won't change my mind," I said. "You tell Elijah Muhammad thanks for the offer, but I'm happy the way I am, a Christian believer."

And that ended the conversation.

Although I disagreed with his Muslim faith, somehow I liked him. Most of the time, Cassius Clay is one of the most likable people I've ever known. I hoped that our differences wouldn't ruin our friendship. They didn't. We continued to phone each other quite often. He made a big fuss over me when he trained in New York for his fight with Zora Folley, his last title defense before he refused to enter the United States Army in 1967.

"Sugar Ray," his voice boomed over the phone one night. "You have to work in my corner."

"You have all the good corner men you need," I told him. "You don't want me there, too."

"I worked in your corner in Kingston, Jamaica," he said. "Now you have to work in mine."

To him, it was like a debt. He offered me $1000, the same amount he had earned in Kingston. At the time, I really needed that grand, and he probably realized that.

"All right," I said, "I'll come down to the Garden tomorrow and we'll talk about it."

In the dull gray basement of the Garden, a ring had been set up for Cassius to work in. As I arrived, he was inside the ropes, shadowboxing. When he took a breather, he spotted me.

"The king, the master, my idol," he shouted.

About 300 people were there, watching the workout. When he pointed at me, their heads spun.

"Sugar Ray Robinson," he announced, "The Greatest. . . ."

In a stage whisper, he added, "Except for me," and everybody laughed. His voice boomed again. "Here he comes, the

"One thing for sure—we know who didn't do it."

king, the master, my idol! Sugar Ray Robinson! He will be in my corner, advising me of his secrets, when I oppose Zora Folley."

I didn't work in his corner, but he didn't need me. His fast hands and his fast feet were enough. Folley went in the fourth. Cassius is the fastest heavyweight I've ever seen, and his speed would enable him to conquer most of the slow-moving heavyweight champions, like the late Rocky Marciano; Cassius would be too fast and too fancy for Rocky, but his speed wouldn't help him against Joe Louis. Before the second Billy Conn fight, Joe said, "He can run, but he can't hide." It would be the same with Cassius against the ropes, he'd break both his arms. Before he was champion, Cassius was knocked down by Henry Cooper and Sonny Banks. If they could knock him down, Joe Louis would knock him out. I never saw any of the heavyweight champions before Joe Louis, but Jersey Joe Walcott, with his shuffling sideways style, would have given Cassius trouble.

As it turned out, I did give Cassius some advice, but he spurned it.

The night before his fight with Folley, my phone rang at about 11 o'clock. Cassius sounded more serious than I had ever heard him.

"Sugar Ray," he said, "can you come down to see me? Please, I have got to see you tonight—now."

He was staying at Loew's Midtown Motor Inn, across Eighth Avenue from the old Garden. When I knocked on his door, he opened it himself. He was the only one in the room. He handed me a wad of bills.

"Here's your thousand dollars," he said.

"But there's no way I can be in your corner," I said. "I don't have a license as a second."

"Man, you *wanted* to," he said. "That's good enough."

"What's going on, Cassius?" I said, not thinking that he preferred to be called Muhammad Ali. "Why did you call me here at this hour?" And then it hit me. "I mean, Muhammad."

"Never mind the Muhammad," he said. "You don't have to call me that."

"Well, what's on your mind?" I said. "You got a fight tomorrow. You should have been asleep two hours ago."

"It's the Army," he said.

"What about the Army?" I asked.

"They want me—soon."

"I know that," I said. "I read about it in the paper last week."

"But I can't go," he said.

"You've got to go," I said.

"No," he said. "Elijah Muhammad told me that I can't go."

"What do you mean, you *can't* go?" I said, really annoyed.

Sitting there on the bed, his eyes on the floor, he didn't know how to answer me.

"That's what he told me."

"I don't care what Muhammad told you," I continued, "but I do care about you. If you don't go into the Army, you'll go to jail. When that happens, they'll take your title away. When you come out of jail, you won't be permitted to fight. Do you realize that you're forfeiting your entire career? Do you believe in this Muslim business this much, to give up your entire career?"

"Well," he stumbled, "Muhammad told me."

"Then let Muhammad go to jail. When you go to jail, none of those other Muslim leaders are going to jail with you. I know you respect your religion, but at the same time, you must live by the law of the land, wherever you live, you must live by the law."

"But I'm afraid, Ray, I'm really afraid."

"Afraid of what?" I said. "Afraid of the Muslims if you don't do what Muhammad told you?"

He didn't answer me.

"Now, look, Cassius," I said, "I told you what I think. That's all I can do for you. I'm your friend and I'm always going to advise you with what I think is right."

"Thanks," he said quietly. "Thanks for coming."

He stood up and we shook hands. I looked into his handsome face as I left. His eyes were glistening with tears—tears of torment, tears of indecision.

It was the last time I saw Cassius to talk to while he was still the champion. He knocked out Zora Folley the next day, and shortly thereafter refused to be drafted into the Army. That same day, his title was vacated by the New York State Athletic Commission and the World Boxing Association. It wasn't fair. The least the commission and the W. B. A. could have done was wait until his conviction had completely cleared the courts—which still hasn't happened. In any case, the title is Cassius' property. He won it in the ring, and that's the only place he should have lost it.

"Well, Edna? Now what do you think of my silly experiments!!"

CORDLE *(continued from page 162)*

knowledge of having put someone else in that position.

He had done it! Just like that, he had transformed himself from onion into carrot!

But was his position ethically defensible? Presumably, the clerk could not help being detestable: he was a product of his own genetic and social environment, a victim of his conditioning; he was naturally rather than intentionally hateful——

Cordle stopped himself. He saw that he was engaged in typical onionish thinking, which was an inability to conceive of carrots except as an aberration from oniondom.

But now he knew that both onions *and* carrots had to exist; otherwise, there would be no Stew.

And he also knew that a man was free and could choose whatever vegetable he wanted to be. He could even live as an amusing little green pea, or a gruff, forceful clove of garlic (though perhaps that was scratching at the metaphor). In any event, a man could take his pick between carrothood and oniondom.

There is much to think about here, Cordle thought. But he never got around to thinking about it. Instead, he went sight-seeing, despite the rain, and then continued his travels.

• • •

The next incident occurred in Nice, in a cozy little restaurant on the Avenue des Diables Bleus, with red-checkered tablecloths and incomprehensible menus written in longhand with purple ink. There were four waiters, one of whom looked like Jean-Paul Belmondo, down to the cigarette drooping from his long lower lip. The others looked like run-of-the-mill muggers. There were several Scandinavian customers quietly eating a *cassoulet*, one old Frenchman in a beret and three homely English girls.

Belmondo sauntered over. Cordle, who spoke a clear though idiomatic French, asked for the ten-franc menu he had seen hanging in the window.

The waiter gave him the sort of look one reserves for pretentious beggars. "Ah, that is all finished for today," he said, and handed Cordle a 30-franc menu.

In his previous incarnation, Cordle would have bit down on the bullet and ordered. Or possibly he would have risen, trembling with outrage, and left the restaurant, blundering into a chair on the way.

But now——

"Perhaps you did not understand me," Cordle said. "It is a matter of French law that you must serve from all of the fixed-price menus that you show in the window."

"*M'sieu* is a lawyer?" the waiter inquired, his hands perched insolently on his hips.

"No. *M'sieu* is a troublemaker." Cordle said, giving what he considered to be fair warning.

"Then *m'sieu* must make what trouble he desires," the waiter said. His eyes were slits.

"OK." Cordle said. And just then, fortuitously, an elderly couple came into the restaurant. The man wore a double-breasted slate-blue suit with a half-inch white pin stripe. The woman wore a flowered organdy dress. Cordle called to them, "Excuse me, are you folks English?"

A bit startled, the man inclined his head in the barest intimation of a nod.

"Then I would advise you not to eat here. I am a health inspector for UNESCO. The chef apparently has not washed his hands since D day. We haven't made a definitive test for typhoid yet, but we have our suspicions. As soon as my assistant arrives with the litmus paper. . . ."

A deathly hush had fallen over the restaurant.

"I suppose a boiled egg would be safe enough," Cordle said.

The elderly man probably didn't believe him. But it didn't matter, Cordle was obviously trouble.

"Come, Mildred," he said, and they hurried out.

"There goes sixty francs plus five percent tip," Cordle said, coolly.

"Leave here at once!" the waiter snarled.

"I like it here," Cordle said, folding his arms. "I like the *ambiance*, the sense of intimacy——"

"You are not permitted to stay without eating."

"I shall eat. From the ten-franc menu."

The waiters looked at one another, nodded in unison and began to advance in a threatening phalanx. Cordle called to the other diners, "I ask you all to bear witness! These men are going to attack me, four against one, contrary to French law and universal human ethics, simply because I want to order from the ten-franc menu, which they have falsely advertised."

It was a long speech, but this was clearly the time for grandiloquence. Cordle repeated it in English.

The English girls gasped. The old Frenchman went on eating his soup. The Scandinavians nodded grimly and began to take off their jackets.

The waiters held another conference. The one who looked like Belmondo said, "*M'sieu*, you are forcing us to call the police."

"That will save me the trouble," Cordle said, "of calling them myself."

"Surely, *m'sieu* does not want to spend his holiday in court?"

"That is how *m'sieu* spends most of his holidays," Cordle said.

The waiters conferred again. Then Belmondo stalked over with the 30-franc menu. "The cost of the *prix fixe* will be ten francs, since evidently that is all *m'sieu* can afford."

Cordle let that pass. "Bring me onion soup, green salad and the *boeuf bourguignon*."

The waiter went to put in the order. While he was waiting, Cordle sang *Waltzing Matilda* in a moderately loud voice. He suspected it might speed up the service. He got his food by the time he reached "You'll never catch me alive, said he" for the second time. Cordle pulled the tureen of stew toward him and lifted a spoon.

It was a breathless moment. Not one diner had left the restaurant. And Cordle was prepared. He leaned forward, soupspoon in shoveling position, and sniffed delicately. A hush fell over the room.

"It lacks a certain something," Cordle said aloud. Frowning, he poured the onion soup into the *boeuf bourguignon*. He sniffed, shook his head and added a half loaf of bread, in slices. He sniffed again and added the salad and the contents of a saltcellar.

Cordle pursed his lips. "No," he said, "it simply will not do."

He overturned the entire contents of the tureen onto the table. It was an act comparable, perhaps, to throwing gentian violet on the *Mona Lisa*. All of France and most of western Switzerland went into a state of shock.

Unhurriedly, but keeping the frozen waiters under surveillance, Cordle rose and dropped ten francs into the mess. He walked to the door, turned and said, "My compliments to the chef, who might better be employed as a cement mixer. And this, *mon vieux*, is for you."

He threw his crumpled linen napkin onto the floor.

As the matador, after a fine series of passes, turns his back contemptuously on the bull and strolls away, so went Cordle. For some unknown reason, the waiters did not rush out after him, shoot him dead and hang his corpse from the nearest lamppost. So Cordle walked for ten or fifteen blocks, taking rights and lefts at random. He came to the Promenade des Anglais and sat down on a bench. He was trembling and his shirt was drenched with perspiration.

"But I did it," he said. "I did it! I! I was unspeakably vile and I got away with it!"

Now he really knew why carrots acted that way. Dear God in heaven, what joy, what delectable bliss!

• • •

Cordle then reverted to his mild-mannered self, smoothly and without regrets. He stayed that way until his second day in Rome.

He was in his rented car. He and

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seven other drivers were lined up at a traffic light on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele II. There were perhaps 20 cars behind them. All of the drivers were revving their engines, hunched over their steering wheels with slitted eyes, dreaming of Le Mans. All except Cordle, who was drinking in the cyclopean architecture of downtown Rome.

The checkered flag came down! The drivers floored their accelerators, trying to spin the wheels of their underpowered Fiats, wearing out their clutches and their nerves, but doing so with éclat and *brio*. All except Cordle, who seemed to be the only man in Rome who didn't have to win a race or keep an appointment.

Without undue haste or particular delay, Cordle depressed the clutch and engaged the gear. Already he had lost nearly two seconds—unthinkable at Monza or Monte Carlo.

The driver behind him blew his horn frantically.

Cordle smiled to himself, a secret, ugly expression. He put the gearshift into neutral, engaged the hand brake and stepped out of his car. He ambled over to the hornblower, who had turned pasty white and was fumbling under his seat, hoping to find a tire iron.

"Yes?" said Cordle, in French, "is something wrong?"

"No, no, nothing," the driver replied in French—his first mistake. "I merely wanted you to go, to move."

"But I was just doing that," Cordle pointed out.

"Well, then! It is all right!"

"No, it is not all right," Cordle told him. "I think I deserve a better explanation of why you blew your horn at me."

The hornblower—a Milanese businessman on holiday with his wife and four children—rashly replied, "My dear sir, you were slow, you were delaying us all."

"*Slow?*" said Cordle. "You blew your horn two seconds after the light changed. Do you call two seconds slow?"

"It was much longer than that," the man riposted feebly.

Traffic was now backed up as far south as Naples. A crowd of 10,000 had gathered. *Carabinieri* units in Viterbo and Genoa had been called into a state of alert.

"That is untrue," Cordle said. "I have witnesses." He gestured at the crowd, which gestured back. "I shall call my witnesses before the courts. You must know that you broke the law by blowing your horn within the city limits of Rome in what was clearly not an emergency."

The Milanese businessman looked at the crowd, now swollen to perhaps 50,000. Dear God, he thought, if only the Goths would descend again and exterminate these leering Romans! If only the ground would open up and swallow this insane Frenchman! If only he, Giancarlo Morelli, had a dull spoon with which to open up the veins of his wrist!

Jets from the Sixth Fleet thundered overhead, hoping to avert the long-expected *coup d'état*.

The Milanese businessman's own wife was shouting abuse at him: Tonight he would cut out her faithless heart and mail it back to her mother.

What was there to do? In Milan, he would have had this Frenchman's head on a platter. But this was Rome, a southern city, an unpredictable and dangerous place. And legalistically, he was possibly in the wrong, which left him at a further disadvantage in the argument.

"Very well," he said. "The blowing of the horn was perhaps truly unnecessary, despite the provocation."

"I insist on a genuine apology," insisted Cordle.

There was a thundering sound to the east: Thousands of Soviet tanks were moving into battle formation across the plains of Hungary, ready to resist the long-expected NATO thrust into Transylvania. The water supply was cut off in Foggia, Brindisi, Bari. The Swiss closed their frontiers and stood ready to dynamite the passes.

"All right, I apologize!" the Milanese businessman screamed. "I am sorry I provoked you and even sorrier that I was born! Again, I apologize! Now will you go away and let me have a heart attack in peace?"

"I accept your apology," Cordle said. "No hard feelings, eh?" He strolled back to his car, humming *Blow the Man Down*, and drove away as millions cheered.

War was once again averted by a hairbreadth.

Cordle drove to the Arch of Titus, parked his car and—to the sound of a thousand trumpets—passed through it. He deserved this triumph as well as any Caesar.

God, he gloated, I was *loathsome*!

• • •

In England, Cordle stepped on a young lady's toe just inside the Traitors' Gate of the Tower of London. This should have served as an intimation of something. The young lady was named Mavis. She came from Short Hills, New Jersey, and she had long straight dark hair. She was slender, pretty, intelligent, energetic and she had a sense of humor. She had minor faults, as well, but they play no part in this story. She let Cordle buy her a cup of coffee. They were together constantly for the rest of the week.

"I think I am infatuated," Cordle said to himself on the seventh day. He realized at once that he had made a slight understatement. He was violently and hopelessly in love.

But what did Mavis feel? She seemed not unfond of him. It was even possible that she might, conceivably, reciprocate.

At that moment, Cordle had a flash of prescience. He realized that one week ago, he had stepped on the toe of his future wife and mother of his two children, both of whom would be born and brought up in a split-level house with inflatable furniture in Summit, New Jersey, or possibly Millburn.

This may sound unattractive and provincial when stated baldly; but it was desirable to Cordle, who had no pretensions to cosmopolitanism. After all, not all of us can live at Cap Ferrat. Strangely enough, not all of us even want to.

That day, Cordle and Mavis went to the Marshall Gordon Residence in Belgravia to see the Byzantine miniatures. Mavis had a passion for Byzantine miniatures that seemed harmless enough at the time. The collection was private, but Mavis had secured invitations through a local Avis manager, who was trying very hard, indeed.

They came to the Gordon Residence, an awesome Regency building in Huddlestone Mews. They rang. A butler in full evening dress answered the door. They showed their invitations. The butler's glance and lifted eyebrow showed that they were carrying second-class invitations of the sort given to importunate art poseurs on 17-day all-expense economy flights, rather than the engraved first-class invitations given to Picasso, Jackie Onassis, Sugar Ray Robinson, Norman Mailer, Charles Goren and other movers and shakers of the world.

The butler said, "Oh, yes. . . ." Two words that spoke black volumes. His face twitched, he looked like a man who has received an unexpected visit from Tamerlane and a regiment of his Golden Horde.

"The miniatures," Cordle reminded him.

"Yes, of course. . . . But I am afraid, sir, that no one is allowed into the Gordon Residence without a coat and necktie."

It was an oppressive August day. Cordle was wearing a sport shirt. He said, "Did I hear you correctly? Coat and necktie?"

The butler said, "That is the rule, sir."

Mavis asked, "Couldn't you make an exception this once?"

The butler shook his head. "We really must stick by the rules, miss. Otherwise. . . ." He left the fear of vulgarity unsaid, but it hung in the air like a chrome-plated fart.

"Of course," Cordle said, pleasantly. "Otherwise. So it's a coat and tie, is it? I think we can arrange that."

Mavis put a hand on his arm and said, "Howard, let's go. We can come back some other time."

"Nonsense, my dear. If I may borrow your coat. . . ."

He lifted the white raincoat from her shoulders and put it on, ripping a seam. "There we go, mate!" he said briskly to

the butler. "That should do it, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"I think *not*," the butler said, in a voice bleak enough to wither artichokes. "In any event, there is the matter of the necktie."

Cordle had been waiting for that. He whipped out his sweaty handkerchief and knotted it around his neck.

"Suiting you?" he leered, in an imitation of Peter Lorre as Mr. Moto, which only he appreciated.

"*Howard! Let's go!*"

Cordle waited, smiling steadily at the butler, who was sweating for the first time in living memory.

"I'm afraid, sir, that that is not——"

"Not what?"

"Not precisely what was meant by coat and tie."

"Are you trying to tell me," Cordle said in a loud, unpleasant voice, "that you are an arbiter of men's clothing as well as a door opener?"

"Of course not! But this impromptu attire——"

"What has 'impromptu' got to do with it? Are people supposed to prepare three days in advance just to pass your inspection?"

"You are wearing a woman's waterproof and a soiled handkerchief," the butler stated stiffly. "I think there is no more to say."

He began to close the door. Cordle said, "You do that, sweetheart, and I'll have you up for slander and defamation of character. Those are serious charges over here, buddy, and I've got witnesses."

Aside from Mavis, Cordle had collected a small, diffident but interested crowd.

"This is becoming entirely too ridiculous," the butler said, temporizing, the door half closed.

"You'll find a stretch at Wormwood Scrubs even more ridiculous," Cordle told him. "I intend to persecute—I mean prosecute."

"*Howard!*" cried Mavis.

He shook off her hand and fixed the butler with a piercing glance. He said, "I am Mexican, though perhaps my excellent grasp of the English has deceived you. In my country, a man would cut his own throat before letting such an insult pass unavenged. A woman's coat, you say? *Hombre*, when *I* wear a coat, it becomes a *man's* coat. Or do you imply that I am a *maricón*, a—how do you say it?—homosexual?"

The crowd—becoming less modest—growled approval. Nobody except a lord loves a butler.

"I meant no such implication," the butler said weakly.

"Then is it a man's coat?"

"Just as you wish, sir."

"Unsatisfactory! The innuendo still exists. I go now to find an officer of the law."

"Wait, let's not be hasty," the butler said. His face was bloodless and his hands were shaking. "Your coat is a man's coat, sir."

"And what about my necktie?"

The butler made a final attempt at stopping Zapata and his blood-crazed peons.

"Well, sir, a handkerchief is demonstrably——"

"What I wear around my neck," Cordle said coldly, "becomes what it is intended to be. If I wore a piece of figured silk around my throat, would you call it ladies' underwear? Linen is a suitable material for a tie, *verdad?* Function defines terminology, don't you agree? If I ride to work on a cow, no one says that I am mounted on a steak. Or do you detect a flaw in my argument?"

"I'm afraid that I don't fully understand it. . . ."

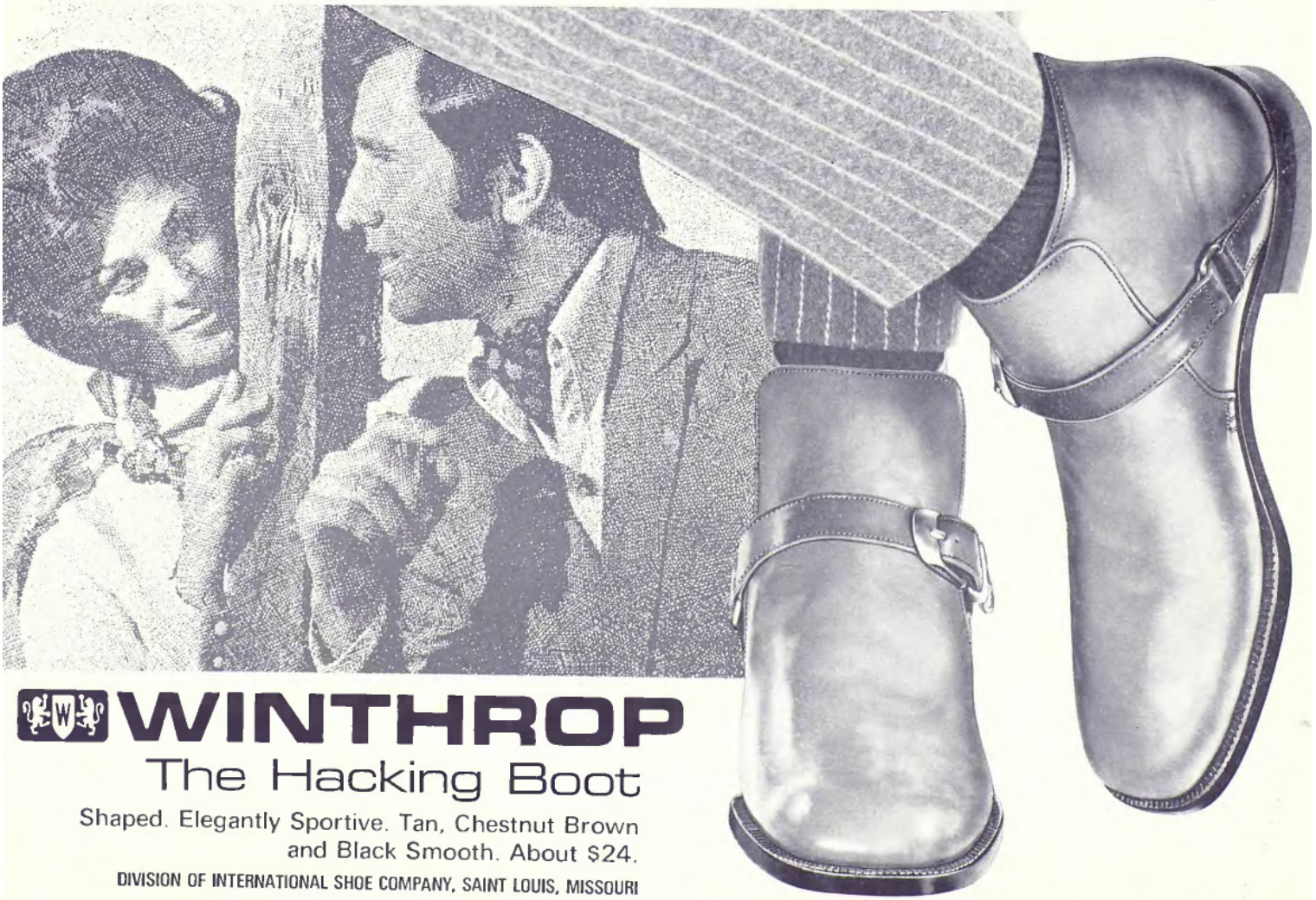
"Then how can you presume to stand in judgment over it?"

The crowd, which had been growing restless, now murmured approval.

"Sir," cried the wretched butler, "I beg of you. . . ."

"*Otherwise,*" Cordle said with satisfaction, "I have a coat, a necktie and an invitation. Perhaps you would be good enough to show us the Byzantine miniatures?"

The butler opened wide the door to



Pancho Villa and his tattered hordes. The last bastion of civilization had been captured in less than an hour. Wolves howled along the banks of the Thames, Morelos' barefoot army stabled its horses in the British Museum, and Europe's long night had begun.

Cordle and Mavis viewed the collection in silence. They didn't exchange a word until they were alone and strolling through Regent's Park.

"Look, Mavis," Cordle began.

"No, you look," she said. "You were horrible! You were unbelievable! You were—I can't find a word rotten enough for what you were! I never dreamed that you were one of those sadistic bastards who get their kicks out of humiliating people!"

"But, Mavis, you heard what he said to me, you heard the way——"

"He was a stupid, bigoted old man," Mavis said. "I thought you were not."

"But he said——"

"It doesn't matter. The fact is, you were enjoying yourself!"

"Well, yes, maybe you're right," Cordle said. "Look, I can explain."

"Not to me, you can't. Ever. Please stay away from me, Howard. Permanently. I mean that."

The future mother of his two children began to walk away, out of his life. Cordle hurried after her.

"Mavis!"

"I'll call a cop, Howard, so help me, I will! Just leave me alone!"

"Mavis, I love you!"

She must have heard him, but she kept on walking. She was a sweet and beautiful girl and definitely, unchangeably, an onion.

• • •

Cordle was never able to explain to Mavis about The Stew and about the necessity for experiencing behavior before condemning it. Moments of mystical illumination are seldom explicable. He *was* able to make her believe that he had undergone a brief psychotic episode, unique and unprecedented and—with her—never to be repeated.

They are married now, have one girl and one boy, live in a split-level house in Plainfield, New Jersey, and are quite content. Cordle is visibly pushed around by Fuller Brush men, fund solicitors, headwaiters and other imposing figures of authority. But there is a difference.

Cordle makes a point of taking regularly scheduled, solitary vacations. Last year, he made a small name for himself in Honolulu. This year, he is going to Buenos Aires.

"Wednesday? My God, I'm supposed to be in Cleveland on Wednesday!"

Episode & Postscript

(continued from page 226)

When the punishment evokes more honest horror than the crime, then the law is wrong. Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds. A house cannot stand half uptight and half turned on. Your only hope is dope. With a little help from your friends.

At that second, I groaned inwardly and then, looking at the agent, I began to laugh. He looked at me curiously.

"Don't you know what you're doing, officer?" I was saying to myself. "You may have just put yourself out of a job. You may have just knocked out the Federal marijuana laws."

I knew at that arresting moment that I couldn't cop a plea, make a deal. "On a plea of guilty, we can get you off, Tim, with a suspended sentence and a few years' probation. After all, it was only half an ounce." But I just couldn't recant, throw myself at the mercy of a well-meaning Texas judge separated light-years from the folkways of my home.

The trip to the Laredo jail was complicated, because we had to load all our luggage into the cars of the two agents. The inspector possessively patted the hood of our station wagon and said, "This car is now confiscated. Property of the U. S. Government." He grinned. "Too bad. It's brand-new, isn't it?"

I shrugged. "You'll have to discuss all that with the rental agency. The car's only leased."

His face fell in disappointment.

At the jail, under the glare of the naked light bulbs, I kissed Rosemary and made a brave, wavering speech to the family. "Well, beloved, there's not one person in history whom we admire who didn't do his time in the Man's prison. It's all part of our education."

Jack was locked in the second-floor tier with juveniles—all Mexican or black. I was taken to the third-floor tier. The jailer unlocked two barred doors and then directed me down the dark cell row. When I got to the fifth cell, he pressed a button and the metal door creaked open. Metal on metal is the worst sound. I entered and the door slid shut. Remote control. *Clang!* The first time you find yourself in jail is an educational moment for everyone, I guess.

The next morning, the four of us were assembled in the jailer's office. Jack and I were handcuffed together and we were all marched two blocks to the office of the U. S. commissioner. There were photographers and TV cameramen dancing backward in front of us.

The commissioner was stern, relentless and mainly preoccupied with our financial status. How much cash? How much in the bank? What stocks and bonds? Property? He made Rosemary cry by demanding that she tell her parents to

mortgage their house. Bail was set at some startling figure that merciful memory has misplaced. Twenty-five thousand? Back in jail, the efficient machinery of the Laredo marijuana combine took over. The jailer gave me the name of one bail-bondsman. He's the best in town. The bail-bondsman gave me the name of one lawyer. He's the best in town. He'll get your bail reduced. The lawyer was a nice guy. He sat right down to talk business, radiating that genial self-confidence that only the unjailed can express toward the imprisoned. He was certain we could get bail reduced. He began scribbling on a piece of paper. Let's see; you have $1400 in cash. It will cost about $500 for you to fly back to New York and my fee will be $500. That leaves $400 for Joe the bondsman. And with his percentage, let's see, we'll ask for $2500 for you and Rosemary and get the kids out on your guarantee.

Within an hour, we were back in the commissioner's office. This time, it was all cordial, as though we had just purchased a new, expensive car and made the down payment and it was just a matter of some paperwork and we'd be behind the wheel and off on our white-Christmas trip back to Millbrook.

The indictments came down in January. Susan and I were charged with three counts: smuggling marijuana, transporting smuggled marijuana and failure to pay the marijuana tax.

For an overview of the complex, devious strategy the Federal Government used until very recently to enforce its marijuana statutes, the reader is referred to Dr. Joel Fort's *Pot: A Rational Approach*, in the October 1969 issue of PLAYBOY. For the purposes of this account, it is enough to note that by the 1960s, the repression of pot smoking had become an enormous police industry, providing delightful game rewards to thousands of cops at all levels of government. Just at the time when civil rights muscle was making it more difficult to harass the "lazy, concupiscent, music-loving black man," a new and even more vulnerable outgroup appeared: the "heads." Psychedelic enthusiasts provided a made-to-order scapegoat for a middle-aged, self-righteous American society. Heads were infuriatingly young and sexy. They were intolerably pleasure-seeking. They were openly skeptical of Johnson City and San Clemente values. And, what was most delightful to the lower-middle-class constabulary, they tended to be book-reading, art-loving college people—the natural enemies of the crew-cut, gun-collecting TV watcher.

I had the opportunity to watch the emergence of this peculiarly American pogrom in some detail. At Laredo, for example, the Customs agents were automatically on the alert for youngsters who showed any signs of deviation from the old Joe College model. Young blacks, young long-hairs, kids from Eastern colleges—especially New Yorkers—all came under special scrutiny. "After a while, you get an unerring sense of who is holding marijuana," a border official confided to me after my trial.

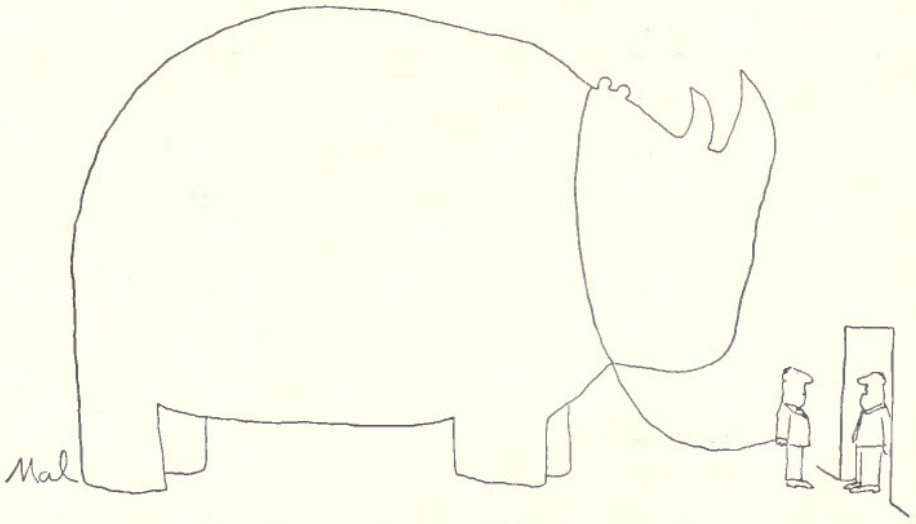
Detection of pot smokers was facilitated by the use of Mexican informers, I am here to tell you. For example, some Princeton kids show up on the Nuevo Laredo night-life scene. They are approached by a hustler, who offers them grass. "Sure, that's what we came down here for." The pusher collects his fee, hands over the low-quality weed and then notifies the border patrol, who is waiting the next day. The suspect's baggage is searched, he is stripped, his bare arms examined—sometimes, intimate apertures are probed—and, *voilà!*, 20 joints are found hidden in his FM portable radio. During my period of anthropological research in Laredo, I talked to dozens of Northern college kids who were being processed like naughty sausages through the Laredo morality mill. The take averaged over $2000 per kid, when you added up the bondsman, the local lawyer, the fine and the confiscated car, not to mention the boon to local innkeepers and restaurateurs. A tidy little involuntary tourist trade for a sleepy border town.

The disposition of Federal weed cases became a delicate ballet of Sicilian complexity. The kid who was busted on the bridge immediately faced the three familiar charges: smuggling, with a maximum sentence of 20 years and a minimum mandatory of 5 years; transportation, with a maximum of 20 years and a minimum mandatory of 5 (only a Presidential pardon can lower these mandatory terms, and Nixon ain't a head, brother); and the "tax count." This last allowed more leeway—from suspended sentence and probation up to ten long years.

The standard routine was to allow the middle-class offender to plead guilty to the tax count in return for dismissal of the two heavy mandatory raps. There was little choice for the victim. He had to make the deal. If he wanted to go to trial and fight the case, then the Government would not drop the two heavy counts and the defendant was faced with an almost certain and unparolable ten years. Almost certain, because Northerners just didn't win cases in front of a Laredo jury and a Texas judge. It's a very small town, remember, and everyone around the courthouse knows everyone who is likely to show up on a jury panel. The Customs officers play bridge with the lawyers and the jury is made up of merchants and housewives who are members of the same church societies. I never saw a Negro on a Laredo jury.

Another pressure toward making the tax-count deal was the fact that the Government did not want to go to trial on grass cases. In the first place, it took time and onerous preparation for the attorneys. All the arresting agents had to spend a day waiting around court when they could have been down at the bridge, stripping hippies and protecting the border from hedonic invasion. More important, the Justice Department didn't like to try middle-class Americans on the smuggling and transporting charges, because victory became embarrassingly dangerous. Ten years in the penitentiary for the college kid caught with ten joints. Trouble from the Congressman back home.

It's much easier to bust the Princeton kid, relieve him of $2000, scare him into repentance and send him back to the campus under five years' probation, in familial and academic disgrace, a sorry object lesson for other undergraduates who are tempted to score for their friends. Interestingly enough, most middle-class parents highly approved of this chastising exercise. When Dad flew down to Laredo for the hearing and stood in court next to Junior, his



"No, thanks . . . I've already got one."

eyes would meet the eyes of the judge and an implicit agreement would be sealed. We'll teach Junior a lesson, but we both want to keep him in business school and out of a ten-year rap.

Of course, it all depended on repentance and the remorseful desire to mend your ways. Middle-class kids who acted like ghetto kids—that is, who expressed no guilt, who refused to beg for the chance to go back to school, who suggested that they considered pot smoking acceptable behavior—could be sent up for a discretionary few months until they got the point. Astonishingly, many parents encouraged the brief incarceration of their kids, in the hope that they would mend their rebellious ways. I remember calling a Laredo lawyer who had "defended" a young rock musician from San Francisco whose family instructed the lawyer to let him do a year. "We've tried everything else to get him to go back to college, and maybe a little time in a structured military-type environment will knock the nonsense out of him and teach him a trade," the parents said. "At least they'll cut his goddamn hair."

The lawyer was quite blunt with me. "His folks are right. He's a cocky kid. The discipline will do him good."

The Government's most pressing reason for avoiding a vigorously fought marijuana trial was the uneasy knowledge that the Federal weed law was a bizarre monstrosity from the bureaucratic standpoint and unconstitutional from the legal standpoint. Conservative constitutional scholars assured me that the grass laws violated the Fifth Amendment (forbidding self-incrimination, in this case, by being forced to purchase a license for an illegal act), the Eighth Amendment (forbidding cruel and unusual punishment) and the Ninth Amendment (guaranteeing personal freedoms unmentioned in the other amendments).

The only other person who wouldn't make a deal during the four months that I was in and out of Laredo was a brash young hood from Newark. He couldn't cop the tax plea, seek probation and play it straight for five years. "Are you kidding? All my friends are ex-cons. My office is in a pool hall. How can I work that out with a probation officer?" I told him to make noises about appealing his verdict, which he did. On the day he was to go to trial, the Government dropped all charges. His own lawyer shook his head and muttered disapproval.

There are dozens of turned-on young barristers in New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles, but in other parts of the country and, particularly, in Southern border towns, forget it. I am willing to testify under oath that in the state of Texas in 1965, there was no criminal lawyer of repute who would vigorously fight to keep America green.

For two months, I phoned and personally interviewed Texas lawyers who would look at me with the disbelieving curiosity they might exhibit toward a child molester. "Constitutional right to use *narr-cott-ticks*, huh?" What Texas lawyer wants to become known as the man who freed the land for dope addicts? One prospective attorney had me fly down to Houston to spend the day with a psychiatrist, ostensibly because he might testify on my behalf but really to check out the degree of my insanity. That lawyer used to chuckle and make jokes about my nutty LSD-type defense. "First Amendment, ha-ha." His fees were equally lysergic: $5000 an ounce.

We straggled onto the playing court, finally, with a rather weak defense quartet: There were two jolly Laredo lawyers for whom fighting the grass laws—a tactic that, if successful, would cut down on their regular source of clients—was only slightly less than treasonable. They took the case because I was a likable maniac with some money in a legal defense fund to throw away. No doubt, they were prepared to give me a fair shake, regardless of their private feelings. They were backed by two young idealistic lawyer friends of mine who had never tried a criminal case before.

In any event, the jury trial was pointless. I freely admitted possession of the offensive half ounce. Our aim was to build up a good record for the appeal. I had to testify that I didn't apply for the tax stamp because I knew I wouldn't get it and further knew that I would be incriminating myself as a grass user. And I had to testify that I had used psychedelic drugs as part of my religion, my profession and my righteous home life. Two medical authorities argued that grass was less harmful than alcohol. A Hindu monk swore that I had been initiated on the banks of the Ganges into a Bengali sect that used ganga as a sacramental aid to meditation. And a photo of me standing in front of a government-licensed Calcutta ganga shop with a holy man was submitted as evidence, to the puzzlement of the clerk. Since the jury was bound to come in with a verdict of guilty, precluding courtroom mesmerism and Ciceronian forensic feats on my part, my goals for the trial itself were limited. I decided that the logical step was for me to try to turn on the judge, to get to his mind, to teach him something about the art and science of getting high.

The moment of achievement came during my second day on the stand, when the judge leaned toward me and said, by way of clarification, "What you are saying is that there are several levels of consciousness and taking drugs is like going up in an elevator. Different drugs take you to different floors. Is that it?"

"Thank you, your Honor. That is precisely what I was trying to say."

At the end of the trial, when the door to the jury room closed, one of my Laredo lawyers glanced at his watch in a pleased, brisk manner and said, "Well, it will take them five minutes to sit down and light cigarettes. And ten minutes to elect a foreman and read the instructions. And, say, seven minutes to count the votes. They'll be out with the verdict in twenty-two minutes."

And so they were. Practice makes perfect. After the verdict, I was called up before the judge and sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment and a $30,000 fine for the crime of possessing half an ounce of grass.

The 30-year rap was a noisy but empty gesture. Lost in the headlines was the fact that the judge had ordered a 90-day period of psychiatric observation in a prison hospital for the criminally insane—a sincere or cynical attempt, I suppose, to imply that I was a madman. After 90 days, I would return for resentencing or, perhaps, for commitment. In any case, it was unlikely that I would be forced to serve more than the minimum mandatory sentence.

The sentence caused the expected flap. Press, TV, radio. A seismological revulsion of outrage and sympathy—particularly from foreign lands. A nice television station in Tokyo offered Rosemary and me a two-week guided tour of Japan if we would spend an hour telling our story before the cameras. I was suddenly escalated, thanks to Harvard and Laredo, to a curious place of notoriety somewhere between Christine Keeler and Ché Guevara.

The prospect of serving any substantial prison time had never played any part in my mythology. I had no intention of becoming a martyr. Suffering for others was a bad trip 2000 years ago, and we are still trying to undo that miserable blood-guilt mischief. No good cause, and certainly not our jolly crusade for kicks, can be helped by that sadomasochistic dance we call martyrdom.

So the illegal law wouldn't get me. We would get the illegal law first. The appeal was turned over to a dedicated young civil-libertarian lawyer, Joel Finer, then on the faculty of the University of Texas law school. Finer struck off into a jungle of visionary tracts and theological manuscripts and eventually came up with a classic defense of psychedelic religious freedom. A few years too early.

The next step for me was to accept the fact that I had been rudely snatched out of retirement and to try to use the absurdity at Laredo to my advantage. We figured—rightly—that it would take about three years for the case to get to and come down from the Supreme Court. So I had some 30 or 40 months to pitch myself back into the hedonic revolution, to once again take up what I now saw as a grand nationwide psychological and political experiment.

• • •

The experiment, which had started at Harvard in 1961, would determine

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empirically if psychedelic drugs could bring about a reconditioned society. For the test to work, to prove anything, my sample of subjects had to run into the millions. The time limit on it would be the day of the Supreme Court verdict. By the time the decision came down, either the society would be reconditioned or it wouldn't. If it wasn't—if society hadn't changed significantly in the direction of pleasure freedom by 1969—then my own freedom would be forfeited. Rosemary and I would spend the rest of our lives in jail or in exile.

I must confess that I had certain continual misgivings about my new professional duties. By the end of the first year following the arrest, I had become a notorious and noisy agitator for the revolution, which was gathering momentum in all quarters where young people put their heads. Yet I am, by nature, a skeptical, ironic, introspective person with a strong sense of Celtic dignity. Here I was, a scholarly researcher from Harvard with graying sideburns and two teenage children, sitting barefoot and beflowered on a strobe-lit stage, accompanied by sitar and *tabla* and urging an audience of several thousand theatergoers to "slide together in molecule embrace."

When I would fail to appreciate this faintly ridiculous situation, my friends would be quick to remind me. I remember sitting, profusely made up, under the floodlights of a Hollywood studio, listening to Dick Alpert's quizzical, disapproving question, "Timothy, why are you doing this?" I could only reply, "Well, Professor, I'd be delighted to have you take my place."

A political strategy involving neurological changes may seem radical, but you'd better get used to that idea. If drugs change minds—and they do—how long will it be before a totalitarian state not the least bit interested in freedom and pleasure initiates researches where the mind-changing drugs are *not* self-administered? In 1962, we clearly saw that control of mind-changing drugs would be the key political issue in tomorrow's society. Like, for instance:

> DECEMBER 25, 1979, WASHINGTON, D. C.: TOP-SECRET MEMO TO SCHOOL ADMINISTRATORS. SUBJECT: REVISED DOSAGE RECOMMENDATIONS FOR SOCIO-PHARMACOLOGICAL ADDITIVES TO SCHOOL LUNCHES.
>
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>
> 4. Dosages of Intelligen and concentrationols will remain the same, pending results of ongoing research being conducted by the Defense Department.

This may sound like science fiction, but Rosemary and I and our friends have been living in a weird sci-fi world for several years. The point is this: In the politics of the nervous system, the touchstone of freedom is self-administration. My own modest contribution to the free society to come was to persuade the youngsters who will be running things in 2001 that they should instinctively distrust and reject any Governmental control of mind drugs and learn, on their own, the complexities of self-directed reconditioning. The standard liberal cliché about psychedelic drugs is that they should certainly be controlled by the Government but available to authorized, responsible, serious-minded, conscientious, competent researchers. In my visions of the future, just such a plausible prospect becomes the ultimate horror. The last person I want controlling drugs that can change my mind is a serious Government scientist. The only persons who should control the chemicals that change your head are you and your girl.

Our educational campaign to proselytize this new political message was effective enough to capture the imagination of a large percentage of our youth and, by 1966, to stimulate an enraged backlash from the custodians of the established order. Anti-psychedelic-drug laws were hurriedly passed and the police offensive escalated. L. B. J. himself added a useful datum to our files when he took the time in his 1968 State of the Union message to denounce LSD by name as one of the many evil forces surrounding the House of White.

The laws and the Presidential denunciation pleased me enormously. The more illegal it was to turn on, the happier I became. The dream of any revolutionary is to find a mode of change that is symbolically effective and psychologically contagious. Picketing? Demonstrations? Marches? Sit-ins? Self-immolations? Hunger strikes? Card burnings? Old stuff! Such familiar revolutionary techniques have become repetitious and stale. The truth of the matter is that turning on with *illegal* psychedelic drugs is the most powerful revolutionary technique ever developed. Neurological anarchy, and nothing less! By 1966, the taking of a psychedelic drug in the United States, western Europe, Russia and even Cuba had become a subversive political act directed against the adult establishment. Any person who has turned on in the past few years has had to say to himself and implicitly to Chairman Mao–Nixon–Kosygin, etc.: "I reject Governmental control of my head and my pleasure." The dovetailed joint of marijuana and the deconditioning sugar cube become the ultimate instruments of political change.

The quiet protestant turning on illegally in his home has engaged in several revolutionary actions. In order to score, he has connected himself to an underground of gentle collaborators. Turning on automatically makes the cops and the state your persecutors, a point not to be overlooked these days, when the old-style appeals to stir up the downtrodden no longer cut it. What wouldn't Karl Marx have given for a method guaranteed to convert 75 percent of the aristocratic student body of St. Petersburg University into objects of harassment by the hated Cossacks?

But the greatest revolutionary impact of the psychedelic act is this: The drug itself liberates and anarchizes your nervous system. Unlike the picket sign or the draft card, the drug suspends exactly those socially conditioned reflexes that tie you to the rewards and punishments of the aging system you want to overthrow. Turning on is an ominous threat to any social system. It leads to the smiling dropout. You no longer bother to fight the old system. You just start living in the old society in a new, smiling, conspiratorial style.

As this social mutation started to manifest itself, the harassing muscle of the law moved to stop the experiment in general and our activities in particular. The first police raid on Millbrook, in April 1966, introduced us to 24 booted, helmeted and armed deputies, who entered our bedrooms at Saturday midnight. It was the classic surprise invasion so familiar to nonconforming Russians, fun-loving Greeks and free Czechs. Now it is happening here in the college dormitories and youth ghettos. The new terror. Anyone who hasn't faced the threat of a night raid by the thought police has been cheated of one of the authentic, classic experiences of our era. The raid on Millbrook and the five-hour ransacking of bedrooms was just the beginning of our testing.

Next started a grand-jury investigation of our home life. All of the members of our commune, including ten-year-old children, were subpoenaed and urged under threat of jail to talk about our domestic affairs. Who sleeps with whom? Who takes dope? Rosemary refused, righteously, on the grounds that the daily life of her family and the spiritual practices of her coreligionists were no business of District Attorney Rosenblatt. She did a month in jail for this.

Then the rousting and harassing on the streets and highways. Many people do not know that to a large group of Americans, the streets are unsafe, a no man's land ventured into only at the risk of harassment. And not just in the ghetto. As you drive around Southern California, you will notice police cars everywhere. Observe who is being stopped. Keep a tally. Nine out of ten are blacks, Mexicans or long-haired kids. When

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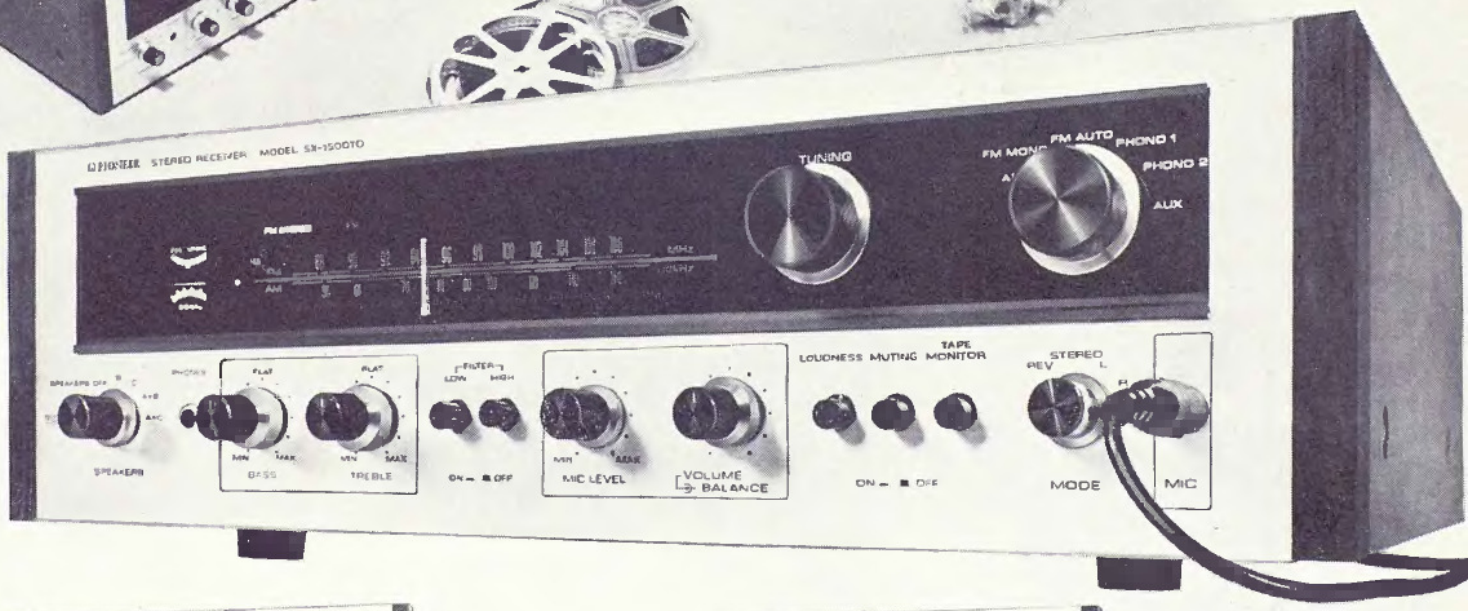

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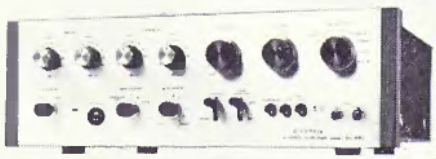

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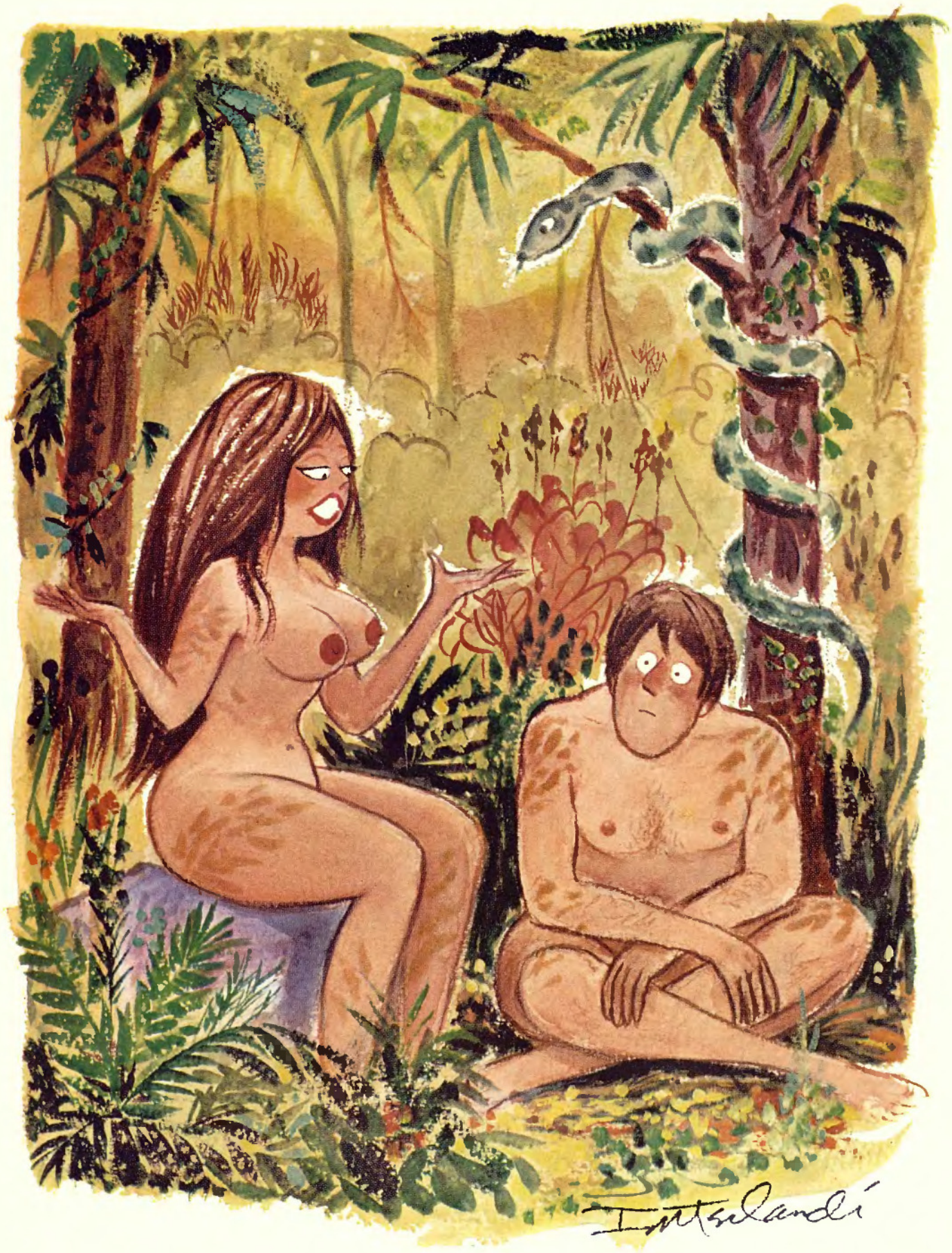

"I must have looked at a hundred trees and I couldn't find a leaf I liked."

we'd drive from Millbrook to New York, it became a game. How many miles before we'd be stopped?

This has been another invaluable educational experience. For four years, we have had the privilege of sharing, in a small way, the alert, animal sensitivity of the American black man, the freedom-loving Czech, the Jew in Germany. The constant awareness that the armed agents of your uptight, warlike state are hunting *you*.

Then came the blockades around the Millbrook estate. For months, anyone leaving our grounds was likely to be stopped and busted.

Then there's the exquisitely complex social dilemma provided by the presence of unknown informers in your house. Only after the search-warrant affidavits are made public do you know which of the smiling faces around your dining table last summer was the police spy. Then the lectures scheduled by the student bodies and canceled by the administrations. And the police tails. And more raids. The smashing of our door by officers with John Doe warrants, seeking nonexistent teenage runaways. The incessant demands for bail and for funds for our overworked, routed-out-of-bed-at-midnight lawyers.

The saddest thing was the dropping away of old friends who were attempting to maintain conditioned reward-punishment games in the form of responsible jobs. They were posed with tricky moral dilemmas. If they came to visit us, they were in danger of being stopped and searched, of being caught in a raid, of getting their names on a list.

Gradually, month by month, we found ourselves spending more and more of our time with spiritual outlaws and psychedelic criminals, and less and less time with even grass-smoking straights. We hardly see anyone these days who has not been arrested for political or spiritual crimes. This is a tribal reflex that always occurs in times of social change. It is not a conscious choice.

• • •

We lost the trial at Laredo and the second round in the Federal Court of Appeals. Meeting in New Orleans on October 14, 1967, the Fifth Circuit Court upheld the 30-year rap and rejected our claim that the right to get high, to worship in the way that got you highest, was guaranteed by the First Amendment. The next recourse was the Supreme Court—highest in the land, we hoped.

At this point, the case was turned over to Robert J. Haft, a securities lawyer known as the Vince Lombardi of Wall Street. His inexperience in constitutional law was matched by the asset that he never loses. Yet the case looked like a long shot. The Supreme Court grants certiorari in less than one percent of the appeals to it. The First Amendment religious defense seemed more and more lysergic. But just at the time that Haft was preparing his brief, fortune presented us with a gift. The Federal Gambling Tax—which required illegal bookies to purchase a $25 gambling-tax stamp—was held by the Supreme Court to violate the Fifth Amendment. The harassed gambler was clearly being forced by law to buy a license to perform an unlawful act and thus, among other things, mark himself as a pigeon for the police. Self-incrimination.

Therefore, reasoned my lawyer, the marijuana tax must also be unconstitutional. From the standpoint of the conscientious stamp collector, marijuana is a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose gambling game run by the Feds. Again, you are being punished for failing to purchase a Federal tax stamp that would put your name on record as one who intends to commit a felony according to the law of your state. (In North Dakota, for example, you could get 99 years for trying to use your Federal grass-tax stamp.) The bizarre Treasury Department machinations of 1937, prohibiting marijuana under the guise of a revenue law, were finally coming under rational judicial review.

On May 7, 1968, in Washington, D. C., the highest Court granted certiorari in *Leary vs. the U. S. Government*. It agreed to hear arguments both on the Fifth Amendment issue—the legality of the marijuana tax—and on our argument that the Government is wrong in its automatic presumption that any grass seized in the United States was smuggled. Much to our disappointment, our claims that the First Amendment protects the right to use drugs in religious practice—as sacramental aids to prayer, meditation and higher union—were refused a hearing.

On December 12, 1968, again in Washington, the appeal was argued before the Supreme Court. The Government had a bad day. Bob Haft and his assistants came out smiling. "Nine to nothing. We think we shut them out."

Rosemary and I retired to our desert mountain retreat and started waiting out the decision. We lived in an 18-foot Sioux tepee, with Cheyenne smoke flaps made of sailcloth translucent to the moonlight. We watched the stars very carefully every night, planted seeds, milked the cows and stayed high.

Every Monday morning at nine o'clock Pacific time (traditionally, the time for Supreme Court decisions), I'd walk down to the nearest brother's house and listen to the news on a battery-operated radio. When the weekly decisions were reported, I'd walk back to the tepee.

"Well, we've been given another week."

And then we'd stay high for the next seven days.

May 19, 1969, was a sunny day, with bees buzzing and apple-blossom pollen scenting the mountain air.

We looked down the valley and saw two city sedans approaching. The road to the ranch is left deliberately rough, to discourage city visitors. All mountain people know that city cars bring nothing but trouble.

"Do you think it's a bust?"

We watched with pagan wariness as the white men in short hair and business suits picked their way up the hill.

They were friendly. ABC and NBC-TV. This was the first Monday morning in months that I had not listened to the news. "The Supreme Court has cut you loose. Unanimous decision. The Federal marijuana prohibition is repealed."

Rosemary and I asked the newsmen to make themselves at home on the grassy hillside and we joined our tribal brothers in the tepee and felt, *Oh, happy day*.

Then Rosemary and I were arranged in good camera angle of the tepee and were interviewed by the networks.

"How do you feel?"

"High and happy for ourselves and for the thousands of young people who are imprisoned for psychedelic crimes."

"What is your estimate of the number of people now in jail for marijuana possession?"

"In the state of California alone, fifty thousand kids will be arrested this year for psychedelic-drug possession."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Run for the highest office in the state. Pleasure is now a political issue."

"What are you going to do when you're governor?"

"As little as possible. The state is best governed which is least governed."

"What are you going to do about student protests?"

"Turn all state colleges and universities back to private enterprise. The state has no business supporting or interfering in trade-union squabbles among students and professors."

"Will it be a grass-roots campaign?"

"You're hired as speechwriter."

"What about crime?"

"There is only one crime, and that is violence to another creature. The violent should be therapeutically isolated. All other illegal behaviors fall under two headings: financial dishonesty and differences in moral preferences. The state cannot legislate or forcibly enforce laws about moral differences. And financial criminals should be offered the chance to avoid prison and pay off their dishonest gamble. We are also going to eliminate taxes for the sober, industrious, conventional person."

"Eliminate taxes! What have you been smoking?"

"We'll institute a thousand-dollar-a-year license fee for any activity that is considered to be unhealthy, asocial, frivolous. To be specific, the following actions will be legal in California upon payment of the annual Frivolity Tax: abortion, divorce, bigamy, drinking hard liquor (beer and wine become tax-free), gun

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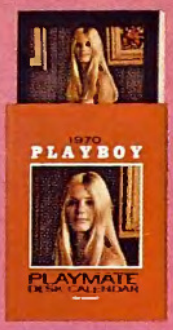

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possession, killing fish for sport, frivolous purchase of a new smog-producing car more often than once every five years (ditto smog-producing motorboats) and smoking marijuana or nicotine cigarettes (cigars and pipes are tax-free). The following activities will be available to license holders in restricted areas and neighborhoods: prostitution, gambling, public nudity, homosexual courting and the use of LSD and heroin."

"What will you do for the blacks?"

"Mainly get the whites rewarded, high, happy, healthy and off the black's back."

"What do you want people to do for your campaign?"

"Rosemary has come up with our first political slogan. *Come together, join the party.*"

The Supreme Court decision did more than launch my political career, of course. It also meant that Congress will now have to come up with a whole new set of marijuana laws if it wants to regulate our happiness—and it surely does. The Nixon Administration has already entered the field, with a law that classifies marijuana and LSD with heroin and that makes possession of any of them, even without intent to sell, punishable by imprisonment for not less than two years nor more than ten and/or a fine of not more than $20,000. The law also includes a neat, patently unconstitutional provision to the effect that any cop can bust into your pad to get the stuff without a search warrant.

One can only hope that liberal politicians will counter with bills specifically allowing possession of grass. Right, Senator McGovern? Right, Senator Cranston? In any case, there will be hearings and lobbying. These should be accompanied by smoke-ins—peaceable, jolly outdoor gatherings. The Gallup Poll will certainly join the fun. The nationwide samplings will show that 50 percent of the American public thinks the weed law should be toughened. ("Hanging's too good for dope addicts.") And half will want the new laws liberalized. Ninety percent of those over 50 will be shown to vote no on grass, but 90 percent of those between 15 and 30 (come on, George, you've got to include the teenyboppers in your survey) will vote *si* on tea. Sixty percent of whites will vote no, 80 percent of blacks, browns and redskins will vote to turn on. Certainly, most of Gene McCarthy's constituency can be rallied to the hemp camp.

It is an interesting characteristic of democratic pendulum politics that as soon as an issue moves from the state of unmentionable taboo and attains the status of a debatable difference of opinion —that is, as soon as it moves to the bumper-sticker stage—its eventual social acceptance is assured. In the past 30 years, we have seen the white attitude toward Negritude break away from general condescension—the condition of blackness was almost universally thought to be a dark evolutionary trait—to a whole galaxy of responses. ("My God, while I wasn't looking, my sister *did* marry one!") Sexual behavior and pornography have similarly lost the aura of hushed depravity and become matters of taste. Recently, we have seen the celibacy of priests become debated by Catholics. The idea of parish curates happily and righteously balling their wives after Saturday-night confessions, a notion unthinkable five years ago, is now enthusiastically discussed by young seminarians and lay Catholics alike.

A taboo defended by the aging and under skeptical attack by youngsters has little chance of surviving. In a democracy, that is. I make the flat prediction that the Democratic Party convention in 1972 (if you can consider that unmentionable inevitability) will debate and vote on proposals to legalize marijuana.

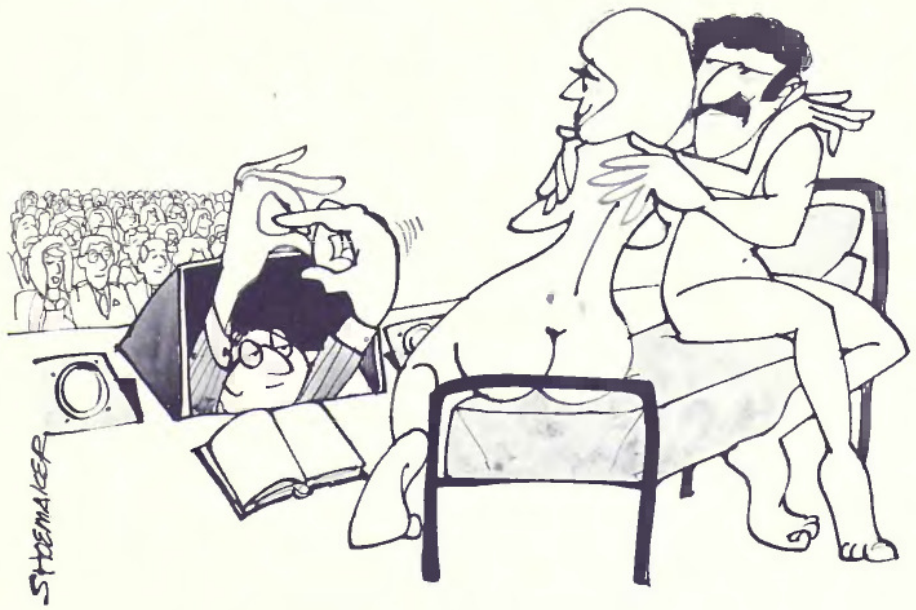
Of the many proposed plans to control and distribute psychedelic drugs, there is one that recommends itself by its Spartan simplicity and economy. Every American citizen will be allowed to grow enough grass to supply the erotic-spiritual needs of himself and his family. You won't be allowed to transport it or sell it, but you will be able to grow your own. God must have had this in mind when He made marijuana one of the hardiest, most peripatetic plants on this green planet. Anyone can grow it in his garden. The only problem is fencing; most animals seem to love the weed. City dwellers who have a view to the sun can harvest their window boxes; city dwellers who *don't* have any sunlight will prefer whiskey anyway.

Peyote, the hardy desert cactus, will become legal and popular. (Sophisticated acidheads are already switching to this pure, natural herb of the Indians.) LSD? Anyone desiring to take the big mind-blowing trip will obtain a card entitling him to purchase a dose each week of Sandoz Blue or Owsley White Lightning from his local druggist. If he shouts too loudly in the street about God and love, take his card away from him.

Sure, there'll be some problems. Some people will take too much and most people won't take enough. Fools will continue to be foolish and the uptight will continue to worry. And jet-set connoisseurs will demand special imported and domestic brands. In any case, if this bill passes, there will be less abuse and reckless use of LSD than there is right now. In spite of the army of narcs and informers patrolling the campuses, the new prohibition hasn't worked. More LSD is being released on the black market every month. Six new underground laboratories that I know about were built in one three-week period by alchemists in the suburbs of just one large and swinging city.

Another interesting by-product of repeal will be the delightful discovery by millions of grass smokers that what they have come to love and love with is incredibly low-quality weed. Friends who have devoted their professional lives to the subject inform us that only one in a hundred pot smokers has ever tasted high-grade, high-resin hemp. A generation of prohibition kids brought up on the limited pleasures of the gaseous equivalent of bathtub gin will suddenly discover quality-controlled, bonded, 20-year-old cognac.

Someday, I am sure, the political battles will be won here in California and in Washington. Then Rosemary and I will be able to pack the same blue station wagon (we had to buy it from the rental agency after its year in the Laredo government garage) and head back to the land of hemp and honey from whence we were so rudely detoured.



CARNIVAL IN RIO

(continued from page 168)

residents and nomadic hippies and affords, therefore, a reasonable chance of meeting someone who speaks English, if that's what you're looking for. The most popular hangout with Rio beachniks is an open-air bar and restaurant called Castilheno. It faces the beach and is easily identified by the sports cars and gaily painted jeeps parked under the palms in front.

Copacabana and Ipanema are the city's best vantage points for bikinied-bird watching. Unlike American beaches, social snobbery doesn't exist on Rio's strands; rich and poor bask side by side. Socialites and lunching secretaries alike are drawn to the beach for sun—and often enough for a chance to strike up an acquaintance with like-minded members of the opposite sex. Brazil is probably the world's most fully integrated nation and on Rio's beaches one sees a fascinating panorama of pigmentation: The complexions of girls you'll find there range from alabaster white to burnt copper to jet-black. There's a reason why the beauty of Brazil's women is one of South America's most enduring legends: It's true. Add to this the fact that more than half of Brazil's 85,000,000 people are under 20 and you won't be surprised by the vast number and variety of great-looking females who crowd the streets and beaches.

Should you have the good fortune to befriend a *carioca* on the beach, and should she prove amenable to the furthering of close international relations, you'll soon discover that the management of Rio's more respectable hotels suffers from a form of incongruous puritanism. Visitors find there is *no* way of persuading hotel clerks to allow members of the opposite sex into a guest's suite. The answer is either to rent a small apartment (one can often be found through local inquiry or in the columns of the English-language *Brazil Herald*) or, if this is impractical, do what the natives do when they're in the same fix—drive south to the "love hotels" of Barra de Tijuca, where, for a very modest sum, one can rent a very modest room, no questions asked. As well as providing a nocturnal refuge for amateurs and their consorts, Barra de Tijuca is also a popular last resort for Rio's prostitutes and their customers.

Even though finding compatible companions shouldn't be much of a problem at Carnival time, the visitor should be aware that Rio's professionals are ever-ready to give their all to please the traveler. Brazil's present regime is a military junta that's widely supposed to be strait-laced and moralistic in tone, which by former standards in Brazil may be true. By any other reckoning, however, it isn't, and the authorities have made little effort, if any, to curtail prostitution, which flourishes in abundance on the streets and in certain clubs. Many of the girls are unusually youthful, extraordinarily attractive and surprisingly devoid of avarice. A stranger would get the impression, in fact, that money was only a secondary motive, because the girls either don't like or don't want to mention the subject, and they often won't. There's no hassle involved in meeting Rio's ladies of the night; if you're alone and sauntering along Avenida Atlântica, they'll meet you. They are also in attendance at a number of night spots, such as the Baccarat (where girls who dance in the show join the audience when the curtain falls), the Barmen's Club and Bolero. Prostitution is an amiable business in Rio's clubs; there're no heavy-handed hustling, no obligatory champagne and no pricey cover charges. Most customers, in fact, have difficulty distinguishing amateurs from professionals.

Since you're arriving in Rio when the city is at its most outgoing, however, you should be able to win the far more rewarding favors of a nonprofessional. You'll certainly have to wine and dine her, but even this will work out to your benefit, for she'll be only too happy to

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introduce you to Brazil's unique cuisine. Rio sits down to dinner at odd hours when Carnival is in progress; it's not unusual to start supper at one or two A.M. or even later. In general, the city's food is of the highest standard, particularly fish and meat, although some traditional dishes don't appeal to many foreigners. *Feijoada completa*, for example, is black beans, dried beef and a selection of other meats; drenched in a sauce of starchy manioc flour, it isn't too appetizing to the unaccustomed visitor. Some of the tastier local seafood dishes include *camaroes bahiana*, shrimps in a sauce of onion and tomato; *peixe com molho de camarons*, a white and succulent fish in shrimp dressing; *empadinhas de camarões*, little pies of shrimp and hard-boiled egg; and *peixe à Brasileira*, a sort of bouillabaisse without the soup.

It's difficult to find a really bad place to eat in Rio, and most visitors could come to no grief by wandering into the first restaurant they saw. But there are some notable recommendations encapsulated in the accompanying chart. Among them, one of the best is renowned for its seafood dishes and smooth service. Fiorentina and Sorrento, close to the Leme Palace, are Italian. Both have open terraces fronting the beach and the *ambiance* is informal and efficient. The Chalé serves first-class Continental and Brazilian specialties.

At Churrascaria Jardim, you dine alfresco, overlooking a floral terrace. The *churrasco mixto* (barbecued pork, beef and veal) is great, but don't order the T-bone, which isn't. If you're downtown in the lunch hour, go to the Maison de France; and even if you're not downtown, make a point of it, because this is strictly *cordon bleu* cooking and the location is atop the French embassy, which should be guarantee enough. Local fish courses should be sampled at Baianinha (excellent for *vatapá*—ground shrimp with fish cooked in olive oil and coconut milk). Two leading Portuguese restaurants are Adego de Evora and O Calo; both have Portuguese music and both are in Copacabana.

During Carnival, it's doubtful that you'll consider stopping into a night club once dinner is done; but if you arrive in town before the beginning of festivities, you ought to sample some of the city's year-round evening entertainments. Among the attractions: The Copacabana Palace's Golden Room for flashy floorshows; Le Bateau and Zum Zum for *disco* dancing and Sucata for top-name Brazilian jazz. If you're looking for a quiet table for two in romantic surroundings, make a reservation at the pocket-sized Balaio night club in the Leme Palace.

While Carnival is on, however, most visitors shun the familiar spectacle of maîtres de and chorus lines and head for such special attractions as the rehearsals of the samba schools (or clubs), surely one of the most exhilarating highlights of the entire Carnival. In the last week before Carnival, the atmosphere in any of Rio's many samba schools is one of barely controlled hysteria. At Mangueira, for example, which is located on the edge of one of the mountainside slums mythologized in the movie *Black Orpheus*, the night air is filled with the screech of whistles, the relentless pounding of drums and the contortions of thousands of dancers, who, for one hour, will march in the main parade that marks the sensational climax to nearly a year of preparation.

Mangueira at this time is no place for romance and quiet moments, and it's wise for foreigners to go there with a Portuguese-speaking companion who can explain the proceedings and extricate the visitor from awkward incidents. Not that the atmosphere is hostile; on the contrary, visitors are plied with drinks, questions and invitations, and an interpreter is helpful for negotiating the hospitality. One of the poorer samba schools, Mangueira is rough and tough, but the dancing and the music have a passion that is matched by few of the other schools. Nobody who wants to savor all of Carnival's many flavors should miss one of these rehearsals. If Mangueira sounds a bit too raunchy, go to Portela, which is closer to Copacabana and is considerably more refined.

By far the most famous feature of Carnival is the balls. Of the dozens that take place, most are given by semiprivate organizations, such as athletic and social clubs. The balls that count are the Yacht Club (the Friday night before Carnival), the Copacabana, and Artists' and Writers' (held at the Gloria Hotel), both on Saturday night; the Monti Lebano, Tuesday night's unofficial Carnival finale; and, poshest of all, the Municipal Ball on Monday night. Tickets for this grand event cost $50 and up at the 1969 Carnival; one box seating eight went for $3750.

At a typical Carnival ball, there are usually three or four rooms for dancing; they get hot and very crowded. The samba bands play from early evening until sunrise or later without a break, generating a level of noise that only the strongest soul can tolerate (*cariocas*' toleration is helped by Dexamyl: Rio's drugstores sell out their entire supply each year at Carnival time). Thousands of exuberant, half-naked people mill about in glittering, wilted costumes, pressing from one ballroom to the next and trying to cool off with cardboard fans that are given away at the door. To describe a Carnival ball in detail would be to convey an image of nightmarish discomfort, but, oddly enough, nobody seems to mind—or even notice—the heat or the confusion. And when you get lost in the crowd, as everyone does, you realize that it's unimportant and that the only thing that matters is having a good time, which comes naturally.

Dressing up (or, in most cases, undressing) is a vital part of the proceedings, and it's sensible to be prepared with some sort of costume. In fact, costume is mandatory for the best Carnival balls. The lightest and most practical outfit for men is a sarong over swim shorts and sandals; it might look funny at a convention in Detroit, but at a Rio ball, nobody will ask to borrow your lipstick. If you can't bring yourself to don a Polynesian kilt, you can wear a brightly colored shirt over lightweight slacks.

Only a dedicated hedonist would try to attend all the main balls. It would make sense upon arrival in town, therefore, to check the grapevine to find out which of the year's current selection is expected to be the best; most likely, it will be the Municipal, which generally has the grooviest women and the most imaginative costumes. If you can get into the Yacht Club's ball, do it; the surplus of women is remarkable. You can quite safely skip the others, including the Copa ball, which has in recent years gone downhill.

The single event of Carnival that should not under any circumstances be missed is the parade of the samba schools on Sunday night. It is unquestionably one of the most dramatic sights and sounds in the world. The parade route —lined with judges, spectators, press, police, TV and movie crews—resembles the start of the Indianapolis "500." Avenida Presidente Vargas, which is where the parade originates, is lit with the brilliance of a night football game. Gigantic illuminated decorations are suspended over the street and floodlights for TV and press crews glare down from a bridge of scaffolding that straddles the route.

People take their seats in the stands about nine and the first samba school, though expected to march at ten, may not arrive until an hour or so later. Those who can't afford to buy seats have slept in the doorways of big stores and office buildings that line the avenue; they've come from every part of the country, bringing families, bedrolls and food. Behind the Church of the Candelaria, at the head of the parade route, thousands of drummers, musicians and dancers are forming ranks; spectators seated in the distance hear the faint rumble of drums, sounding like some powerfully charged engine that's about to explode.

The lead dancers, bearing the school's banner, swoop to the head of the formations; the others fall into line behind them and, amid a surging, swelling battery of percussion, the first procession

"Teddy! That's telling Christmas like it really is!"

begins, filling the breadth of the wide avenue with its extravagant dance routines, pirouetting and strutting under the lights. The dandified costumes—usually a blend of 18th Century wigs for the men and great tiers of crinoline for the women—sweep past in wave after wave of color, great streams of scarlet, gold, maroon, silver, vivid blues and whites. (Costumes often cost well over $1000 apiece and, since 60 percent of the city's workers earn less than $35 a month, the task of saving the money for these lavish outfits is an all-year project that requires moonlighting, throwing private parties at which admission is charged and having employers withhold ten percent of salaries, to be paid the week before Carnival.)

It may take an hour or more for one school of brightly costumed dancers to pass the judges' stand, which is the best place to sit near, because it's there that the paraders put on their finest efforts; individual dancers upstage one another with routines that combine juggling with gymnastics and a free-form choreography that defies description. Every school also has a song specially composed for each Carnival; it's chanted over and over by the paraders as they follow the route. Some schools have a king, a bewigged and bearded figure in resplendent robes with a train carried by ten men or more; smaller trains worn by lesser dignitaries gather the paper streamers that have been hurled from the stands; and as they pass the spectators, their feet scuff out a rhythmic soft-shoe shuffle that's picked up by the onlookers, causing the entire crowd to sway.

Sometimes a small group of drummers will break out of the procession to back a dancer who, spotting a lover in the crowd or perhaps just because she feels like it, gives a solo performance of pelvic gyrations that makes the hula look staid. The crowd roars its appreciation; a column of motorcycle cops breaks through the edge of the parade, sirens screaming, and the girl and the musicians strut back into position, picking up the beat and whirling off into the night.

Hours later, the best part of the parade is finished. The rest of it will be taken up with processions of floats and bands, and most spectators will drift away as the sun starts to rise, eclipsing the big lights. Taxis will be next to impossible to find, but visitors with jeeps or cars will quickly be cutting out for the beaches at Copa and Ipanema, where the third organized feature of Carnival—the *blocos*—is taking shape. *Bloco* is Portuguese for block, and the general idea is that any city-block dwellers who feel like it can organize their own parade, sometimes with floats and pretty girls in costume, but always with dancing and music. Even if you haven't slept more than a few hours after the Sunday-night samba-school parade, head for General Osorio Square in Ipanema at about four or five the next afternoon. A band and some musicians will start beating out a samba, the people arrive in bikinis and in costume, nearby bars and restaurants empty their customers into the streets and anyone who feels like it joins in and follows the music. The *bloco* may last for hours, winding up in someone's swimming pool or exhausting itself on a beach amid empty bottles, paper streamers and discarded costumes. Foreigners, who would normally regard dancing in the streets as something socially akin to waving at a TV camera from a studio audience, find themselves swept along irresistibly in the peculiar madness that seems to surround the events of Carnival, particularly during the *blocos*, which may lead anywhere and usually do.

There is no established pattern to these four days. Somebody will suggest a party or a day's outing by yacht to one of the tropical islands off the coast, while another group might drive out of the city to a remote beach. But few will wander very far or stay away too long from the pleasures and distractions of the Carnival in the streets. It is a time for invitation and acceptance. Couples form from groups of strangers and go off alone to the beaches, to the hills or to a cool, shuttered apartment where the only sound is a creaky fan on the ceiling. Time melts, the days pass and homebound flights are missed by visitors who are unwilling to pack and leave.

People who have never seen Rio's Carnival tend to think of it as a contrived, commercial splurge designed to foster the travelog concept of a hokey Latin *fiesta*—Carmen Miranda jiving with a pair of maracas on top of a floral float. It is nothing like that. In the freewheeling spontaneity that marks these four days of exuberance, in the richness of the dancing and the music and the excitement in the streets, the spirit is one of elation and the mood of the celebrants is one of unequivocal simplicity: Enjoy. See Naples and die, they say; no doubt the well-worn phrase has validity. But first go to Rio for Carnival and find out what you've been missing.

"Well, gee, fella, I usually stop at Cuba anyway!"

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2 PL 12-69

SNOW WHITE?

(continued from page 169)

Mr. Kazan makes a very telling point here—were highly instrumental in sabotaging the German infantry by deepening their trenches as they slept, making it impossible for them to see over the tops. There is also some allusion to an eighth dwarf, Weepy, who was executed by the Gestapo as a result of Sneezy's treason. And while other forest creatures have forgiven Sneezy, it is just this forgiveness that adds further torment to his guilty soul. Robards chooses to play him with an objective, nonjudging quality that makes it all the more agonizing when his mind rejects reality and, in a burst of vein-throbbing hysteria, he accuses Grumpy of taking his porridge.

Anthony Quinn's Bashful is electrifying and will probably be the definitive Bashful for years to come. Shy, inarticulate, except for sudden explosions of rage, Bashful finds solace in morphine, a habit he acquired years ago, as a result of having it prescribed for him to kill the pain after he had been run over by a beaver. He finds now that life is unbearable without a drug of some kind and is forced to steal twigs in an effort to support his addiction. His "connection," a troll (Fredric March), meets him beneath a bridge each night and, for a price, supplies him with the necessary fix. As his dependency grows, the troll increases the price of morphine to several twigs. Bashful is forced to roll elves and when he is caught shooting up behind a bunch of daffodils, he takes an overdose and dies. He is laid to rest on a bed of leaves and throughout all the forest there is a hush. His eulogy is brief but remarkably moving, considering it is delivered by a frog (Pat Hingle).

In Cobb's Dopey, we have the single greatest tragedy of the dwarfs. Dopey has been a success in the past. Living in Hollywood and earning wealth and adulation as a film star who specialized in playing the hero's wisecracking friend, he delighted audiences of all ages with his deadpan whimsy. He is embittered now because of a black-listing before a vague and sinister group, referred to only as "the committee," that claims that all dwarfs are Communist inspired. Panicky over threats of exposure, Dopey had gone before the committee and lied, claiming to be a midget. Destroyed as a perjurer, he finally returns to the forest and marries a squirrel. Bewildered at life's cruelties, he says movingly, "I, who once had my pick of any bimbo in Hollywood, am now reduced to matrimony with a furry rodent. Go figure."

Yawning constantly as an expression of man's boredom with an apparently meaningless universe, Mr. Brando's Sleepy reels and drifts into slumber again and again, choosing to mount his tiny little bed with cap and nightgown, rather than face the harsh realities of a crumbling existence. In a moment of true poignancy, he turns to his brother Doc and says, "Y'know, Doc—sometimes when I'm alone in bed at night and everything's pitch black, I have these thoughts. Terrible thoughts. Like, I'm not really as cute and cuddly as I think I am. Oh, sure, I'm tiny as could be and I got a little pointed hat. But I don't know—I just wish I was . . . more adorable." Convinced that there is more to life than living in the forest and gathering nectar and dewdrops, Sleepy runs away to the city but returns scorned and disillusioned. Here, Mr. Kazan tells us that all men have their own private forests. For some it's the office; others, the marriage bed or analyst's couch. I am certain that is his point. Either that or some men are named Forest. This is the one section of the play that becomes obscure, although the audience seemed to love it.

Sidney Poitier's Happy is a study in racial tension so agonizingly real yet restrained that it recalls the unadorned brilliance of Paul Robeson's Jiminy Cricket some seasons back. Poitier has extracted every last drop of emotion from Happy and the scene in which Snow White rejects him, "not because you are a Negro but because I could never love a man whose head came up to my kneecap," is unbearably moving. Happy cannot believe he is being turned down for any reason other than the color of his skin, a misconception that infuriates him. In an effort to elicit a human response from anyone, he talks increasingly of suicide and then threatens to throw himself off the stump of a tree. Snow White pleads with him to reconsider, but it is too late. He jumps. Instead of dying, he lands on a tulip and is crippled for life.

Despite the virtuoso performance of George C. Scott, and there can be no doubt that he is one of the great American

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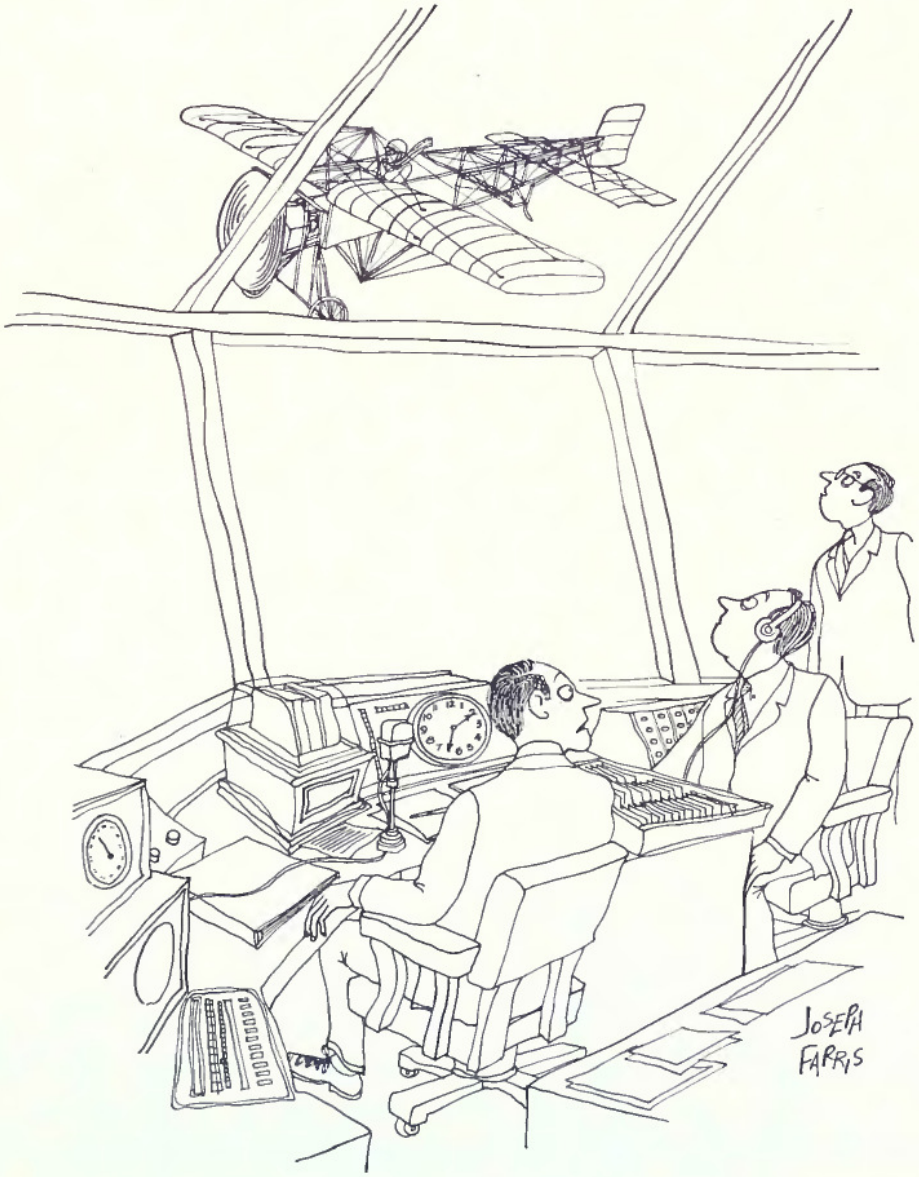
actors, this reviewer felt he missed the point of Grumpy entirely. Grumpy is psychotic when the play begins. He is fiercely anti-Semitic and feels the forest is assuming an ever-increasing "Jewish essence," which he deplores. There is an incident where several chipmunks are storing nuts in their cheeks. This tends to give them what Grumpy feels is a "Hasidic look." It leads to quarreling and, finally, to Grumpy's master plan to restrict the forest to pure-blooded Aryan types: tall, blond, blue-eyed. This is in direct conflict with the fact that he himself has Jewish blood. (His mother, we learn, was seduced by a water sprite named Ben Fleagel, who promised her stockings.) Grumpy becomes more and more schizophrenic as he speaks of the final solution of the Jewish problem while studying the Torah. He is taken away to a dwarf asylum and given shock therapy with a joy buzzer.

Finally, Mildred Dunnock plays the frigid Snow White with a brooding intensity and Kim Stanley is broadly hilarious as the wicked queen. Credit must also be given to the prince (Christopher Plummer) who awakens Snow White with a kiss and, with nothing more than a raised eyebrow, makes his part into a delightful cameo. The sets by Jo Mielziner are ingenious. I particularly like the clever way in which he has made the forest on a bright spring morning look like Auschwitz. Mr. Kazan has directed the entire production with a gossamer touch. One last note on a brilliant "inside" bit of stage business: Although he is not credited in the program, the voice of the mirror in the "Mirror, mirror on the wall" sequence is unmistakably Walter Winchell's.



"How long has he been holding?"

MINI-GALA

(continued from page 154)

Wild rice may be bought fresh or in cans and reheated. Prepared patty shells are available in gourmet shops and French bakeries. Cook fresh peas, drain and combine with cream sauce and chopped fresh or dried mint to taste. Heat patty shells just before serving. Pour peas into and alongside shells.

BAKED LOBSTER MORNAY

- 2 1½-pound fresh Northern lobsters, boiled
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped shallots or scallions, white part only
- 4 tablespoons sweet butter
- 2 tablespoons amontillado sherry
- 2 tablespoons instantized flour
- 1 cup milk
- ⅓ cup light cream
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- Grated parmesan cheese
- Salt, white pepper, cayenne pepper

Cut each lobster in half lengthwise. Remove and discard sac in back of head. Remove lobster meat. Save tomalley and roe, if any. Detach claws, crack them and remove meat. Save lobster shells for stuffing. Wipe inside of shells dry. Cut lobster meat into ½-in. dice and combine with tomalley and roe. Sauté shallots in 2 tablespoons butter over low flame until merely softened, not brown. Add lobster meat and sherry and continue to sauté just until lobster meat is heated through. Remove from flame. In another saucepan, mix flour, milk and cream until smooth. Add remaining 2 tablespoons butter. Heat over low flame, stirring, until sauce is thick. Add a few tablespoons sauce to egg yolks. Return to saucepan and cook, stirring constantly, letting sauce bubble about a minute or until it is again thick. Remove from flame and stir in 1 tablespoon cheese. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne. Set aside ¼ cup sauce for topping. Combine lobster and balance of sauce and spoon meat carefully into shells. Spoon reserved sauce on top. Sprinkle lightly with cheese. Preheat oven at 375°. Bake 20–25 minutes. If additional top browning is desired, place lobster under broiler flame for a moment or two, watching constantly.

Serve with grilled large tomatoes and potato croquettes.

DOUBLE PORK CHOPS AU POIVRE

- 2 center-cut double pork chops, ¾ lb. each, each portion with two ribs
- 1 tablespoon freshly ground pepper
- Salt
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ¼ cup bottled *sauce Robert*
- 2 tablespoons heavy cream
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Rub pepper into pork chops. Pat it firmly onto meat. Sprinkle chops with salt. Heat oil and butter in skillet. When butter melts, sauté chops until brown on both sides. Transfer chops to shallow baking pan or casserole. Cover with aluminum foil. Preheat oven at 275°. Bake 2 hours or until chops are extremely tender. In a small bowl, mix *sauce Robert*, cream, sugar and lemon juice, blending well. Chill in refrigerator until serving time. Serve in sauceboat as a cold sauce or dip for pork chops.

As vegetable garnishes for chops on serving platter, plan to serve freshly cooked buttered Brussels sprouts, *parisienne* potatoes (small balls of potatoes, French fried) and buttered imported baby carrots (carrots *tournés*).

STUFFED APPLE SALAD WITH BELGIAN ENDIVE

2 large Golden Delicious apples
Orange juice
1 piece celery
2 small stalks Belgian endive
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
½ teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar

Cut ½-in. slice off top of apple for cap. Remove stem from cap and, with knife or apple corer, cut a hole through center of cap. Dip cap into orange juice to prevent discoloration. Remove inside of apple by scooping out meat with a *parisienne*-potato cutter. Be careful not to tear skin of apple. Bottom of apple should be intact, about ½ in. thick. Brush inside of apple with orange juice. Cut away and discard core, including seeds and any sharp pieces. Cut apple meat into small dice. Dip into orange juice and drain well. Cut celery into small dice. Remove four leaves of endive for decoration; cut balance into small dice. Mix diced apple, celery and endive with mayonnaise, lemon juice and sugar. Add more mayonnaise if desired. Pile fruit into apple shell. Place two leaves of endive in each apple cap like a pair of ears. Place cap on each apple. Chill well before serving.

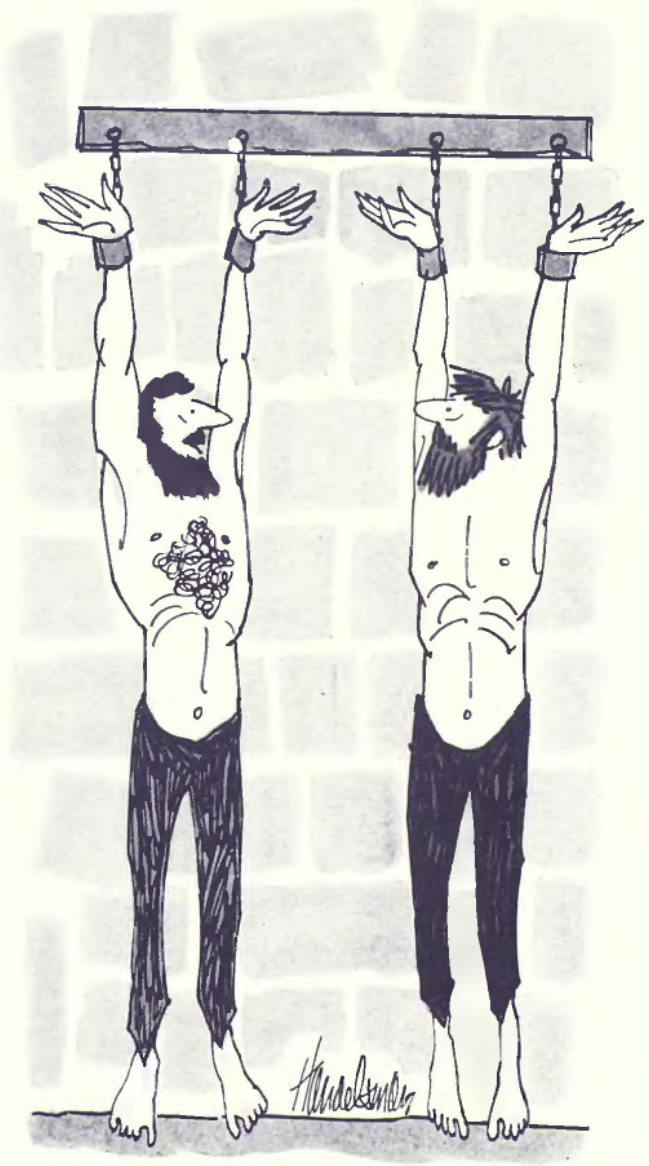
MARRON BAVARIAN CREAM

15½-oz. can chestnut purée
1 envelope (1 tablespoon) unflavored gelatin
½ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 egg whites
¼ cup (4 tablespoons) granulated sugar
¾ cup heavy sweet cream
2 tablespoons sifted confectioners' sugar
6 medium-size meringue shells (available at bakeries and gourmet shops)
6 whole marrons in syrup

An occasional problem in cooking for two is the minimum size of certain foods or utensils. You can't cook an apple pie for two in a 9-in. pie plate. Marron purée comes in 15½-oz. cans, enough for about six portions. This recipe, written for six, may be cut in half, providing enough for a festive couple, with an additional bonus for each.

Soften gelatin in ½ cup cold water in small saucepan or top part of double boiler. Place over hot water until gelatin dissolves. Mix chestnut purée with gelatin, ½ cup granulated sugar and vanilla extract, stirring extremely well with a wire whip until thoroughly blended. Turn into large mixing bowl and chill in refrigerator until edge of mixture begins to jell. Beat egg whites at high speed in mixing machine until light and foamy. Add ¼ cup granulated sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold egg whites into chestnut mixture. Beat cream until thick. Stir in confectioners' sugar. Set aside about a third of the whipped cream and keep covered in refrigerator until needed. Fold balance of whipped cream into chestnut mixture. Spoon into deep saucer-champagne glasses or a soufflé dish. Place meringue shells upright in mixture, so that about one third of each meringue is visible. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving, place a whole marron alongside each meringue shell. Top each marron with reserved whipped cream. Pour a little marron syrup from bottle over whipped cream.

Preparing the aforementioned will provide the basic ingredients for your minigala; it goes without saying that the ultimate success of your holiday fete will depend on who shares it with you. Happy holidays!



"Same here—being kept under surveillance for my own protection."

SANTA CONFIDENTIAL

(continued from page 194)

as in the case of the old Swedish *Julklapp*. To make a *Julklapp*, I am told, you must "wrap up the gift in innumerable coverings . . . and throw it into the room of the person for whom it is intended"—the trick being to whip open the door, chuck in your gift and "escape without betraying one's identity." Since no one ever knows who threw what at whom, it is possible for fleet-footed Swedes to *klapp* each other with much cheaper gifts than they could possibly get away with if they had to hand them to each other in person. In fact, I should imagine that light, cheap gifts would be the most thoughtful kind to throw, because not even the greediest person would relish getting a *klapp* on the head with a shiny new motorcycle or a 24-inch color-television set.

If the *Julklapp* sounds chintzy, Virginia, you must realize that ye olde European yule was never very big in the gift department. The older ye yule, the chintzier it was—and the more gruesome, too. As late as 1830, in the principality of Waldeck, for example, Saint Nicholas—or Niklawes, as he was called—came around with a couple of characters named Hansruhbart and Brose, an angel named Peter and "the shepherd Pamphilius with the noble steed Zink." Hansruhbart and Brose, according to a curious old account, "are clad in pea straw and wear frightful masks. Pamphilius has suspended from a strap about his neck a box full of dirt with which he threatens to smear the children. Each person in turn is summoned to speak. . . . The chief offense in the case of children is reckoned the preference of small beer to coffee. Peter distributes the gifts, which the children receive only after they have been forgiven. He has a basket with apples and nuts, which he throws on a table for the children. As the children reach out for his gifts, he strikes them on the fingers with his rod." How do you like them apples, Virginia? Was it any wonder the kids preferred beer?

But that was pretty much the way the old-fashioned Christmas was celebrated all over northern Europe. In Switzerland, where Niklawes was known as Samiklaus, the "friendly bishop was often accompanied on his rounds by a figure with horns, black face, fiery eyes and long red tongue, called Kaubauf, Krampus, Rumpanz and the like." And in northern Germany, the apples, nuts and raps on the knuckles were meted out by a "bearded man covered with a great hide or with straw." In some localities, he was called Knecht Ruprecht, and in others, he was called Ru Clas, Joseph Clas, Clawes, Clas Bur and Bullerclas—a collection of Santanyms so garbled and various as to suggest that the peasantry were better at recognizing faces than they were at remembering names.

Regardless of what he was called, however, the northern Samiklaus usually rode over the rooftops on a gray horse—which seems like a pretty weird way to travel, unless you happen to know that in so doing, Samiklaus was merely keeping up an old Norse tradition that began with the god Odin, who himself used to *schlep* the nuts and apples through the December sky on an old Norse horse. As George H. McKnight explained in his 1917 study of Santa, "Odin, as god of the air, made such nightly rides, or, as god of the dead, led through the air the troops of departed ones. The coincidence in time, under Christian influence, led to the transfer to Saint Nicholas of some of the functions of Odin. . . . From Odin Saint Nicholas inherited his gray horse . . . which he traded for a reindeer before coming to America. . . . From Odin, too, Santa Claus inherited certain details of his appearance, most notably his long white beard as distinguished from the kind of beard familiar to pictures of the bishop-saint. . . . The task of purveying gifts for children . . . is a function sometimes attributed to the spirits of the dead . . . with or without Odin as a leader."

It was from Hnikar, an old Norse moniker for Odin, that some scholars believe the name Niklawes was derived. And, to make matters more confusing, Virginia, the name Hnikar was supposed to have had its origins in that of Nikur, a Scandinavian water demon who "raises sudden storms and tempests and leads mankind into destruction." Known variously as Nickel, Nökke, Nick and Nix, this water demon appears in Iceland "in the form of a fine horse on the seashore." The horse's name is Neck, and if any Icelander is foolhardy enough to get on his back, "he gallops off and plunges into the water with his burden."

No, Virginia, that is not why we call a person who does dumb things a horse's neck, or worse, and say that he is all wet. Nor, as far as I have been able to discover, are the names Nickel, Nökke, Niklawes and Nix necessarily related to the ancient and honorable name of Nixon, as one might suppose. Good-humored and kindly as our Chief Executive is, I think he has made it perfectly clear that America does not intend to go on playing Santa Claus to the world—and I would therefore hesitate to link his name too closely with that of an incorrigible do-gooder like our present-day Saint Nick.

In tracing the name Niklawes back to such mythological menaces as Nikur and Neck, I was only trying to account for the fact that Santa Claus' original function was to frighten and punish, as well as to reward and protect. "Saint Nicholas in the double role of children's benefactor and children's bugaboo found his way to America," Mr. McKnight tells us. Among the Pennsylvania Dutch, "he continues to play his old part. 'You'd better look out or Pelznickel will catch you,' is the threat held out over naughty children about Christmastime. Pelznickel is a Santa Claus with some variations. 'On Christmas Eve someone in the neighborhood impersonates Pelznickel by dressing up as an old man with a long white beard. Arming himself with a switch and carrying a bag of toys over his shoulder, he goes from house to house, where the children are expecting him.' "

Among the Netherlands Dutch, the switch bit was performed by an accomplice of Saint Nicholas' named Black Peter. But by the time the first Dutch colonists set sail for America, the Hollanders' favorite saint had already begun to appear without his kinky side-kick and had updated his wardrobe to include a "low, broad-brimmed hat" and "a huge pair of Flemish trunk hose." When he appeared to Commodore Oloffe Van Kortlandt in a dream, in what is now New York City's Battery Park, "good Saint Nicholas came riding over the tops of the trees in that selfsame wagon wherein he brings his yearly presents to children."

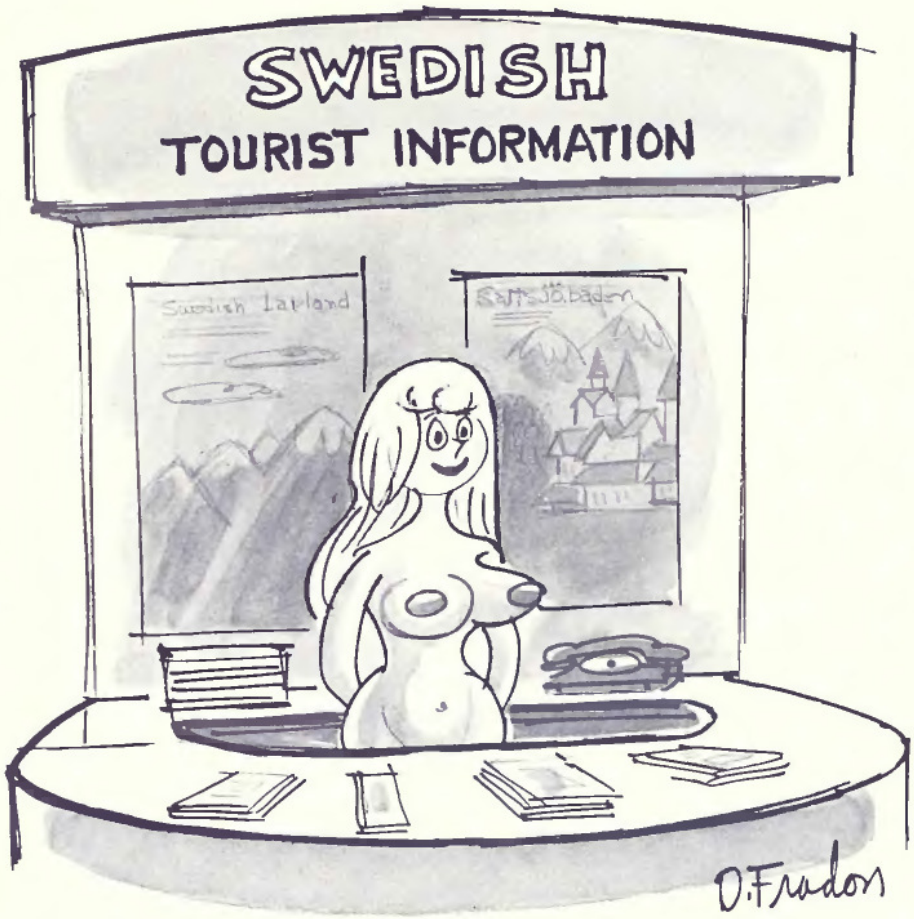
But New Amsterdam (now New York) had not yet been settled when Oloffe Van Kortlandt had his dream. According to Washington Irving's *History of New York*, the Dutch colonists were living in Communipaw (now Hoboken, New Jersey), and it was Saint Nicholas who gave the "sage Oloffe" his first vision of the city yet to be built: Saint Nicholas "lit his pipe by the fire and sat himself down and smoked, and as he smoked the smoke from his pipe ascended into the air and spread like a cloud overhead. And Oloffe . . . climbed up to the top of one of the tallest trees and saw that the smoke spread over a great extent of the country; and he fancied that the great volume of smoke assumed a variety of marvelous forms, where in dim obscurity he saw shadowed out palaces and domes and lofty spires."

That was New York City, Virginia—smoke, soot, smog and all. And it all began as a Dutch pipe dream, produced by Sinte Klass!

No, Virginia, I do not know what Sinte Klass was smoking. But I think it is fairly obvious that Oloffe Van Kortlandt was pretty darned high on the tree. When he came down, he "aroused his companions and related his dream to them, and interpreted that it was the will of Saint Nicholas that they should settle down and build a city" on what is now Lower Manhattan. And when the city was built, the Dutch were so glad to get out of Hoboken that they built a chapel to Saint Nicholas and "instituted the pious ceremony . . . of hanging up a stocking in the chimney on Saint Nicholas Eve."

"*In* the chimney" is what it says, Virginia. So maybe the Dutch wore fireproof socks. It is more relevant to note that

"You're darn right I was good all year. I'm good any time."



after Saint Nicholas "had smoked his pipe he twisted it in his hatband, and, laying his finger beside his nose, gave the astonished Van Kortlandt a very significant look, then mounting his wagon he returned over the treetops and disappeared."

This description, which Washington Irving wrote in 1809, was one of the kindliest portraits of Saint Nick anyone had penned to date—and it was freely cribbed by New York's Dr. Clement Clarke Moore, when he sat down to compose *A Visit from St. Nicholas* in 1822. A "right jolly old elf," Moore's Saint Nick was also a devotee of the pipe and had the same odd finger-beside-the-nose tic.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath. . . .
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

What do you mean, "Did his helper go up the chimney, too?" As far as I know, Virginia, Clement Moore's Santa didn't have a helper. "Turned with a jerk" doesn't mean that Santa turned in unison with his flunky. It simply means that Santa turned in an abrupt manner.

At any rate, it is important to observe that the Clement Moore Santa Claus was (a) totally benevolent and (b) scheduled to arrive on "the night before Christmas," rather than on Saint Nicholas Eve. Ever since the Reformation, various Protestant churches and sects had been fighting to keep Santa Claus out of Christmas—which, after all, was supposed to commemorate the birth of the Christian Savior. But in the early Puritan colonies of Massachusetts, Christmas wasn't celebrated at all. Scripture offered no clue as to the exact birthday of the infant Jesus, the Puritan fathers maintained. Christmas was therefore "a human invention," a "popish corruption" created for the sole purpose of winning Catholic converts. And in Massachusetts, in 1659, it became a crime to celebrate Christmas by "forbearing of labor, feasting, or in any other way."

The first state to recognize Christmas as a legal holiday was Alabama, in 1836, and it was not until 1890 that Christmas was declared a holiday in all the states and territories. "It is significant that initial legal recognition of December 25th originated in relation to economic and commercial interests," James H. Barnett has pointed out in his book-length treatise on *The American Christmas*. "Thus, Christmas Day was first recognized as an occasion when promissory notes could not be collected."

The American Santa was "dressed all in fur from his head to his foot" until 1881, when political cartoonist Thomas Nast decided that a fur-clad Saint Nick was a bit too shaggy and primitive to invite into a decorous Victorian parlor, so Mr. Nast redesigned him in the corpulent image of a well-to-do man of affairs who was financially and psychosexually secure enough to wear a red-satin suit trimmed with ermine. By the 1890s, his name had even been proudly adopted as the postal address of a small Indiana town. But with the turn of the century, Santa's luck turned, too, and his public image has been attacked with growing vehemence ever since. In 1921, at the impassioned insistence of a leading churchman, he was barred from appearing in Zion, Illinois, and, a few years later, another prominent cleric warned his flock that "Santa Claus will crowd out Christ."

Throughout the Thirties and Forties, opposition to the jolly old gent continued to mount. It was charged that "Santa the sugar daddy" had replaced "Santa the saint." He was religiously denounced as both "a dirty lie" and "a modern representative of the heathen god Nimrod, who is a defiant hater of God and Satan's earliest effort to produce antichrist." And in the more secular Fifties and Sixties, Santa's image has been so badly clobbered by psychiatrists, sociologists and child-guidance experts that there doesn't seem to be very much that anyone can do to preserve it.

For instance, Virginia, do you know what a prominent New York psychiatrist said just a few Christmases ago? He said Santa is "out of step with his world," and that his indiscriminate gift giving stems from "an unresolved Oedipal complex." Santa Claus, he declared, "is an incorrigible dreamer . . . a menace to mankind. He gives gifts indiscriminately to the good and the bad, to the rich and the poor in a spirit otherwise unheard of on earth." Can you imagine calling Santa Claus "a menace to mankind"? I'll bet the prominent New York psychiatrist was sorry he said that when he got up and found his stocking empty on Christmas morning.

And I'll bet Santa didn't visit the house of Professor Warren O. Hagstrom, either. Not after what the professor wrote about Santa in the big holiday issue of *The American Sociologist*. Here it is,

Virginia, just as it was reported on the front page of *The New York Times*:

> *Dear Santa Claus: Are you a pregnant woman? Are you a benevolent father figure? Are you the opium of little children? Or are you just a nice, jolly fat man?*
>
> These questions are raised, quite soberly, in an article by a sociology professor . . . "Psychoanalytically," says the author . . . "surprisingly little" has been written about Santa Claus. One theory, however, suggests that Santa "is not entirely masculine" and his "fat belly and bag of gifts" are not simply the result of year-end goodies and year-round work.
>
> "Is he pregnant?" asks the sociologist.

In recent years, a lot of people have been picking on Santa Claus because he is overweight. "A fat, chortling Santa Claus is full of baloney in this day and age," a lightweight New York daily declared, when a publisher and author of health books, named J. I. Rodale, said that a fat-Santa image was "setting a bad example for our children." "It's out of style to be fat," Mr. Rodale said. "I believe that children would accept a slimmer, healthier-looking Santa as being more believable."

At the risk of sounding like a big fat cynic, I must say that I do not agree with Mr. Rodale, Virginia. During the pre-Christmas season, you can find plenty of skinny Santas standing around on street corners—and, in my experience, they are usually the ones who have their beards on crooked, and are always reaching into their phony chimneys for a bottle in a brown-paper bag. They make dogs bark and little kids cry just to look at them.

Since a skinny Santa Claus is contradictory to all that is traditionally human and jolly, it is not surprising that Marshall McLuhan has also come out in favor of a slenderized Saint Nick. "Santa Claus is due for the same kind of redesigning that brought us Twiggy in place of the richly pictorial glamor of the old-fashioned movie stars," he wrote in the December 1967 issue of *McCall's*.

But do you believe in *McCall's*, Virginia? Really and truly believe? I don't. And I venture to say that your poppa doesn't, either. It's much easier for grown-up men like me and your poppa to believe in Santa Claus than it is for us to believe in *McCall's*. Psychoanalytically, surprisingly little has been written about *McCall's*. But one theory suggests that it is "not entirely masculine" and may even be an incorrigibly pregnant woman who is "a menace to mankind."

In any case, Virginia, it's clear that our 20th Century Santa Claus has had one hell of a hard life. Considering the mean things that people have said about him, it's a wonder that he can still muster up the old ho-ho-ho. But no matter how tough things got, Santa never quit chuckling—not even in the darkest days of the mid-Thirties, when his detractors grew so obnoxious that the late Judge Michael A. Musmanno was moved to declare "doubters of Santa Claus in contempt of court," in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. "Santa Claus is not a figment of the imagination," Justice Musmanno ruled. "He is an actuality. Santa Claus is the symbol of kindness; he is the token of smiling charity; he is the badge of all that is cheerfully benevolent in the make-up of man."

Those inspiring words came from the man who had once served as chief defense counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti and had written a book to prove that Christopher Columbus was the one and only true discoverer of America. Yes, Virginia, I *know* what happened to Sacco and Vanzetti. And I know, too, that some people still insist that Columbus wasn't the first man to discover America. But they are the same smart-alecky sorts who don't believe in Santa Claus and go around saying "Lassie bites," "Mary Poppins is a junkie" and "Mickey Mouse wears a Spiro Agnew watch." They are the products of our skeptical age—and it would be easy to dismiss them, were it not for the fact that such image-shattering put-downs often emanate from the most respected sources.

Just this past year, for instance, a professor at Northern Arizona University came out with the charge that Smokey the Bear is a menace, because—like Bambi—he creates the impression "that wild animals are not dangerous." Obviously, these continual put-downs of all that is noble and kind and good are rapidly bringing us to the point where we will no longer have any models of virtue to cherish and respect.

Is there to be no end to this dreadful skepticism, Virginia? Fortunately, there seems to be. In fact, there are some strong indications that sweetness and light are on the rise and that good and kindly thoughts may be making a comeback. The cheeriest report of all, this Christmastide, comes from Professor Grigore Nandris, "a Romanian living in England," who has written an article in a literary magazine stating that the original Count Dracula was not the loathsome

"Got any luggage?"

character he was made out to be in the Bela Lugosi movies and the Bram Stoker novel. If you can't see the connection to Santa Claus, Virginia, bear with me.

I haven't been able to track down the literary magazine, but the following summary of the professor's pitch was circulated by *The Washington Post–Los Angeles Times* News Service—an appropriate source, in light of the fact that America's favorite vampire has long been alleged to be the patron fiend of both our Federal tax men and several of our more successful Hollywood agents and film moguls:

"Professor Nandris says that the original Dracula was Vlad V, who ruled as prince of Waladhia in Southern Romania from 1456 to 1462 and again in 1476. He was obviously no gentle lamb, as he earned himself the nickname 'Impaler.' But most of his cruelties, Nandris points out, were committed in defense of his country against the Turks. In fact, he 'epitomizes the struggle of his nation for freedom and independence through the ages.'" In short, Virginia, Dracula was the Father of his Country.

As far as physical appearance is concerned, Professor Nandris says that while Dracula has been portrayed as a monstrous old meany with pointed ears, blazing eyes and sharp white fangs, an old German woodcut of the 15th or 16th Century "shows Vlad as quite a handsome man." Some sources have described him as "a hero of Christianity," who earned the name Dracula as a dedicated leader of the Order of the Dragon.

That's right, Virginia, the name Dracula was derived from Dragon in much the same way that Santa's former name Niklawes was derived from the demons Nikur and Neck. Like Saint Nick, Dracula also has certain age-old associations with Neck—though in a somewhat different vein—and his role as a children's bugaboo puts him in the same scary bag with Pelznickel and Rumpanz.

Unlike Santa, Dracula was never a saint—but I think you will have to agree that he had none of the faults that Santa's present-day critics find so objectionable. Far from being an "incorrigible dreamer," Dracula was a take-charge kind of guy who knew what he wanted and went for it. And no one can accuse him of being overweight. As redesigned by Bram Stoker, Dracula is almost as slender as Twiggy, and his sneaky midnight visits come uncannily close to the one Santa made in *A Visit from St. Nicholas.*

Come to think of it, Virginia, Dracula is a kind of Santa Claus with a difference. No indiscriminate gift giver, but a "now"-type operator who takes a little, leaves a little and doesn't ask to be loved. Only respected. Given a little remedial dentistry, a sack full of toys and a bit of human understanding, old Vlad-nickel-Draklawes might make a dandy Santa substitute—just the sort of jolly thin elf our skeptical age would really dig and believe in.

So have yourself a merry little merry, Virginia. Hang your stocking by the chimney—with care. And if you hear a strange fluttering at the window, don't be in too much of a hurry to tear open the shutters and throw up the sash. Peek out first—and *then* decide if you really want a new dolly that bad.

"Why is it you never ask me to stop smoking?"

THE GREAT CROONERS

(continued from page 204)

was recording for him and I can tell his records are really prized by collectors, because they're always so worn when I get them.

Mr. Edison was a little deaf in one ear, but in 1911, he heard enough of a singer named Irving Kaufman to know that he'd be a big star and signed him immediately. Kaufman was so good, in fact, that Victor signed him in 1915 and dropped Al Jolson, because they thought he'd never be as big as Kaufman. As it turned out, Mr. Kaufman's real success lasted to about 1925, but he kept working and joined the Avon Comedy Four on the radio in 1929. I had the pleasure of meeting him last year at his home in Southern California. He's 79 now, and when we sang some of his old songs together at the piano, he actually started to cry.

Mr. Kaufman's ballads were somewhat peppier than those from 1890 to 1910, but *Peg o' My Heart* and *It's Not the First Time You Left Me*, two of his most popular, really packed a great deal of feeling. Of course, from 1914 to 1918, composers and singers focused a lot of attention on America's role in World War One and Mr. Kaufman recorded what I consider one of the most interesting patriotic songs in 1915—a song directed at the immigrants who came here then to share in the blessings of our great country.

Last night as I lay sleeping
A wonderful dream came to me.
I saw Uncle Sammy weeping
For his children from over the sea.
They had come to him friendless and starving
When from the tyrant's oppression they fled;
But now they abused and reviled him
'Til at last in just anger he said:

If you don't like your Uncle Sammy,
Then go back to your home o'er the sea—
To the land from where you came,
Whatever be its name,
But don't be ungrateful to me.
For if you don't like the stars in Old Glory,
If you don't like the red, white and blue,
Then don't act like the cur in the story,
Don't bite the hand that's feeding you.

WORDS BY THOMAS HOIER. MUSIC BY JIMMIE MORGAN. © 1915 (RENEWED) LEO FEIST, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION.

But no one expressed America's temperament during the Great War better than Arthur Fields—a boy singer on Coney Island for 15 years, and then, in 1914, a popular recording artist. He had

written the lyrics to *Aba Daba Honeymoon*, which was a big hit for Byron G. Harlan, but he sang Irving Berlin's *Along Came Ruth* for his disc debut on both Columbia and Victor. Berlin thought it was one of his best, but it bombed; however, Fields did manage to score for Mr. Berlin with *Stay Down Here Where You Belong*, in which Satan advises his son not to journey to earth, because the War was making it worse than Hell. Another Berlin-Fields triumph was *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning*, easily one of the best songs to emerge from the War. Mr. Fields had enlisted in the New York National Guard and spent much of his time using his popularity to recruit men for military service. His street-corner concerts were so successful the Edison catalog claimed that "at least 600 boys are now somewhere in France fighting for democracy as a result of the work started by Mr. Fields."

It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There and *We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser* really stirred the hearts of our fighting men, and Fields also added a lighter touch to Army life with such songs as *Would You Rather Be a Colonel with an Eagle on Your Shoulder (Or a Private with a Chicken on Your Knee)?* But one of my favorites is *I Don't Want to Get Well*, which he sang with the cackling trill that distinguished his voice:

I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
I'm in love with a beautiful nurse.
Early in the morning, every night and noon,
The cutest little girlie comes and feeds me with a spoon.
I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well;
I'm glad they shot me on the firing line—fine!
The doctor says that I'm in bad condition,
But oh, oh, oh, I've got so much ambition.
I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well,
'Cause I'm having a wonderful time.

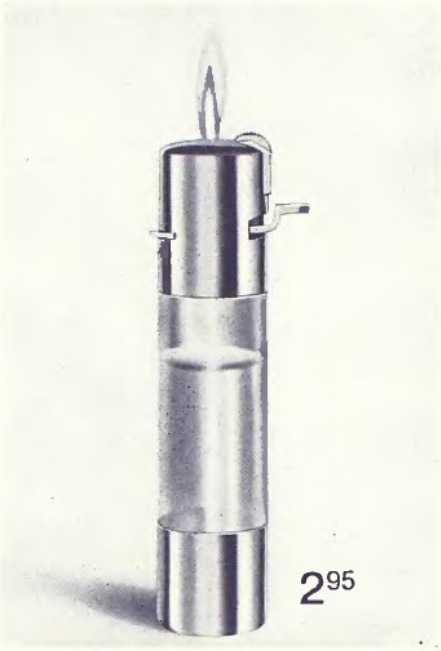
BY HOWARD JOHNSON, HARRY PEASE, HARRY JENTES. © 1917 (RENEWED) LEO FEIST, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION.

K-K-K-Katy, recorded in 1918, was another Arthur Fields classic, and when the War had been won, he produced two of his best and most famous—the catchy "nut" song *Ja-Da* and *How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm*. However, soon his career began to fade and he started performing on a number of independent labels under a wide variety of assumed names. In 1925, he honored the death of William Jennings Bryan with *Bryan Believed in Heaven (That's Why He's in Heaven Tonight)*; and, in the next year, the death of the silent screen's greatest lover prompted *Rudolph Valentino (The Great Director Has Called You)*. Unfortunately, very few people honored or even noticed the passing of Arthur Fields himself, who died several years ago at the age of 75 in a fire that swept through the old-people's home in Florida to which he'd retired.

Needless to say, it would be impossible to discuss each of the men who contributed to the spectacular history of popular music in America before 1930. I honestly don't know enough about some of them. Charles Harrison and William Robyn had really beautiful voices and on Mr. Harrison's Victor recordings, I actually think I can hear his heart beating. That's the kind of power and soul this man had. I'd really like to know more about him.

But a singer I do know something about is Billy Murray—probably the best comic singer of his time and one of Victor's hottest properties from about 1906 to the early Twenties. Though he often recorded with his friends—Burr, Harlan, Fields, Kaufman and dozens of others as well—he's best known for his duets with Ada Jones, most of which were recorded between 1907 and 1922. However, even as a soloist, he had a long list of hits to his credit. His recorded version of *Harrigan* in 1915 was far more successful than George M. Cohan's rendition of the song on the stage, and *Indianola*, done in 1918, was surely one of the cleverest of the World War One tunes. Billy Murray then helped people laugh their way through Prohibition with *The Alcoholic Blues* and *How Ya Gonna Wet Your Whistle?*; but, like most of those giants of the past, his career was sadly drawing to a close by 1930.

Oddly enough, what closed the door on these singers were the greatest technological advances to hit the music business since Edison's phonograph. The invention of the electric microphone in 1925, the premiere of talking pictures in 1927 and the growth of radio through the late Twenties all combined to make these men as obsolete as the cylinder roll. These were singers who had acquired their skills on vaudeville stages across the nation, singers whose lungs and vocal cords were trained to project a musical tone so that it could be heard in the third balcony. Consequently, most of them found it very difficult to adapt their styles to the subtlety of the electric microphone and, therefore, to the new techniques of radio. In addition to this, *The Jazz Singer* with Al Jolson, the first mass-distribution talkie, had taken the country by storm and many vaudeville producers climbed onto the band wagon by substituting movies for the live acts they used to book into their theaters. Vaudeville was dying and taking its greatest stars with it; but radio was born,



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(See page 77.)

bringing new stars to replace them; and among these new talents were to be found the voices that started young couples spooning and American women swooning —the great crooners.

I would have to say that Gene Austin was the first of what most people remember as the true crooners. Accompanying himself on the piano, he sang softly in a high, pleasantly relaxing voice; and his recording of *Ramona*, which sold 2,000,000 copies, was the biggest hit of 1927. *My Blue Heaven*, done that same year, wasn't far behind in either popularity or sales. Nick Lucas, who introduced the six-string guitar to popular music and gave us *Tip-Toe Through the Tulips*, was another of the celebrated mid-Twenties crooners. From the way people took to this easy-listening, mild, soothing style after 1925, it was obvious that they were tired of dancing their feet off with the black bottom, the varsity drag and the charleston; they were ready to listen to good music sung by good singers, as they'd been in the days of Burr, Harrison and Robyn. The man most able to provide that quality was Hubert Prior Vallee, who, from the beginning of his career, cast a magnificent shadow over every other crooner in the business.

Mr. Vallee began as a saxophonist in 1918 (there were only 100 saxophonists in the country at the time), having learned to play by copying Rudy Wiedoeft's technique on records. As a tribute to Wiedoeft, he adopted Rudy as his first name and began playing with a variety of bands before and during his student days at the University of Maine and later at Yale. His experience with The Yale Collegians, a Vincent Lopez touring band and a Ben Bernie ensemble prompted him to form his own eight-piece group in 1928, which played its first engagement at the exclusive Heigh-Ho Club in New York City. WABC began to broadcast his music from the club and Rudy Vallee was an immediate success.

By January 1929, Mr. Vallee and the Connecticut Yankees were playing the Palace Theater, as well as both the Brooklyn and the New York City Paramount theaters, and the response was truly stupendous. He had begun singing through a megaphone in the early Twenties and, needless to say, the women in his audience thought his high, birdlike voice was the most romantic thing they'd ever heard. Just catching a glimpse of his lips through the megaphone had them fainting in the aisles.

However, while Mr. Vallee was playing the Brooklyn Paramount, Will Osborne—another famous crooner—was playing the Brooklyn Fox and claiming that Rudy Vallee had stolen his style. That rivalry almost ended in court, but Mr. Vallee later appeased Mr. Osborne by recording one of his songs. Whether or not Mr. Osborne was first with that style is very hard to say, but it's certain that he'd never have gotten much of a settlement from Rudy Vallee, who was reputed to be a devout tightwad. In fact, when he was alternating between the New York and Brooklyn Paramount theaters, he insisted that his musicians pack up their instruments after each show and ride the subway with him back and forth. That might not have been so bad but for the fact that they were doing ten shows a day.

Rudy Vallee may not have been much of a spendthrift, but he certainly deserved every penny he earned. RKO, hoping to capitalize on his romantic stature, sent him to Hollywood in 1929 to star in *The Vagabond Lover*, and his billing in the ads indicated the kind of reputation he was making for himself. "*Vagabond Lover*," the trailer announced, "Men hate him—women love him." And it was so true. When he came back to the Paramount in New York for a 21-month run, there were days when the lines were roped off from 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue, down 42nd to Seventh, across Seventh to 43rd and back to Eighth again; and most of those in line were ladies.

Then in October 1929, he was signed for the first one-hour radio variety show —*The Fleischmann Hour* for Fleischmann's Yeast—and I enjoyed ten years of Mr. Vallee's broadcasts before his popularity began to slip and the show went off the air. After that, he starred on the weekly *Sealtest Hour*; but times had really changed and with the long reign of swing music throughout the big-band era, Mr. Vallee started developing himself as a light-comedy actor after World War Two.

But as a crooner from 1928 to 1939, he compiled a phenomenal list of achievements. By 1930, his income had soared from $3000 to $4500 a week and he was one of the few performers to become a millionaire during the height of the Depression. Not only that but he used *The Fleischmann Hour* to showcase many new talents and actually gave such people as Edgar Bergen and Red Skelton their first real breaks.

Now forget Rudy Vallee the radio star, disregard his 20 movie roles, ignore the lines of screaming admirers. Let's talk about music again. This was the crooner who recorded hit after hit—*My Time Is Your Time, I'm Just a Vagabond Lover, A Little Kiss Each Morning, a Little Kiss Each Night, Let's Do It (Let's Fall in Love), Honey, Supposin', I'm Confessin', Deep Night, Miss You, Kitty from Kansas City, Betty Co-ed, The Maine Stein Song*, the *Whiffenpoof Song, Marie, Lover, Come Back to Me, Good Night Sweetheart* and I could go on forever, but I won't. Let me just say that this man's extraordinary fame was no publicity gimmick. Rudy Vallee had a voice that touched the souls of his audiences and mine as well.

While Mr. Vallee's fans huddled close to their radios in 1932, waiting for the familiar greeting, "Heigh-ho, everybody!," millions of people were tuning in to hear a much deeper, more manly voice croon "Boo-boo-boo-boo." Of course, it was none other than Bing Crosby, whose 1932 hit *I Surrender, Dear* convinced CBS that he deserved his own radio show. As a member of The Rhythm Boys, he'd sung with Paul Whiteman's band in 1927; but in 1930, the trio moved to Los Angeles to join Gus Arnheim's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove. Naturally, when the public began to hear that mellow, rumbling voice on the *Creamo Cigar Show*, his stardom was guaranteed. It was absolutely chilling to hear him croon *Pennies from Heaven, Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day, Sweet Leilani, Sunday, Monday or Always, White Christmas* or *Going My Way*.

To realize the true power of that voice, just consider the fact that his radio success lasted from his debut in 1932 until the late 1940s and television. During his incredible career, he performed on all the radio networks, starred in over 40 films for Paramount and sold well over 10,000,000 records. All the blessings of heaven have been heaped on Mr. Bing Crosby and he is clearly the most accomplished, though not the most electric, of the crooning greats.

In my opinion, the only singer who even came close to Rudy Vallee in generating romantic excitement was Ruggerio Eugenio di Rudolpho Columbo—probably better remembered as Russ Colombo. When Bing Crosby left Gus Arnheim's orchestra in 1930, it was Russ Colombo who vacated his violinist's chair to fill the singer's spot. Perhaps because he sounded very much like Mr. Crosby, Mr. Colombo was an instant sensation; but it may have also been due to the fact that he was practically a Rudolph Valentino as far as his appearance was concerned. In any case, since his voice rivaled Mr. Crosby's, he was signed to sing on radio in the same time slot and the two of them really developed a musical rivalry. However, shortly after that, Mr. Colombo formed his own band and left radio in 1932 to perform in New York; the public, being very fickle, soon forgot who he was.

Although he'd made a number of beautiful records—including *Call Me Darling (Call Me Sweetheart, Call Me Dear)*,

"More? Don't American kids write Santa anymore?"

You're My Everything, All of Me, Paradise and *Save the Last Dance for Me* —it was a movie role that returned him to prominence in 1933. Playing a gangster in Walter Winchell's *Broadway Through a Keyhole*, he captivated the women of America with his amazing looks, and once again he flourished—this time as a crooner-actor. By 1934, he was hotter than a mustard seed. When he visited Carole Lombard on one of her movie locations, it was rumored that the two were in love. America seemed determined to make an idol of Russ Colombo. For his second film appearance, he starred with Jack Oakie in *Wake Up and Dream*, which was scheduled to be released in September 1934.

Russ Colombo never lived to attend the premiere. On September 2, 1934, he was visiting a photographer's studio when his host struck a match on an antique French dueling pistol to light a cigarette. The spark from the match discharged a bullet from the gun, which ricocheted off a table and struck Mr. Colombo in the forehead, killing him instantly. Even though the critics panned his film when it did premiere, no one doubted that had he lived, Russ Colombo would have been the biggest star of his time. The sad finish to Russ Colombo's tragic story is that his mother was never told of his death. One of his brothers wrote letters to her every week and signed them Russ Colombo; she died believing that he had retired to a sanatorium in Europe for his health.

For those of us who swooned to Rudy Vallee's singing, crooning really began to degenerate after 1935. Vaudeville comedians were doing crooner parodies and crooning in general began to get much more commercial and far less sincere. It did manage to hang on as a style even into the Fifties, but after 1935, it was never really the same. Romance was dying in the world as Hitler was tearing up Europe and by the end of World War Two, it seemed that cynicism and despair had taken hold of the public. But not me—not with the spirit of Rudy Vallee living inside me. In fact, when I'd see a pretty girl at the Page Three, I'd rush right down to Sander's Recording Studio with an original song to croon for her. In those days, I could make a two-sided disc for four dollars, and this is what I usually recorded (this particular one was sent to one of the loveliest girls I've met in the past ten years):

> Hello, Miss Snooky. This is Tiny Tim. You don't know what a thrill it was to meet you at the Page Three. When I saw your beautiful face, I couldn't find the words to tell you how I felt, so I've written this little song especially for you. I hope you'll remember me for it and give my best to your dear mother and family. Now turn this record over and let this song tell you how I feel —*You Are Heaven Here on Earth to Me!* And so this is Tiny Tim saying to you, beautiful Miss Snooky, happy listening!

And this is the song:

You are Heaven here on Earth
You are filled with sunshine,
Happiness and mirth;
Your beauty, I can see,
Is oh so heavenly,
You are Heaven here on Earth to me.

If you ever said goodbye
I'd feel depressed, yet never cry;
For you would always be
In every memory;
You are Heaven here on Earth to me.

Then I'd go to the train station, take four photographs for a quarter and Scotch-tape the best one over the label. Believe it or not, there are over 50 of these records in circulation today (I was told Lenny Bruce had one), so I feel that I've been doing my best to keep romantic crooning alive. It's not really that hard. I would say it's just a matter of closing your eyes and dreaming. People may say that now is not the time for crooning, but I think that if a song is good, it's good for all time. There have been thousands and thousands of hit songs on records and sheet music—songs that deserve to be remembered forever. After all, just as much happened yesterday as is going to happen tomorrow. That's why words like then and now don't mean anything to me. It's true the great crooners have faded away, but that doesn't mean that the beauty and romance and peace they worked so hard to create has faded with them. It can still be with us—it's alive and real—in fact, I heard it just this morning.

"It's India ink!"

crook's tour

(continued from page 150)

quality, and when I first became aware of it, I thought it came from the mouth of an old gentleman with a rosette of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole, who sat at the table opposite ours and who had obviously been taught to chew every morsel of his meat 32 times. "Four-legged animals, my dear, always remind me of tables. So much more solid and sensible than two legs. One could sleep standing up." Everyone who could understand English turned to look at him. His mouth closed with a startled snap when he saw himself the center of attention. "One could even serve dinner on a man with a broad enough back," the voice said, and the mousy woman giggled and said, "Oh, Edith," and so identified the speaker. I am sure the woman had no idea of what she was doing—she was an unconscious ventriloquist and, surrounded as she believed by ignorant foreigners and perhaps excited a little by unaccustomed wine, she really let herself go.

It was a deep cultured professorial voice. I could imagine it lecturing on English literature at one of the older universities: and for the first time, my attention strayed from Aunt Augusta. "Darwin—the other Darwin—wrote a poem on the *Loves of the Plants*. I can well imagine a poem on the *Loves of the Tables*. Cramping it might be, but how deliciously so, when you think of a nest of tables, each fitting so blissfully, my dear, into one another."

"Why is everyone staring at you?" Aunt Augusta asked. It was an embarrassing moment, all the more so as the woman had suddenly stopped speaking and had plunged into her *carré d'agneau*. The trouble is that I have an unconscious habit of moving my lips when I am thinking, so that to all except my immediate neighbors, I seemed to be the author of her ambiguous remark.

"I have no idea, Aunt Augusta," I said.

"You must have been doing *something* very odd, Henry."

"I was only thinking."

How I wish I could conquer the habit. It must have been established first when I was a cashier and silently counted bundles of notes. The habit betrayed me very badly once with a woman called Mrs. Blemmerhasset, who was stone-deaf and a lip reader. She was a very beautiful woman who was married to the mayor of Southwood. She came to my private office once about some question of investments, and while I turned over her file, my thoughts couldn't help dwelling a little wistfully on her loveliness. One is more free in thought than in speech and when I looked up, I saw that she was blushing. She finished her business very quickly and left. Later, to my surprise, she dropped in to see me again. She made some small alteration to the decision we had reached about her War Loan and then said, "Did you really mean what you told me?" I thought she was referring to my advice about National Savings Certificates.

"Of course," I said. "That is my honest opinion."

"Thank you," she said. "You mustn't think I am at all offended. No woman could be when you put it so poetically, but, Mr. Pulling, I must tell you that I truly love my husband." The awful thing, of course, was that she couldn't in her deafness distinguish between the lip movements made by spoken words and the lip movements that expressed my unspoken thoughts. She was always kind to me after that day, but she never came to my private office again.

That night at the Gare de Lyon, I saw my aunt into her *couchette* and ordered her *petit déjeuner* from the conductor for eight A.M. Then I waited on the platform for the train from London to come in from the Gare du Nord. It was five minutes late, but the Orient Express had to wait for it.

As the train moved slowly in, drowning the platform with steam, I saw Wordsworth come striding through the smoke. He recognized me at the same moment and cried, "Hi, fellah." He must have learned the Americanism during the War, when the convoys for the Middle East gathered in Freetown Harbor. I went reluctantly toward him. "What are you doing here?" I asked. I have always disliked the unexpected, whether an event or an encounter, but I was growing accustomed to it in my aunt's company.

"Mr. Pullen, Mr. Pullen," Wordsworth said, "you an honest man, Mr. Pullen." He reached my side and grasped my hand. "Ar allays was your friend, Mr. Pullen." He spoke as if he had known me for years and I had been a long time in his debt. "You no humbug me, Mr. Pullen?" He gazed wildly up and down the train. "Where's that gel?"

"My aunt," I said, "if that's whom you mean, is fast asleep by now in her *couchette*."

"Then please go double-quick tell her Wordsworth here."

"I have no intention of waking her up. She's an old lady and has a long journey ahead of her. If it's money you want, you can take this." I held out to him a 50-franc note.

"Ar no wan C. T. C.," Wordsworth said, waving one hand hard for emphasis, while at the same time he took the note with the other. "Ar wan my bebi gel."

Such an expression used in connection

"Why not do your push-ups in bed and kill two birds with one stone?"

with Aunt Augusta offended me and I turned away to climb the steep steps into the coach, but he put his hand on my arm and held me back on the platform. He was a very strong man. "You jig-jig with my bebi gel," he accused me.

"You're preposterous, Wordsworth. She is my aunt. My mother's sister."

"No humbug?"

"No humbug," I said, though I hated the expression. "Even if she were not my aunt, can't you understand that she is a very old lady?"

"No one too old for jig-jig," Wordsworth said. "You tell her she come back here to Paris. Wordsworth wait long, long time for her. You speak her sweet. You tell her she still my bebi gel. Wordsworth no slip good when she gone."

The conductor asked me to get onto the train, for we were about to leave, and Wordsworth unwillingly released me. I stood on the top of the steps as the train began to move out from the Gare de Lyon in short jerks, and Wordsworth followed it down the platform, wading through the steam. He was crying, and I was reminded of a suicide walking out fully dressed into the surf. Suddenly, staring at a window beyond me, he began to sing:

"Slip gud-o, bebi gel:
An luk me wan minit
Befo yu slip."

The train gathered momentum and with a final jerk and strain, it had left him behind.

I squeezed down the corridor to my aunt's *couchette*, which was number 72. The bed was made up, but there was a strange girl in a miniskirt sitting on it, while my aunt leaned out of the window, waving and blowing kisses. The girl and I looked at each other with embarrassment. We could hardly speak and interrupt this ceremony of separation. She was very young, perhaps 18, and she was elaborately made up with a chalk-white face, dark shadowed eyes and long auburn hair falling over her shoulders. With the strokes of a pencil, she had continued her eyelashes below and above the lids, so that the real eyelashes, standing out, had a false effect, like a stereoscopic photograph. Her shirt had two buttons missing at the top, as though they had popped off with the tension of her puppy fat and her eyes bulged like a Pekingese dog's, but they were pretty, nonetheless. They had in them what used to be called by my generation a sexy look, but this might have been caused by shortsightedness or constipation. Her smile, when she realized that I was not a stranger intruding into my aunt's compartment, was oddly timid for someone who looked so flagrant. It was as though someone else had dolled her up to attract. She was like a kid tethered to a tree to draw a tiger out of the jungle.

My aunt pulled in her head; her face was smeared with smuts and tears. "Dear man," she said, "I had to take a last look. At my age, one never knows."

I said with disapproval, "I thought that chapter was closed," and added for the sake of the girl, "Aunt Augusta."

"One can never be quite sure," my aunt said. "This is seventy-one," she added, indicating the girl.

"Seventy-one?"

"The next-door *couchette*. What's your name, dear?"

"Tooley," the girl replied. It might have been a pet name or a family name—one couldn't be sure.

"Tooley is going to Istanbul, too. Aren't you, dear?"

"*En passant*," she said with an American accent.

"She's going to Katmandu," my aunt explained.

"I thought that was in Nepal."

"I guess that's where it is," the girl said. "Something like that."

"She and I got talking," my aunt told me, "because—what's your name again, dear?"

"Tooley," the girl said.

"Tooley has brought a sack of provisions with her. Do you realize, Henry, that the Orient Express has no restaurant car? How times have changed. No restaurant car till after the Turkish frontier. We face two days of starvation."

"I've got a lot of milk chocolate," the girl said, "and a little sliced ham."

"And thirst," Aunt Augusta said.

"I've got a dozen bottles of Coke, but it's getting pretty warm now."

"When I think of the party I once had on this very train," Aunt Augusta said, "with Mr. Visconti and General Abdul. Caviar and champagne. We practically lived in the dining car. One meal ran into another and night into day."

"You are very welcome to share my Coke," Tooley said. "And the milk chocolate. The ham, too, of course, but there's not much of that."

"At least the conductor has promised us coffee and *croissants*," I said, "in the morning."

"I shall sleep as late as I can," my aunt said, "and we shall be able to get a bite at Milan station. With Mario," she added.

"Who's Mario?" I asked.

"We stop at Lausanne and Mürren and St.-Moritz," said the well-informed girl.

"Switzerland is only bearable covered with snow," Aunt Augusta said, "like some people are only bearable under a sheet. Now I shall go to bed. You two young people are old enough to be left alone."

Tooley looked at me askance, as though, after all, I might be the tiger type. "Oh, I'll sleep, too," she said, "I love sleep." She looked at a huge wrist watch with only four numerals on a strap an inch wide, colored scarlet. "It's not one yet," she said doubtfully, "I'd better take a pill."

"You'll sleep," my aunt said in a tone not to be denied.

• • •

We were just pulling out of Lausanne when I awoke. I could see the lake between two tall gray apartment buildings and there was a tasteful advertisement for chocolates and then another for watches. It was the conductor who had woken me, bringing me coffee and brioches (I had asked for *croissants*). "Is the lady in seventy-two awake?" I asked.

"She did not wish to be disturbed before Milan," he replied.

"Is it true that there's no restaurant car?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"At least you will give us breakfast tomorrow?"

"No, monsieur. I leave the train at Milan. There is another conductor."

"Italian?"

"Yugoslav, monsieur."

"Does he speak English or French?"

"It is not likely." I felt hopelessly abroad.

I drank my coffee, and then from the corridor I watched the small Swiss towns roll smoothly by: the Montreux Palace in baroque Edwardian, like the home of a Ruritanian king, and rising behind it, out of a bank of morning mist, pale mountains like an underexposed negative: Aigle, Bex, Visp. . . . We stopped at nearly every station, but it was seldom that anyone either got in or out. Like my aunt, foreign passengers were not interested in Switzerland without snow, and yet it was here that I was seriously tempted to leave her. I had £50 of traveler's checks and I had no interest at all in Turkey. I caught glimpses of meadows running down to water, of old castles on hills spiked with vines and of girls on bicycles: everything seemed clean and arranged and safe, as my life had been before my mother's funeral. I thought of my garden. I missed my dahlias, and at some small station beyond Mürren, where a postman was delivering letters from a bicycle, there was a bed of mauve and red flowers. I think I might really have got off if the girl called Tooley hadn't at that moment touched my arm. Was there anything so wrong with the love of peace that I had to be forcibly drawn away from it by Aunt Augusta?

"Did you sleep well?" Tooley asked.

"Oh, yes, and you?"

"I hardly slept a wink." Her Pekingese eyes stared up at me, as though she were waiting for something from my plate. I offered her a brioche, but she refused it.

"Oh, no, thanks a lot. I've had a chocolate bar."

"Why couldn't you sleep?"

"I'm sort of worried."

I remembered, from my cashier days, faces just as timid as hers, peering

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through a hygienic barrier where a notice directed them to speak through a slot placed inconveniently low. I almost asked her whether she had an overdraft.

"Anything I can do?"

"I just want to talk," she said.

What could I do but invite her in? My bed had been made into a sofa while I stood in the corridor, and we sat down side by side. I offered her a cigarette. It was an ordinary Senior Service, but she turned it over as though it were something special she had never seen before.

"English?" she asked.

"Yes."

"What does Senior Service mean?"

"The Navy."

"You don't mind, do you, if I smoke one of my own?" She took a tin marked EUCALYPTUS-AND-MENTHOL LOZENGES out of her bag and picked from it an anonymous cigarette that looked as though it had been home-rolled. On second thoughts, she offered me one, and I thought it would be a little unkind of me to refuse. It was a very small cigarette and it looked rather grubby. It had an odd herbal flavor, not disagreeable.

"I've never smoked an American cigarette before," I said.

"I got these in Paris—from a friend."

"Or French ones."

"He was a terribly nice man. Groovy."

"Who was?"

"This man I met in Paris. I told him my trouble, too."

"What is your trouble?"

"I had a quarrel—with my boyfriend, I mean. He wanted to go third-class to Istanbul. I said it's crazy, we couldn't sleep together in the third-class, and I've got the money, haven't I? 'Your stinking allowance,' he said. 'Sell all you have and give it to the poor'—that's a quotation, isn't it, from somewhere? I said, 'It wouldn't be any use. Father would pay me back.' 'He need never know,' he said. 'He has sources of information,' I said, 'he's very high up, I mean, in the CIA.' He said, 'You can stick your money up your arse'—that's an English expression, isn't it? He's English. We met when we were sitting down in Trafalgar Square."

"Feeding the pigeons?" I asked.

She gave a bubble of a laugh and choked on the smoke. "You are ironic," she said. "I like men who are ironic. My father's ironic, too. You are a bit like him, when I come to think of it. Irony is a very valuable literary quality, too, isn't it, like passion?"

"You mustn't ask me about literature, Miss Tooley," I said. "I'm very ignorant."

"Don't call me *Miss* Tooley. Tooley's what my friends call me."

At St.-Moritz, a gang of schoolgirls passed down the platform. They were nice-looking schoolgirls: not one of them wore a miniskirt or visible make-up and they carried neat little satchels.

"How can such a beautiful country be so dull?" Tooley thought aloud.

"Why dull?"

"They aren't turned on here," she said. "None of them will ever be turned on. Would you like another cigarette?"

"Thank you. They are very mild. Agreeable flavor, too. They don't rasp the throat."

"I do like the expressions you use. They really are groovy."

I felt more awake than I usually do at that hour of the morning, and I found Tooley's company something of a novelty. I was glad that my aunt was sleeping late and giving me an opportunity to get better acquainted. I felt protective.

"This friend of yours in Paris," I said, "was a very good judge of cigarettes."

"He was fabulous," she said. "I mean, he's really together."

"French?"

"Oh, no, he came from darkest Africa."

"A Negro?"

"We don't call them that," she said reprovingly. "We call them colored or black—whichever they prefer."

A sudden suspicion struck me. "Was he called Wordsworth?"

"I knew him only as Zak."

"That's the man. Was it you he came to see off at the station?"

"Sure. Who else? I never expected him, but there he was at the gate to say goodbye. I bought him a platform ticket, but I think he was scared. He wouldn't come any farther."

"He knows my aunt, too," I said. I didn't tell her that he had used her ticket for another purpose.

"Now, isn't that the wildest sort of coincidence? Like something in Thomas Hardy."

"You seem to know a lot about literature."

"I'm majoring in English literature," she said. "My father wanted me to take social science, because he wanted me to serve awhile in the Peace Corps, but I guess our ideas didn't coincide in that and other things."

"What does your father do?"

"I told you—he has a very secret job in the CIA."

"That must be interesting," I said.

"He travels about a terrible lot. I haven't seen him more than once since Mum divorced him last fall. I tell him he sees the world horizontally, I mean that's superficial, isn't it? I want to see the world vertically."

"In depth," I said. I was rather proud of catching up with her ideas.

"These help," she said, waving her cigarette. "I feel a bit turned on already. It's your fabulous way of talking. I feel I sort of met you in the English-literature course. As a character. We did Dickens in depth."

"Vertically," I said, and we laughed together.

"What's your name?"

"Henry." She laughed again and I followed suit, though I was not sure why.

"They didn't even call you Harry?" she asked.

"Harry is the diminutive. One cannot be baptized Harry. There was never a Saint Harry."

"Is that what they call canon law?"

"I believe so."

"Because I knew a fabulous guy once who was baptized Knock-Me-Down."

"I doubt if he was really baptized that."

"Are you a Roman Catholic?"

"No, but I believe my aunt is one. I'm not quite sure, though."

"I nearly became a Roman Catholic once. Because of the Kennedys. But then when two of them got shot—I mean I'm superstitious. Was Macbeth a Catholic?"

"It's not a question that's ever occurred to me. . . . I suppose . . . well, I mean, I don't really know." It seemed to me that I was picking up her phrases.

"Maybe we ought to lock the door and open the window," she said. "What country are we in now?"

"I think we must be coming near to the Italian frontier."

"Then open the window quick." I couldn't follow her reasoning, but I obeyed. I had already finished my cigarette and she tossed away her stump and then emptied the ashtray onto the line. Then I remembered Wordsworth.

"What have we been smoking?" I said.

"Pot, of course. Why?"

"Do you realize we could be sent to prison? I don't know the Swiss law or the Italian, but——"

"I wouldn't be. I'm underage."

"And me?"

"You could plead innocence," she said and began to laugh. She was laughing when the door opened and the Italian police looked in.

"Passports," they demanded, but they didn't even open them; the draft of the open window blew off one man's cap, and I could only hope the smell of Cannabis had dispersed down the corridor. They were followed closely by the customs men, who were equally considerate, except that one man wrinkled his nose. A few minutes later, they were safely on the platform. The sign read DOMODOSSOLA.

"We're in Italy," I said.

"Then have another."

"I'll do no such thing, Tooley. I had no idea. . . . For goodness' sake, get rid of them before night. Yugoslavia's a Communist country, and they won't hesitate to imprison someone underage."

"I was always taught that Yugoslavs were *good* Communists. We sell them strategic material, don't we?"

"But not drugs," I said.

"Now you're being ironical again. I mean, I wanted to tell you my great

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(See page 315.)

trouble, but how can I do it if you're ironical?"

"You said just now that irony was a valuable literary quality."

"But you aren't a novel," she said and began to cry as Italy went by outside. The Cannabis had caused the laughter and now I suppose it caused the tears. I felt a little unhappy myself, watching her. My head swam. I shut the window and saw through the pane a hill village all yellow and ocher, like something grown of itself out of rain and earth, and beside the line a factory and a red housing estate and an *autostrada* and an advertisement for Perugina and all the wires and grids of a smokeless age.

"What's your trouble, Tooley?" I asked.

"I forgot the damn pill and I haven't had the curse for six weeks. I nearly talked to your mother last night——"

"My aunt," I corrected her. "You ought to speak to her. I don't really know about these things."

"But I want to talk to a man," Tooley said. "I mean, I'm sort of shy of women. I don't get on terms with them fast, the way I do with men. The trouble is, men are so ignorant now. In the old days, a girl never knew what to do, and now it's the men who don't know. Julian said it was my fault—he trusted me."

"Julian is the boyfriend?" I asked.

"He was angry because I forgot the pill. He wanted to hitchhike to Istanbul. He said it might do the trick."

"I thought he wanted to go third-class."

"That was before I told him. And before he met a man with a truck going to Vienna. Then he gave me an ultimatum. We were in this café in the Place St. Michel and he said, 'We've got to leave now or never,' and I said, 'No,' and he said, 'Find your own fucking way, then.' "

"Where is he now?"

"Somewhere between here and Istanbul."

"How will you find him?"

"They'll know at the Gülhane."

"What's that?"

"It's near the Blue Mosque. Everyone knows where everyone is at the Gülhane." She began to remove carefully the traces of tears. Then she looked at her huge watch with the four numbers and said, "It's nearly lunchtime. I'm as hungry as a dog. I hope I'm not feeding two. Want some chocolate?"

"I'll wait until Milan," I said.

"Have another cigarette?"

"No thank you."

"I will. It might do the trick." She began to smile again. "It's funny the ideas I get; I mean, I think almost anything might do the trick. I drank brandy and ginger ale in Paris, because at school they said ginger did the trick. And I had sauna baths, too. It's funny when all you really need is a curettage. Zak said he'd find me a doctor, but he

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Statement of ownership, management and circulation (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Date of filing: September 30, 1969. 2. Title of publication: PLAYBOY. 3. Frequency of issue: Monthly. 4. Location of known office of publication: 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Cook County, Ill. 60611. 5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Cook County, Ill. 60611. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher and Editor, Hugh M. Hefner, 1340 N. State Pkwy., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, Jack J. Kessie, 1 E. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill. 7. Owner: HMH Publishing Co. Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock: Glenn L. Hefner, 1922 N. New England, Chicago, Ill.; Hugh M. Hefner, 1340 N. State Pkwy., Chicago, Ill.; Keith Hefner, 10104 Angelo View Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; Victor A. Lownes III, 45 Park Lane, London W. 1, England; Arthur Paul, 1520 Forest Ave., Evanston, Ill.; Eldon Sellers, 1030 Parrott Dr., Hillsborough, Calif.; Jane Sellers, Ripley Neck, Harrington, Maine; Burt Zollo, 2209 Sandy Lane, Wilmette, Ill. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. 10. Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total no. copies printed, 6,469,099; B. Paid circulation, (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 3,953,086, (2) Mail subscriptions, 1,377,238; C. Total paid circulation, 5,330,324; D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, 38,768; E. Total distribution, 5,369,092; F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 1,100,007; G. Total, 6,469,099. Single issue nearest to filing date: A. Total no. copies printed, 6,451,084; B. Paid circulation, (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 3,792,523, (2) Mail subscriptions, 1,441,139; C. Total paid circulation, 5,233,662; D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, 48,281; E. Total distribution, 5,281,943; F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 1,169,141; G. Total, 6,451,084. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete: Robert S. Preuss, Business Manager.

said he'd need a few days to find him, and then I'd have to lay up a little, and it wouldn't be much good getting to the Gülhane and finding Julian gone. Gone where? I ask you. I met a boy in Paris who said they were turning us all out of Katmandu and Vientiane was the place now. Not for Americans, of course, because of the draft."

There were moments when she gave the impression that all the world was traveling.

Tooley said, "I slept with a boy in Paris when Julian walked out, because I thought, well, it might stir things up a bit. I mean, the curse comes that way sometimes, right on top of the orgasm, but I didn't get any orgasm. I guess I was worrying about Julian, because I don't often have difficulty that way."

"I think you ought to go straight back home and tell your parents."

"In the singular," she said. "I don't count Mum and I don't exactly know where Father is. He travels an awful lot. Secret missions. He might be in Vientiane, for all I know—they say it's lousy with CIA."

"Haven't you anywhere you call home?" I asked her.

"Julian and me felt like home, but then he got angry about my forgetting the pill. He's very quick-tempered. 'If I have to remind you all the time,' he said, 'it takes away my spontaneity, don't you understand that?' He's got a theory women want to castrate their men, and one way is to take away their spontaneity."

"And you felt at home with him?"

"We could discuss just everything," she said with a happy and reminiscent smile as the pot began to work again. "Art and sex and James Joyce and psychology."

"You oughtn't to smoke that stuff," I protested.

"Pot? Why? There's no harm in pot. Acid's another thing. Julian wanted me to try acid, but I said no: I mean, I don't want to warp my chromosomes."

There were moments when I didn't understand a word she said, and yet it seemed to me that I could listen to her for a long while without wearying. There was something gentle and sweet about her.

• • •

When a train pulls into a great city, I am reminded of the closing moments of an overture. All the rural and urban themes of our long journey were picked up again: A factory was followed by a meadow, a patch of *autostrada* by a country road, a gasworks by a modern church; the houses began to tread on each other's heels, advertisements for Fiat cars swarmed closer together, the conductor who had brought breakfast passed, working intensely down the corridor to rouse some important passenger, the last fields were squeezed out and at last there were only houses, houses, houses, and MILANO, flashed the signs. MILANO.

"In my opinion, an electrically powered car will never find acceptance until a deep-throated 'varo-o-o-om' is somehow built into it."

I said to Tooley, "We've arrived. We'd better get lunch. It's our last chance to get a square meal. . . ."

"Your mother——" Tooley began.

"Aunt Augusta—she's here."

The conductor had preceded her down the corridor (I should have realized who the important passenger was) and now she stood in the doorway of our compartment, wrinkling her nose. "What have you two been up to?" she asked.

"Smoking and talking," I said.

"You seem extraordinarily cheerful, Henry. It's not quite like you." She sniffed again. "I can almost believe that poor Wordsworth is with us still."

"It's fabulous," Tooley said, "that you know Zak, I mean."

"*Il y a un monsieur qui vous demande, madame,*" the conductor interrupted, and I saw beyond my aunt, between a trolley of newspapers and a trolley of refreshments, a very tall thin man with exquisite white hair, gesticulating with an umbrella.

"Oh, it's Mario," my aunt said, without bothering to turn. "I wrote to him that we should need lunch. He will have ordered it. Come, my dear, come, Henry, there's no time to be lost." She preceded us down the steps and dropped straight into the arms of the white-haired man, who with steely strength held her for a moment suspended.

"*Madre mia, madre mia,*" he said breathlessly and dropped his umbrella as he put her carefully down onto the platform as though she might break—the very idea connected with Aunt Augusta was ridiculous.

"What on earth is he calling you that for?" I whispered. Perhaps it was the effect of the Cannabis, but I had taken an extreme dislike to the man who was now kissing Tooley's hand.

"I knew him since he was a baby," Aunt Augusta said. "He is Mr. Visconti's son."

He was very good-looking, in a histrionic way: he had the appearance of an aging actor and I didn't like the way he was trying to dazzle Tooley with pieces of his repertoire. After his burst of theatrical emotion with my aunt, he was conducting Tooley ahead of us down the platform to the restaurant, holding his umbrella by the ferrule and pointing the crook up like a crosier. With his white hair and his head bent toward Tooley, he looked like a hypnotic bishop instructing a neophyte on purity.

"What does he do, Aunt Augusta? Is he an actor?"

"He writes verse dramas."

"Can he live on that?"

"Mr. Visconti settled a little money on him before the War. Luckily, in Swiss francs. I suspect, too, that he gets money from women."

"Rather disgusting at his age," I said.

"He can make a woman laugh. Look how Tooley is laughing now. His father was the same. It's the best way, Henry, to win a woman. They are wiser than men. They think of the period that must elapse between one lovemaking and another. In my youth, not many women smoked cigarettes. Look out for that trolley."

I could feel in my head the cunning of Cannabis. "He must have been born

when you knew Mr. Visconti. . . . Did you know his mother, too?"

"Not very well."

"She must have been a beautiful woman."

"I am not a fair judge. I detested her and she detested me. Mario always thought of me as his real mother. Mr. Visconti called her the blonde cow. She was German."

Mario Visconti had ordered a *saltimbocca alla Romana* for each of us and a bottle of Frascati wine. My aunt began to speak to him in Italian. "You must forgive me," my aunt said, "but Mario speaks no English, and it is many, many years since we have seen each other."

"Do you speak Italian?" I asked Tooley.

"Not a word."

"You seemed to be having quite a conversation."

"Oh, he was very expressive."

"What was he expressing?"

"He sort of liked me. What does *cuore* mean?"

I looked at Mario Visconti with resentment and saw that he had begun to weep. He was talking a great deal and using his hands in explanation and once he picked up his umbrella and held it above his head. In the short intervals between paragraphs, he put a lot of *saltimbocca alla Romana* into his mouth, leaning his handsome face forward over the plate, so that the fork had only a short distance to travel and the tears only a little way to fall. It was lucky that the dish was heavily salted already. My aunt lent him a wispy lace handkerchief, which he applied to his eyes and afterward adjusted becomingly in his breast pocket to show a frilly corner. Then he became dissatisfied with the wine, which seemed very good to me, and called to the waiter to change it. Only after he had tasted a new bottle did he resume his tears. I noticed the waiters were as indifferent to the scene as usherettes at a cinema are to a movie that has been running a week.

"I don't like a man who cries," I said to Tooley.

"Have you never cried?"

"No." I said and then added for the sake of accuracy, "not in public." The waiter brought us all ice creams in three colors. They looked dangerous to me and I left mine untasted, but Mario's disappeared quickly and I noticed how his tears were quenched, as though the ice had frozen the ducts. He gave my aunt a shy boyish smile, which went strangely with his white hair, and she lent him surreptitiously her purse to pay with.

On the steps of the train, I was afraid he would begin to cry again when he embraced her, but instead he gave her a small brown-paper parcel and walked silently away, holding up his crook to hide his emotion or, perhaps, his lack of it. "So that's that," my aunt said with cool thoughtfulness. Tooley had disappeared—I suspected into the lavatory to smoke another cigarette—and I decided to tell Aunt Augusta about her trouble.

But I found when I sat down beside her that she wanted to do the talking herself. "Mario seems rather an old man," she said, "or has he dyed his hair, I wonder? He cannot be more than forty-five. Or six. I am bad about dates."

"He certainly looks a good deal older than that. Perhaps it is the poetry."

"I have never much cared," she said, "for men with umbrellas, but he was charming as a child." She looked out of the window and I looked, too: A new housing estate in red brick straggled beside the line and on the hill beyond, a medieval village crumbled away behind its ramparts.

"Why was he crying?" I asked.

"He wasn't crying. He was laughing," she said. "Something about Mr. Visconti. I haven't seen Mario for more than thirty years," she said. "He was a sweet boy then—too sweet, perhaps, to last. The War came. We were separated."

"And his father?"

"I never associated sweetness with Mr. Visconti. Charm, perhaps. He was a terrible twister. Very generous with cream buns, of course, but one can't live on cream buns. Perhaps I am being unfair. One is apt to be unfair to somebody one has loved a great deal. And after all, he was kind to me from the very start—he found me my situation in Italy."

"At the theater?"

"I can't think why you persist in calling it a theater. 'All the world's a stage,' of course, but a metaphor as general as that loses all its meaning. Only a second-rate actor could have written such a line out of pride in his second-rate calling. There were occasions when Shakespeare was a very bad writer, indeed. You can see how often in books of quotations. People who like quotations love meaningless generalizations."

I was a little shocked by her unexpected attack on Shakespeare. Perhaps it was because he wrote verse dramas like Mario. "You were talking about Mr. Visconti," I reminded her.

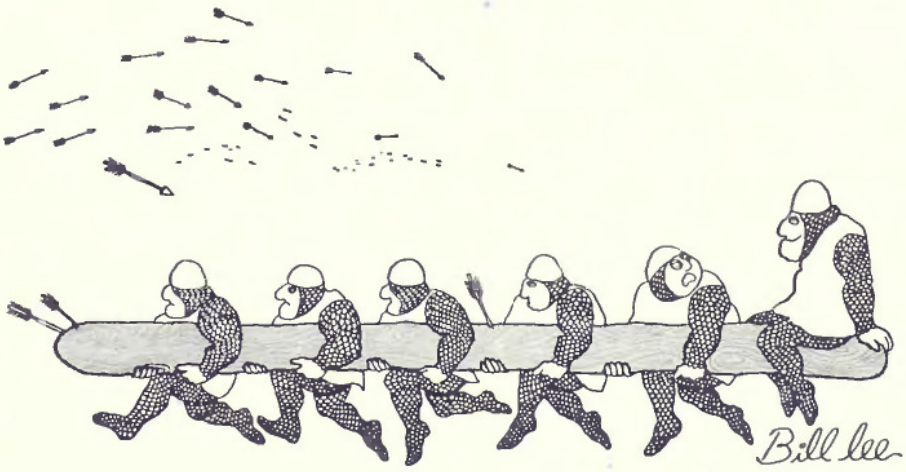
"I must admit he was very kind to me in Paris. I was lucky to get this job of mine in the Rue de Provence. But I wasn't really happy there, and I was grateful to Mr. Visconti when he took me to Italy. The work, of course, was the same, but I enjoyed the travel from one city to another. And every eight weeks, when I came back to Milan, I enjoyed seeing Mr. Visconti. Cream buns were a great improvement on sardines. Sometimes, too, he would pop up unexpectedly in Venice. He was a twister, no doubt of it, but there are many worse people than twisters." She sighed, looking out at the dull scenery of the Po. "I grew to be very, very fond of him. Fonder than any other man I have ever known. Except the first, but the first is always a special case."

"How did you come to retire?" I asked. I was going to say "from the stage," but I remembered her inexplicable dislike of the term. I had not forgotten Tooley's trouble, but I thought it only fair to let my aunt finish first with the memories stirred up by the sight of Visconti's son.

"Your uncle Jo left me all his money. It was quite a shock. The house, too, of course, but there was nothing to be done about that. It's still crumbling away near the *autostrada*. I settled the house on Mario when I had to leave Italy because of the War and I think he sometimes takes a woman there to spend a weekend in the ancient family *palazzo*. He even calls it the Palazzo Visconti (he's a bit of a snob: quite unlike his father). One day they'll want to build a connecting road to the *autostrada* and then the state will have to pay him compensation if he can show that the house was inhabited."

"Why didn't you marry Mr. Visconti, Aunt Augusta?"

"There's no divorce in Italy, and Mr. Visconti was a Catholic, even though a nonpracticing one. He even insisted on



"Slacker!!!"

my being received into the Church. It was his wife who had all the money and that hampered Mr. Visconti badly, until he managed to get his fingers on most of what Jo had left me. I was very careless in those days and Mr. Visconti was very plausible. It was lucky that no one would buy the house—that, at least, was left me for a time. He had a scheme for selling fresh vegetables—tomatoes, particularly, of course—to Saudi Arabia. At the beginning, I think he really believed he would make our fortune. Even his wife lent him money. I shall always remember the conferences at the Excelsior in Rome with Arab notables in long robes, who arrived with a dozen wives and a food taster. Mr. Visconti would take a whole floor in the Excelsior—you can imagine that made quite a hole in Jo's money. But it was very romantic while it lasted. I had my fun. Mr. Visconti was never for a moment dull. He even persuaded the Vatican to put in money, so we had cardinals for cocktails at the Grand Hotel. The Grand had once been a convent, and I suppose they felt more at home there. They were greeted at the door by flunkies with tall candles, and it was a wonderful sight when the Arabs and the cardinals met, the desert robes and the scarlet skullcaps and all the bowings and embracings and the genuflections of the management and the kissing of rings and the blessings. The Arabs, of course, drank only orange juice, and the tasters stood at the bar sampling each jug and occasionally snatching a whisky and soda on the side. Everybody enjoyed these parties, but only the Arabs could really afford their fun, as it turned out."

"Was Mr. Visconti ruined?"

"He pulled out in time with what was left of my money and what was left of his wife's and, to do him justice, he had settled some of mine on Mario. Of course, he disappeared for a while, but he came back after things had quieted down. The Vatican made a very profitable deal, you remember, with Mussolini, so that what they lost to Mr. Visconti seemed very small beer, indeed. He had left me enough to live on in a modest way, but I have never been very keen on modesty. Life was very monotonous after Mr. Visconti disappeared. I went back to Paris for a while (Mario was with the Jesuits in Milan). But when that was over, I came back to Rome. I always hoped that one day Mr. Visconti would turn up again. I had a two-room apartment, and I did a little part-time work in an establishment behind the *Messaggero*. Life was very middle class after all the Arabs and the cardinals." She gave a very young laugh and laid her hand on my knee. "And then—Oh, praise to the Holiest in the height, as Wordsworth is fond of saying—I was putting in a little part time behind the *Messaggero* when who should walk into the reception room but Mr. Visconti. A pure coincidence. He wasn't looking for me. But how happy we were. How happy. Just to see each other again. The girls didn't understand when we joined hands then and there and danced between the sofas. It was one o'clock in the morning. We didn't go upstairs. We went straight out into the lane outside. There was a drinking fountain shaped like an animal's head, and he splashed my face with water before he kissed me."

"What was that half-time employment?" I suddenly broke out. "Who were the girls? What were the sofas there for?"

"What does it matter now?" my aunt said. "What did any of it matter? We were together again and he splashed me and splashed me and he kissed me and kissed me."

"But surely you must have despised the man, after all he had done to you?"

We were crossing the long aqueduct through the lagoons that leads to Venice-Mestre, but there were no signs of the beautiful city, only tall chimneys with pale gas flames hardly visible in the late-afternoon sunlight. I was not expecting my aunt's outburst.

She turned on me with real fury, as though I were a child who had carelessly broken some vase she had cherished over the years for its beauty and the memories it contained. "I despise no one," she said, "no one. Regret your own actions, if you like that kind of wallowing in self-pity, but never, never despise. Never presume yours is a better morality. What do you *suppose* I was doing in the house behind the *Messaggero*? I was cheating, wasn't I? So why shouldn't Mr. Visconti cheat me? But you, I suppose, never cheated in all your little provincial banker's life, because there's not anything you wanted enough, not even money, not even a woman. You looked after people's money like a nanny who looks after other people's children. Can't I see you in your cage, stacking up the little fivers endlessly before you hand them over to their proper owner? I only wish you were a cheat. Then, perhaps, we'd have something in common."

I was astounded. I could find nothing to say in reply. I thought of leaving the train at Venice, but then there was Tooley and I felt responsible for Tooley. The squalid station wrapped us round with its dirt and its noise. I said, "I think I'd better find Tooley," and I went away, leaving the old lady glaring in her *couchette*. Only, as I closed the door of the compartment, I thought I heard her laugh.

This is Part II of "Crook's Tour," a selection from a new novel by Graham Greene. The third and concluding part will appear next month.

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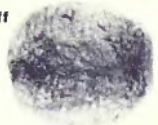

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LOVE, DAD *(continued from page 182)*

several formal and rather unexciting excursions into sexuality, Nately's first year at Harvard was empty and dull. He made few close friends, restricted, as he was, to associating only with wealthy Episcopalian and Church of England graduates of Andover whose ancestors had either descended lineally from the union of John Alden with Priscilla Mullins or been conspicuous at Bosworth Field, on the losing side. He spent many solitary hours fondling the expensive vellum bindings of the five books sent to him by his father as the indispensable basis of a sound personal library: *Forges and Furnaces of Pennsylvania*; *The Catalog of the Porcellian Club of Harvard University, 1941*; *Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage*; *Lord Chesterfield's Letters Written to His Son*; and the Francis Palgrave *Golden Treasury* of English verse. The pages themselves did not hold his interest, but the bindings were fascinating. He was often lonely and nagged by vague, incipient longings. He contemplated his sophomore year at Harvard without enthusiasm, without joy. Fortunately, the War broke out in time to save him.

Dear Son (his father wrote, after Nately had volunteered for the Air Corps, to escape being drafted into the Infantry):

You are now embarked upon the highest calling that Providence ever bestows upon man, the privilege to fight for his country. Play up, play up and play the game! I have every confidence that you will not fail your country, your family and yourself in the execution of your most noble responsibility, which is to play up, play up and play the game—and to come out ahead.

The news at home is all good. The market is buoyant and the cost-plus-six-percent type of contract now in vogue is the most salutary invention since the international cartel and provides us with an excellent buffer against the excess-profits tax and the outrageous personal income tax. I have it on excellent authority that Russia cannot possibly hold out for more than a week or two and that after communism has been destroyed, Hitler, Roosevelt, Mussolini, Churchill, Mahatma Gandhi and the Emperor of Japan will make peace and operate the world forever on a sound businesslike basis. However, it remains to be seen whether the wish is just being father to the thought. (Ha, ha, ha!)

My spirit is soaring and my optimism knows no bounds. Hitler has provided precisely the right stimulus needed to restore the American economy to that splendid condition of good health it was enjoying on that glorious Thursday just before Black Friday. War, as you undoubtedly appreciate, presents civilization with a great opportunity and a great challenge. It is in time of war that great fortunes are often made. It is between wars that economic conditions tend to deteriorate. If mankind can just discover some means of increasing the duration of wars and decreasing the intervals between wars, we will have found a permanent solution to this most fundamental of all human ills, the business cycle.

What better advice can a devoted parent give you in this grave period of national crisis than to oppose government interference with all the vigor at your command and to fight to the death to preserve free enterprise—provided, of course, that the enterprise in question is one in which you own a considerable number of shares. (Ha, ha, ha!)

Above all this, to your own self be true. Never be a borrower or a lender of money: Never borrow money at more than two percent and never lend money at less than nine percent.

Love,
Dad

P. S. Your mother and I will not go to Cannes this year.

There had been no caviling in the family over Nately's course once war was declared; it was simply taken for granted that he would continue the splendid family tradition of military service that dated all the way back to the battle of Bosworth Field, on the losing side, particularly since Nately's father had it from the most reliable sources in Washington that Russia could not possibly hold out for more than two or three more weeks and that the War would come to an end before Nately could be sent overseas.

It was Nately's mother and Nately's eldest sister's idea that he become an aviation cadet, since Air Corps officers wore no wires in their dress caps and since he would be sheltered in an elaborate training program while the Russians were defeated and the War was brought to a satisfactory end. Furthermore, as a cadet and an officer, he would associate only with gentlemen and frequent only the best places.

As it turned out, there was a catch. In fact, there was a series of catches, and instead of associating *only* with gentlemen in only the best places, Nately found himself regularly in a whorehouse in Rome, associating with such people as Yossarian and the satanic and depraved mocking old man and, even worse, sadly and hopelessly in love with an indifferent prostitute there who paid no attention to him and always went off to bed without him, because he stayed up late arguing with the evil old man.

Nately was not quite certain how it had all come about, and neither was his father, who was always so certain about everything else. Nately was struck again and again by the stark contrast the seedy, disreputable old man there made with his own father, whose recurring allusions in his letters to oregano and rhapsodic exclamations about war and business were starting to become intensely disturbing. Nately often was tempted to blot these offending lines out of the letters he saved, but was afraid to; and each time he returned to the whorehouse, he wished earnestly that the sinful and corrupt old man there would put on a clean shirt and tie and act like a cultured gentleman, so that Nately would not have to feel such burning and confusing anger each time he looked at him and was reminded of his father.

Dear Son (wrote his father):

Well, those blasted Communists failed to capitulate as I expected them to, and now you are overseas in combat as an airplane pilot and in danger of being killed.

We have instructed you always to comport yourself with honor and taste and never to be guilty of anything degrading. Death, like hard work, is degrading, and I urge you to do everything possible to remain alive. Resist the temptation to cover yourself with glory, for that would be vanity. Bear in mind that it is one thing to fight for your country and quite another thing to die for it. It is absolutely imperative in this time of national peril that, in the immortal words of Rudyard Kipling, you keep your head while others about you are losing theirs. (Ha, ha, ha! Get it?) In peace, nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility. But, as Shakespeare said, when the blast of war blows loose, then it is time for discretion to be the better part of valor. In short, the times cry out for dignity, balance, caution and restraint.

It is probable that within a few years after we have won, someone like Henry L. Mencken will point out that the number of Americans who suffered from this War were far outnumbered by those who profited by it. We should not like a member of our family to draw attention to himself for being among those relative few who did not profit. I pray daily for your safe return. Could you not feign a liver ailment or something similar and be sent home?

Love,
Dad

P. S. How I envy you your youth, your opportunity and all that sweet Italian pussy! I wish I were with you. (Ha, ha, ha!)

The letter was returned to him, stamped KILLED IN ACTION.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

ANNIE'S LATEST CONCERN IS ASTROLOGY. ... WHY ASTROLOGY, WHEN THERE'S A VIETNAM? ... A CHINA? ... THE **RACE** PROBLEM? ... AND, **OH, GOD! - THE BOMB!** IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU DIDDLE YOUR LIP, SUCK YOUR THUMB AND CONCERN YOURSELF WITH ASTROLOGY.

AS WE OPEN, 15 ASTROLOGERS ARE STUDYING A HEAVENLY BODY —

IT'S A GOOD DAY TO BECOME INVOLVED IN A HOBBY.

I SAW THAT HOBBY FIRST!

I WOULDN'T KICK THAT OUT OF THE CUSP OF MY THIRD HOUSE.

- NOTICE HOW EVERY-ONE'S INTERESTED IN ASTROLOGY, RUTHIE? JUST LOOK AT THAT BUNCH ON THE ROOF TRYING TO READ MY CHART.

THE TWINS **THEY'RE** INTERESTED IN HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH ASTROLOGY.

BESIDES, DON'T YOU KNOW ASTROLOGY IS NONSENSE?

RUTHIE! YOU MUSTN'T SAY THAT! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON YOUR CHART ALL MORNING, AND YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT WAS NONSENSE IF I TOLD YOU WHAT YOUR HOROSCOPE SAYS.

LUCKY PISCES

FELLOW PISCEANS

ASTROLOGY FOR FUN & PROFIT

RING!

my life in a FLYING SAUCER

ANNIE? - WANT TO COME UP TO MY PAD FOR A STUDENT PROTEST?

A STUDENT PROTEST IN YOUR PAD, RALPHIE?

I'M PROTESTING MY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

HONEY, **NO**BODY CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE. ... YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT.

- WHAT DOES IT SAY?

- WHAT?

- TELL ME!

WHAT? WHAT?

WHAT?

I CAN'T. I'M BUSY DOING YOUR HOROSCOPE. AND YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT IT SAYS!
ASTROLOGY IS NONSENSE, ANNIE! NOBODY CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE!
I'VE GOT TO HANG UP NOW. I'M VERY BUSY!
-AH··· UM··· WHAT DOES IT SAY?
WHAT?
WHAT? WHAT? WHAT?
WHAT?
NOW, WHERE WAS I··· WITH SATURN (♄) IN TRINE WITH URANUS (♅) AND ON THE CUSP OF THE 12TH HOUSE, WITH MY SIGN OF SAGITTARIUS(♐) RISING, I SHOULD FAVOR LEO.
HONEY··· WHAT TIME IS IT?
IT'S··· UH··· THE BIG HAND IS ON··· UH··· THE TWO, AND THE LITTLE HAND IS –
– NEVER MIND! I HAVE TO SHOP AND I'M EXPECTING A VISIT FROM MY COUSIN FROM DUBUQUE. SO DON'T BE CONFUSED IF HE COMES KNOCKING –
NOW, LET'S SEE··· HMM··· TODAY'S SIGNS ARE GOOD FOR MY SAGITTARIUS TO FALL IN LOVE WITH A LEO··· MY VERY BEST TYPE!
"BEWARE OF MARRIAGES WITH PYGMIES ···SAGITTARIUS WOMEN SHOULD WATCH FOR SHY, BLUE-EYED BLOND LEOS"–
ASTRO
CAROL
RIGHTNIK
–"SHUN NUCLEAR FALLOUT, SALMONELLA, AND HARD PUNCHES IN THE STOMACH, AFTER A HEAVY MEAL. ··· FAVOR BROWN TWEED"–
MASON DIXON HOROSCOPE
–"FIND SOMETHING NICE TO SAY ABOUT EARTHQUAKES! ··· DON'T DIE!··· FALL IN LOVE WITH A LEO WITH A DIMPLED CHIN, WEARING A MARIGOLD AND CARRYING A GUITAR."
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM, BUT I'M RUTHIE'S COUSIN–
YOU'RE A LEO, AREN'T YOU?
YES, BUT–

WITH MY ☌ HOPELESSLY AND PASSIONATELY IN TRINE TO YOUR ☊, IN CONJUNCT WITH THE FIFTH HOUSE, PARTICULARLY WITH ☉♄4 AND ♂ IN THE MADLY THROBBING DECANTES OF ☌ ... LEAPIN' LIZARDS! -WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO SAY?
YES, BUT-
SIGNS
ANNIE!
RUTHIE! WE WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER! YOUR COUSIN FROM DUBUQUE IS A LEO!
YES, BUT-
OF COURSE, HE IS! HE'S COUSIN LEO! BUT ASTROLOGICALLY, HE'S A VIRGO!
NOT NO MORE I'M NOT !
VIRGO! MY WORST SIGN! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN NOT TO PUT SO MUCH FAITH IN A SILLY HOROSCOPE!
-ESPECIALLY AFTER NOTICING THAT LIFE LINE INTERSECTING THE HILL OF THE MOON ON HIS LEFT PALM.
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